HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATVRE

FLORENCE TRAIL

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A HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE

By FLORENCE TRAIL

Author of "Studies in Criticism,"
"Under the Second Renaissance," etc.

—"*Of men the solace, and of gods the everlasting joy.*"
POLIZIANO.



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TO

THE FEW WHO STILL LOVE LITERATURE

PROLOGUE

THE plan of this History groups the writers into four classes. To those of the first importance I have devoted a biographical sketch and an analysis. Those of the second class are represented by a biographical sketch and a translation. The third class have only the sketch; and the fourth are mentioned in passing, or in foot-notes. The chronological grouping is believed to be natural, as the overlapping of each period is the transcript of the fact. The simple form into which I have thrown my data and reflections adapts the work for a text-book in Colleges and Schools of every grade, and also commends it as a book of ready reference to the general public.

As this is, probably, the most voluminous Literature in existence, my principle of selection must be stated. I have endeavored to omit all that does not carry forward the intellectual thought, or tend to the unification, of the "nation." Out of the 37 poets who preceded Dante, we have 7; out of the 100 Latin poets of the Age of Leo X, 1; out of 660 sonneteers, 6; out of 5,000 Comedies, 9; out of the 70 poets between 1850 and 1885, 3; *et cetera.* Scarcely more than 200 writers are characterized in these pages. But in every case I have sought to select the representatives of every school and period.

As no similar review of this brilliant and fascinating literature has been yet attempted by an American, I have reason to believe my History will meet a want long recognized. Scholars long ago decided that culture was spelled with the Art and the History of Italy. But it is in her writers that Italy still boasts her unbroken descent from Greece and Rome, and other manifestations of her genius cannot be understood without a knowledge of Italian Literature.

SYNOPSIS OF ITALIAN LITERATURE

THE MEDIÆVALISTS

The Lyric Poets	Piero delle Vigne 1249. Ciullo D'Alcamo 1231. Guido Guinicelli 1276. Guittone d'Arezzo 1250-1284. Brunetto Latini 1210-1294. Guido Cavalcanti 1250-1301. Lapo Giani 1260-1328.
The Schoolmen	St. Anselm 1033-1109. St. Peter Lombard 1100-1160. St. Bonaventura 1221-1274. St. Thomas Aquinas 1227-1274.
Italy's Greatest Genius	Dante Alighieri 1265-1321.
Both Poets and Men of Learning	Cino da Pistoja 1270-1336. Francesco Petrarca 1304-1374. Giovanni Boccaccio 1313-1375.
Religious Reformer	St. Catherine of Siena 1347-1380.

THE REVIVERS OF LEARNING

First Teachers	Giovanni da Ravenna 1355-1420. Manuel Chrysoloras 1350-1415.
First Revivers	Poggio Bracciolini 1380-1459. Francesco Filelfo 1398-1481.
The Greek Exiles	Cardinal Bessarion 1403-1497. Giorgios Gemistos Plethon 1355-1450. Theodoros Gaza 1400-1475.

The Great Revivers
- Marsilio Ficino 1433-1499.
- Giovanni Pico della Mirandola 1463-1494.
- Angelo Poliziano 1454-1494.

The Learned Women
- Bitisia Gozzadini.
- Costanza di Varano.
- Antonia Pulci 1438-1488.
- Lucrezia Tornabuoni.
- Cristina da Pizzano 1363-1415.
- Novella d'Andrea.
- Alessandra Scala.
- Cassandra Fidele 1458-1558.

The Last Revivers
- Leon Battista Alberti 1404-1472.
- Cristoforo Landino 1424-1504.
- Aldo Manutio 1450-1520.

Religious Reformer
- Girolamo Savonarola 1452-1498.

WRITERS OF THE RENAISSANCE

THE DAWN

The Restorers of Italian
- Lorenzo de' Medici 1448-1492.
- Luigi Pulci 1431-1490.
- Matteo Maria Boiardo 1434-1494.
- Leonardo da Vinci 1452-1519.
- Baldassare Castiglione 1477-1529.
- Jacopo Sanazzaro 1458-1530.
- Pietro Bembo 1470-1547.

THE GOLDEN AGE

The Humorists
- Francesco Berni 1490-1535.
- Pietro Aretino 1492-1556.

Lyric Poets
- Bernardo Tasso 1493-1569.
- Veronica Gambara 1485-1550.
- Barbara Torello 1508-.
- Gaspara Stampa 1523-1554.
- Vittoria Colonna 1490-1547.
- Michael Angelo 1475-1564.

Epic Poet —Ludovico Ariosto 1474-1533.

Historians	Niccolo Macchiavelli 1469-1527. Jacopo Nardi 1476-1556. Francesco Guicciardini 1482-1540. Filippo Nerli 1485-1536. Bernardo Segni 1504-1558. Benedetto Varchi 1502-1565.
Novelist	Matteo Bandello 1480-1561.
Biographer	Giorgio Vasari 1512-1574.
Auto-biographer	Benvenuto Cellini 1500-1571.

THE AFTERGLOW

Heroic Poet	Torquato Tasso 1544-1594.
Pastoral Poet	Battista Guarini 1539-1612.
The Scientists	Giordano Bruno 1548-1600. Galileo Galilei 1564-1642. Lucillio Vanini 1584-1619. Fra Paolo Sarpi 1552-1623. Tommaso Campanella 1568-1639.

THE EMPIRICS

Epic Poet	Giambattista Marini 1569-1625.
Mock-heroic Poet	Alessandro Tassoni 1565-1635.
Lyric Poets	Gabriello Chiabrera 1562-1637. Fulvio Testi 1611-1646.
Dramatic Poet	G. Battista Andreini 1578-1652.
Satirist	Salvatore Rosa 1615-1673.
Theologian	Roberto Bellarmino 1542-1641.
Jurist	Gian Vincenzo Gravina 1654-1718.
Sonneteers	Alessandro Guidi 1650-1712. G. B. Felice Zappi 1642-1719.
Bard	Vincenzo Filicaja 1642-1707.

THE CLASSICISTS

Critic — Gian Maria Crescimbeni 1663-1728.

Poets
- Niccolò Fortiguerra 1674-1736.
- Carlo Innocenzo Frugoni 1692-1768.
- Alfonso Varano 1705-1788.

Philosopher — Giambattista Vico 1668-1744.

Historians
- Ludovico Antonio Muratori 1672-1750.
- Girolamo Tiraboschi 1731-1794.
- Luigi Lanzi 1731-1809.

Satirist — Giuseppe Parini 1729-1799.

Political Economists
- Cesare Beccaria 1735-1793.
- Gaetano Filangeri 1752-1788.

Dramatists
- Apostolo Zeno 1668-1750.
- Scipione Maffei 1675-1755.
- Pietro Metastasio 1698-1782.
- Carlo Goldoni 1707-1793.
- Carlo Gozzi 1720-1801.
- Vittorio Alfieri 1749-1803.

Essayist — Saverio Bettinelli 1718-1808.

Translator — Melchiorre Cesarotti 1730-1808.

The First Dantisti
- Cosimo Betti 1700-
- Lodovico Salvi 1710-
- Gaspare Gozzi 1713-1786.
- Antonio Cesari 1760-1828.

Improvisatore — Bartolomeo Sestini 1792-1822.

THE REVOLUTIONISTS

Poets
- Vincenzo Monti 1754-1828.
- Ippolito Pindemonte 1753-1828.
- Ugo Foscolo 1778-1827.

Dramatist — Giovanni Pindemonte 1751-1812.

Historians
- Carlo Botta 1766-1837.
- Pietro Giordani 1774-1848.

THE ROMANTICISTS

The Patriot Poets, Dramatists and Novelists.

- Alessandro Manzoni 1784-1873.
- Giacomo Leopardi 1798-1837.
- Giambattista Niccolini 1782-1861.
- Silvio Pellico 1788-1854.
- Tommaso Grossi 1791-1853.
- Giuseppe Giusti 1783-1854.

THE PATRIOTS

The Heroes as Writers

- Giuseppe Mazzini 1805-1872.
- Giuseppe Garibaldi 1807-1882.
- Camillo Benso di Cavour 1810-1861.
- Daniele Manin 1804-1857.
- Franc. Domenico Guerrazzi 1804-1873.
- Massimo d'Azeglio 1798-1866.
- Cesare Balbo 1789-1853.
- Giovanni Ruffini 1807-1881.

THE MODERNS

Critic — Cesare Cantù 1805-1895.

Poets

- Caterina Franceschi Ferrucci 1803-1887.
- Caterina Bon Brenzoni 1813-1856.
- Giovanni Prati 1814-1884.
- Giosuè Carducci 1836-1907.

Traveler and Children's Writer

- Edmondo De Amicis 1846—

Monographist

- Pasquale Villari 1827—

Dramatists

- Tommaso Gherardi del Testa 1815-1881.
- Paolo Giacometti 1816-1882.
- Pietro Cossa 1830-1882.
- Paolo Ferrari 1822-1889.

Novelists

- Giulio Carcano 1812-1884.
- Ippolito Nievo 1836-1861.
- Giovanni Verga 1840—
- Antonio Fogazzaro 1842-1911.

Naturalist — Michele Lessona 1823-1894.

Pedagogue — Aristide Gabelli 1830-1891.

Ethnologist — Carlo Cattaneo 1801-1869.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

Critic — Francesco De Sanctis 1818-1888.

Comedio-grafo — Giuseppe Giacosa 1847-1906.

Children's Writers
- Contessa Lara 1858-1888.
- Marchesa Colombi 1859—

The Last Dantisti
- Pietro Fraticelli 1803-1866.
- G. A. Scartazzini 1837-1891.

Psychologist — Cesare Lombroso 1836—

Poets
- Giovanni Pascoli 1855—
- Gabriele D'Annunzio 1864—
- Vittoria Aganoor—
- Ada Negri 1870—
- Emanuele Sella 1879—

Novelists
- Anton Giulio Barrili 1836—
- Matilde Serao 1856—
- Neera (Anna Radius Zuccari)—
- Federico De Roberto 1861—
- E. A. Butti 1868—
- Grazia Deledda—

Musical Critic — Eugenio Checchi—

Philosophers
- Luigi Ferri 1825—
- Antonio Rosmini 1797-1855.
- Terenzio Mamiami 1799-1885.
- Francesco Rignani—
- Roberto Ardigo 1828—
- Ansonio Franchi—
- Giacomo Barzellotti 1843—

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A HISTORY OF ITALIAN LITERATURE

CHAPTER I

THE MEDIAEVALISTS — 1200-1400

THE dark clouds of the year 1000 had rolled away. The Latin language had risen to life again, transformed into the idioms of Provence, Portugal, Castile, and Normandy, and each of these was efflorescing in a new and brilliant literature. Italy alone, of all the southern nations, seemed to play the sluggard, while party strife and internecine warfare consumed her genius.

The eleventh century saw the rise of the Italian republics; the opening of the Law School of Bologna and the Medical School of Salerno; the beginnings of the Scholastic Philosophy; the establishment of the Papacy as a political power, the building of magnificent churches (those of Venice, Genoa, Pisa, Parma); the enjoyment of benefits accruing from naval, mercantile and commercial prestige.

While the twelfth century brings each of these forces into fuller play, it adds to them the glory of Letters. The Provençal trovatori had now made their way into the Italian courts, and a whole band of Provençalized Italian poets at once broke out into song.

Suddenly, at the opening of the thirteenth century, all eyes were turned towards Sicily; for, inspired by the enthusiasm of the troubadours, and encouraged by the example of the brilliant Frederick II, Emperor of Germany and King of the two Sicilies, men were discovering in that

fair land that they, too, could write in their own language; and the beautiful era of the Trecento (as the Italians call the fourteenth century) was to be ushered in not only with the fervor of the Flagellants, the exquisite creations of Christian Art and the genesis of the Drama, but with a school of gifted, polished poets.

Both the language and the literature of Italy were formed in a day. In the thirteenth century the Emperor Frederick II and his son Enzo, King of Sardinia, wrote love ditties in imitation of the Provençals in a language that still lives; and *Piero delle Vigne* (1249—), the able chancellor and secretary of Frederick, still proves himself a master-lyrist in a charming sonnet, which in English reads:

"Since love cannot be seen by human eye,
And sense cannot discern its marked extremes,
How can he its sweet folly well descry
Who of its bare existence never dreams!
But when love makes its own most wondrous sigh
Take up its lordly rule, as well beseems,
Far greater value will it now imply
Than if to human view it gave its gleams.
Attraction of a nature such as this
Is as the iron which draws and is not seen,
But so, draws all the more imperiously.
And this invites me to believe that bliss
Of love exists, will be and e'er has been
Believed in by the people seriously."

Ciullo D'Alcamo represents the plebeian side of literature in a poem entitled "The Dispute" — between two lovers, which was written about 1231. While this is without value in itself, the author is to be remembered as one who deliberately applied to literary purposes that language which is "like scarlet among colors, as brilliant as a fête-day, as resonant as instruments of victory."

Guido Guinicelli (1230-1276) of Bologna is an illustrious name in these early annals. Dante not only praises him unreservedly in the 26th Canto of the Purgatorio, calling him

"My father, and the father of all who ever used
Sweet and graceful rhymes of love,
Whose sweet sayings
Will adorn the language as long as it lasts."

but openly purloins one of Guinicelli's own lines when he makes Francesca da Rimini say (Inferno, Canto V),

"Love soon springs up in gentle hearts."

Longfellow in his "Poets and Poetry of Europe" has translated the whole of this exquisite song of Guinicelli's, which is entitled, "The Nature of Love."

Guittone d'Arezzo (1250-1284) is thought by the critics to have exercised considerable influence upon the development of the literature, making it both more subjective and more national. Dante speaks of him twice (in Cantos 24 and 26 of the Purgatorio), but slightingly, tho' this may have been from some personal prejudice connected with his memory. Cantù does not hesitate to reverse this sentence, and gives in support of his opinion this Sonnet to the Virgin, which I translate as literally as possible:

"Lady of Heav'n, mother all glorious
Of the good Jesus, whose most sacred fate,
To liberate us from the infernal gate,
Bore Adam's sin away, — victorious;
Look to what outrage harsh and furious
I am now led by love's most cruel dart,
And, O most Pitiful! take thou my part,
And draw me from the proud and curious.
Pour in me such a stream of love divine,
To draw my soul to the abode on high,
That thoughts of earthly love may from me fly.
Such remedy to madness we'll assign,
And with such streams these fiercest flames defy,
As goad with goad we know can only vie."

Brunetto Latini (1210-1294) of Florence was one of the most celebrated authors of the thirteenth century, and is the forerunner of Dante, not only in learning and as his preceptor, but in the mechanical construction of his poem.

This was entitled "Il Tesoretto," i. e. "The Little Treasure," and, as an allegory, full of learning and with a moral end in view, it may have suggested some features of the Divine Comedy. Brunetto's "Trésor," which was written in French, seems to be an attempt at philosophizing, rather than a philosophical work of any merit.

Guido Cavalcanti (1250-1301) among the poets of Dante's circle is "the first in order, the first in power," and the one whom Dante himself styles his "first friend." Of a very ancient, rich and noble family, of great personal beauty and high intellectual attainments, his fate was, yet, strangely unhappy. He seems to have been pursued by envy and persecution, and taking a prominent political part in the affairs of Florence, it became Dante's duty, as chief of the Priori in 1300, to banish him from the city. He returned from the exile with a fever, of which he died. Even his works have perished with him, being destroyed in a great fire instigated by his enemies in 1304. He was greatly admired by his literary contemporaries, who speak of him as "a philosopher," "deeply versed in many things," "devoted to study," "of a great spirit," and Dante in the Purgatorio, Canto XI, places him above Guido Guinicelli. Though his learned treatises were destroyed, many of his poems have been handed down to us, and though most of these are on the well-worn theme of love, they exhibit an individuality, a subtlety of thought and a command of language which go far to sustain the reputation of his genius. The student will find the entire collection of these beautifully translated in Dante Gabriel Rossetti's "Early Italian Poets." "A Song of Fortune;" "A Dispute with Death;" "In Exile at Sarzana;" "To Pope Boniface VIII;" "A Rapture concerning my Lady" are some of the titles.

Lapo Giani (1260-1328) another poet of Tuscan lineage, shows us that "the genius of Italian Literature is rocked on the restless waves of the Florentine democracy." Nothing seems to be known of his life or personality except

that he was the friend of Dante and Guido Cavalcanti. And in his verses he resists Provençal influences and exhibits a spontaneity which entitled him to be placed in this celebrated circle. His madrigal on "What Love shall provide for me," and a ballad entitled "A Message for my Lady" are translated by Rossetti.

While these early poets often prove themselves masters of an elegant and polished style and of sweet and pleasing sentiments, in no sense can they be said to prepare the way for the great Dante. The new-born language might have remained a pretty plaything, if it had not been for the intellectual giant who was to pour into it his very life-blood and bend it to express his deepest cogitations. It is well for us to know something of Dante's predecessors in literature that we may realize his independence. Like all men of great genius, he was not evolved by the spirit of the age.

But, on the other hand, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that to his predecessors in learning Dante pays continual homage; and it is not possible to pass over the great Schoolmen, some of the greatest of whom were Italians. Of these only we shall inquire here, for though they never dreamed of writing in anything but Latin, and lived and died in foreign countries, we cannot afford to forget that Italy produced them.

St. Anselm (1033-1109) was born at Aosta in Piedmont and descended from a noble family. History tells us how, as Abbot of the Monastery of Bec in Normandy, he made it the first seat of learning in Europe; how England delights to claim him as one of the greatest Archbishops of Canterbury she has ever known; how in his threatened excommunication of King Henry I, he placed the Papacy under lasting obligations to him; and, finally, that as a Scholastic he was the originator of the science of Ontology, and as the author of the treatise *Cur Deus Homo* still influences the faith of Christendom.

Peter Lombard (1100-1160) was born at Novara, then reckoned in Lombardy. Rising from step to step as an

ecclesiastic, he was made Bishop of Paris, but he will always be best known as the Master of the *Sentences*. This was a compilation of aphorisms which became a universal text-book in the European Universities, and was one of the bulwarks of Scholasticism.

St. Bonaventura (1221-1274) has always been the ecclesiastical name given to John of Fidanza, who was born at Bagnarea in the Papal States. He lectured at the University of Paris upon the *Sentences*, was made General of the Franciscan order, and received the title of "Doctor Seraphicus," writing many sermons and meditations and taking an original stand as an ardent believer in the mysticism of Plato.

St. Thomas Aquinas (1227-1274) is one of the few great men whose whole lives excite our warmest admiration. Of noble blood, he was born at the hereditary castle in the territories of Naples. He has been called "the spirit of Scholasticism incarnate," and as the author of the *Summa Theologiæ*, i. e. the Summary of all known Science, was the arbiter of European learning for three centuries. His most brilliant disciple was Dante, who in the Third Part of the Divine Comedy expounds the Philosophy of Aquinas in verse, and endows it with an enviable immortality.

Dante Alighieri (1265-1321), the greatest of all the Italians, was born in Florence, of an aristocratic, but not a noble, family. He fell upon the evil days of the Guelfs and Ghibellines, and to understand his life one must understand the History of the times. He belonged at first to the Guelf or Papal party, and when this was afterwards divided into the Neri and the Bianchi, Dante took the part of the Bianchi. In 1289 he fought at Campaldino against the Ghibellines of Arezzo, and in 1290 against the Pisans, and, in 1300 being made one of the Chief Magistrates of the republic, he was one of the Guelf ambassadors to Pope Boniface VIII.

The fierce contentions of those times fostered the spirit of patriotism, and Dante, ardent and enthusiastic in every-

thing that he undertook, became a martyr to his civic convictions. He had married Gemma dei Donati, and this brought him into personal conflict with one of the most powerful politicians of the day, the bold, bad Corso di Donati. The faction to which Corso belonged gained the upper-hand, and while Dante was absent on another embassy to Pope Boniface in 1302, the sentences of exile and confiscation of property were passed against him.

He had been an ardent student from early childhood, and while he had completed some of his writings before this time, it was now that he abandoned himself to the workings of his marvelous imagination, and while he wandered in exile, entertained by one friend after another, he found consolation in pouring out his whole soul in the loftiest strains of poetry, the most bitter diatribes of history, the profound reflections of philosophy and the aspirations of religion. Dante himself entitled this work the Comedy, because it begins sadly and ends happily, and because he believed the tragic style reserved for Virgil; but his compatriots at once prefixed the word "Divine," and the name signalizes a work unlike any other. Hallam says Dante is the most unquestionably original of all writers. But to transcribe even a small portion of what has been said of him by learned men of all countries would be to make a book in itself. A critical and analytical review of the Three Parts of the Divine Comedy will be found on Pages 15-45. In this biographical sketch it must suffice to point out the chief events of his life.

Dante's mind was too original to bind itself down to any party: seeing that the Guelfs, influenced by France, were not true to the republic, his sympathies passed over to the Ghibellines, and he joined them in attempting to return honorably to Florence. But sentence after sentence was passed against him, and for nineteen years he remained an exile, that is, until death itself released him.

His wife, and his children (of whom there were two sons and three daughters) did not follow him into exile. But this was hardly to be expected in that stormy and unset-

tled age, when powerful relatives were at hand to protect them in the city, and there is no reason to suppose from this or any other circumstance that his domestic life was anything but peaceful and happy.

In his wanderings Dante went to Paris, Holland, and even as far as Oxford; and, returning to Italy found shelter in Universities, in Monasteries and in the lordly houses of the Malespini and the Scaligeri, and finally with Guido da Polenta in Ravenna, where he died in 1321.

The *Vita Nuova*, or New Life, probably finished in 1307, is the history of his love for Beatrice, the daughter of Folco Portinari and the wife of Simone de' Bardi, whom he never knew personally. Her exquisite purity and early death touched the imagination of the poet and he has also immortalized her in the "Divina Commedia."

Il Convito, or The Banquet, written between 1290 and 1300, consists of Songs and Commentaries, and throws much light on the history and learning of the times, but remains in an unfinished state.

The Latin treatises, *De Monarchia*, and *De Vulgari Eloquio*, are works of great learning addressed exclusively to the scholars and thinkers of the Middle Ages.

Besides these there are a number of unclassified *Sonnets*, some very valuable *Letters*, and a thesis *De Aqua et Terra*, maintained at Mantua a short time before the Poet's death.

But all his other writings combined are eclipsed and cast into oblivion by the "Divine Comedy." It is in this incomparable and immortal Poem that Dante appears as the creator of the Italian language, the originator of Italian Literature, the protagonist of the Drama he depicts, the revealer of new worlds. His position in the development of Thought and the History of Literature cannot be understood by one who has not read this work, and foreigners master Italian in order to read this one book, for it cannot be understood in a translation. Twelve hundred Commentaries upon it have been written in Italy alone, and probably almost an equal number by

the scholars of other nations, the Germans taking the lead in modern times both in number and ability.

Upon every page, every line, of the Poem is stamped the strong, intense individuality of the writer; but its merit consists less in this than in the fact that it reveals a personality that is *worth* revealing. Of all great men Dante is, perhaps, the most lovable. For while he stands before us as one to whom nothing human is a matter of indifference, his sins are of the most intensely spiritual character, such as are possible only to the highest natures, his life itself was pure and blameless, his very faults reveal his virtues, his sorrows vouch for his sincerity, and in his devout submission to his cruel fate he has expiated every charge that men could bring against him.

Cino da Pistoja (1270-1336) bridges the interval between Dante and Petrarca, and to fill this gap worthily is no slight honor. He is called the lawyer-poet, having excelled as much in his Commentaries on the Code as in the lighter vein of amorous poetry. Exiled from Florence as a Ghibelline, he seems to have cast in his lot with the Vergiolese family, who took refuge in some isolated, inaccessible castle, and his Sonnets immortalize the beautiful Selvaggia, whose early death while in exile adds a pathos to the story. In his Sonnet on the Grave of Selvaggia Vergiolese, he speaks of her as

> "Cast out upon the steep path of the mountains,
> Where Death has shut her in between hard stones."

But his Sonnet on "Compensation in Death" atones for this bitterness, and his exquisite Canzone to Dante on the Death of Beatrice Portinari can never be forgotten. In such lines as

> "God hath her with Himself eternally,
> Yet she inhabits every hour with thee."
>
>
>
> "Thy spirit bears her back upon the wing,
> Which often in those ways is journeying."

we see more than an intellectual elevation.

As the friend of Dante and admired by Petrarca, and as a lecturer and teacher at several of the Italian Universities, Cino is one of the most interesting figures of this early period.

Francesco Petrarca (1304-1374) (so well known to all English-speaking people as Petrarch) was born at Arezzo, his father having been banished from Florence at the same time that Dante was exiled. Among the different places to which the homeless family wandered was Avignon in France, and it was there that Petrarch at the age of twenty-three saw and loved Madame Laura de Sade. Though young, he had lived long enough to fall into immoral habits. The sight and acquaintance of this beautiful woman effected one of those thorough revolutions in his character which can be called nothing less than a regeneration. This object of his life-long affection was not only a married woman, but continued to live in peace and happiness with her husband, and became the mother of eleven children. It is not known that she made any response to Petrarch's passion; but it is certain that no blame is to be attached to her spotless character, which, in an age of universal corruption, deserved the adulation offered by the poet.

Though destined to the study of the Law in order to retrieve the family fortunes, Petrarch openly elected the career of scholar and poet. He was the first person in Europe to undertake the study of the Greek and Latin languages for literary purposes. Studying Greek under a Calabrian named Barlaam, he did not make much progress; but in Latin he became a model writer. The warm friendship and appreciation of potentates and princes was accorded him throughout his life. Robert, king of Naples (who said he would rather be without a diadem than without literature), the Colonna family, Pope Clement VI, the Carraras and others revered his genius and delighted to do him homage. He had bought a farm at Vaucluse near Avignon and had commenced to write his Latin Epic "Africa" when he was invited by both Rome

and Paris to accept public recognition as a poet at the hands of the State. He chose Rome, and his coronation in the capitol there, April 8th, 1341, was the most brilliant tribute genius has ever received. Petrarch's passion for antiquity led him to sympathize with Cola di Rienzi in his attempt to revive the Roman Republic. But though sadly disappointed in his political aspirations, as poet and man of letters he was effecting a mighty revolution in European taste and education. Traveling extensively and being sent on important diplomatic missions, he always had it at heart to unearth the great writings of the ancients, and to him the world owes Cicero's Familiar Letters and the "Institutes" of Quintilian; the finding of which, however, would not have been enough to give the world a distinct literary impulse had it not been for the rare intellectual enthusiasm which accompanied it.

Besides the Epic poem entitled "Africa" which is in praise of Scipio Africanus, Petrarch's Italian poems consist of Sonnets during the life and after the death of Laura; "Songs," and "The Triumphs," while he left many treatises, essays and letters in Latin prose. After seventy years of wonderful good fortune and success, he died at Arqua in 1374, bequeathing the world a priceless treasure in his name and influence.

Giovanni Boccaccio (1313-1375), the son of a merchant of Certaldo, was born in Paris, and shares with Dante and Petrarca in the honor of being one of the founders of modern European Literature. To his vigorous and original pen we owe Italian Prose. For while there had been chronicles and records in the new language, there had been nothing in this form that could be called literature.

Born under unfavorable circumstances, and leading a life unadorned by private virtue, Boccaccio's only claim upon the regard of posterity is the intellectual impetus he gave his language and his country. A marked event in the history of Europe was the cordial reception he gave the great Greek scholar, Leontius Pilatus, under whose

instruction he sought to translate the Iliad into Latin. This dream continued to be cherished by all the Revivers of Learning, until it was finally realized by Poliziano.

Boccaccio seems to have spent his life between the court of Naples and the Republic of Florence, known and honored everywhere as a professional man of letters, and intrusted with diplomatic missions in virtue of his profession. When the Florentines resolved to restore Petrarch's estates Boccaccio was chosen to bear the message to the poet, then living in Padua, and still later, when "repentant Florence" established a University professorship for the explanation and illustration of Dante, Boccaccio was called to this post of honor and acquitted himself with glory. His ardent admiration for Dante was, indeed, a redeeming feature in his character. Petrarch has been pronounced envious and jealous of the fame of Dante, and, at all events, left no praises or encomiums of him in his writings; while Boccaccio left Commentaries on the first seventeen cantos of the "Inferno," a "Life of Dante" and a beautiful Sonnet in his praise.

An indefatigable student, a devout lover of classical learning, zealous for the interests of Italy and the new tongue, Boccaccio was a most prolific writer both in verse and prose, in Latin and in Italian. "The Genealogy of the Gods," the "Theseid," an epic poem in the *ottava rima*, which he was the first to apply to this form; "The Amorous Vision," "Filocopo," "Filostrato" etc. are the works which made him famous in his own day. And, of course, we of Anglo-Saxon lineage know how boldly old Chaucer stole from Boccaccio's store-house, and what a spell the prestige of his name and his themes wields throughout all English Literature. Boccaccio's themes can be traced through Chaucer and Dryden down to Tennyson; so that he stands as inspirer and model of representatives in English verse.

The "Theseid" relates the story of Palamon and Arcite; Chaucer and Dryden simply reproduce it, while Tennyson reflects it in the "Last Tournament." Boc-

caccio wrote "De Claris Mulieribus," Chaucer wrote "The Legend of Good Women," Tennyson wrote the "Dream of Fair Women."

But the only Italian work which later ages ever mention, and the one in which the capacities of Italian prose are set forth for all time is the "Decamerone" or the "Tales of the Ten Days." Founded upon the historical event of the Plague in 1348, of which a fine account is given as a preface, the "Tales" claim to be told by ten friends, who take refuge in a villa near Florence and seek to divert themselves in this way. In form the model of the modern novel, in style vivacious and brilliant, it is most deplorable that the subject matter of these "Tales" has made it necessary for the literary world to relegate them to an ignominious obscurity. Boccaccio is now known simply as the author of a book which cannot be read; too immoral to be fairly criticised; too offensive for vituperation. The only endurable "Tales" are those of "Lisa's love for King Alphonso," and "The Marquis of Saluzzo and Griselda." George Eliot has furnished us with a pretty poem from the former, while E. Blair Leighton has given us an exquisite painting of Lisa soothed by Minuccio's music, and Leslie has endeavored to immortalize that exasperating person known as "Patient Griselda."

It is refreshing to find that Boccaccio did not consider the "Decameron" worthy of him, and his best biographers assure us that he repented of writing it and reformed his life at the suggestion of one of the monks he had so vilified. To pass from the themes of Dante and Petrarch to those of Boccaccio is a painful experience, and the lack of sequence in Italian Literature which manifests itself here is only too sad a presage of its subsequent development. Boccaccio's death occurred while living in retirement at Certaldo, when he was 62.

In turning from Boccaccio to *Saint Catherine of Siena* (1347-1388) we see the manysidedness, the completeness, of the Italian genius. This marvelous woman, whose real

name was Caterina Benincasa, was not unworthy of the devout admiration and devotion she has received. Springing from an humble family, the force of her own genius and her exalted piety raised her above crowned heads. Her letters to clergy, condottieri, popes and kings were so powerful, that she was recognized as an ambassadress and mediator in the political crises of that stormy period. The Florentines chose her as their ambassadress to Pope Gregory XI, by whom they had been excommunicated. Thoroughly successful in this mission, she was the only person in all Europe who could persuade Gregory XI to leave Avignon and return to Rome! Urban VI appointed her ambassadress to Joanna I of Naples. The Italians possess 383 Letters from the pen of this remarkable woman, and from the specimens that I have read it is easy to see that she possessed wonderful endowments both of mind and heart. All Art Students are, of course, familiar with the glorious paintings which represent St. Catherine of Siena. That of Fra Bartolomeo in the Louvre is peculiarly beautiful.

CHAPTER II

DANTE, THE "HERO OF THOUGHT"

The Inferno

IF Dante "felt exalted in his own being" when, on the "green-enameled plain" surrounding Dis, he was permitted to hold intercourse with the great poets of antiquity, how much more must we feel our exaltation when we find ourselves in the august presence of the great Dante! Preëminently the poet of exalted thought and feeling, in journeying with him we are compelled to realize the dignity of our own being; and however humble our sphere of thought may have been hitherto, we are henceforth lifted up to the contemplation of life's sublimest mysteries.

Dante's hold upon the centuries is to be accounted for by the consummate skill with which he depicts man as a free, that is, a moral agent; and through all the gloom of the hell into which he plunges us, we see the scintillations of that Divine spark which makes man truly great, without which his sufferings have little or no significance, and with which his agony is infinite.

The First Canto of the "Inferno" initiates us into the mysteries of the Allegory which is to run thro' the great Poem like a thread of gold in the woof of a splendid piece of tapestry. In the middle of his life, — at the age of 35, — in A. D. 1300 the Poet finds himself lost in a dark and terrible forest, that is, in the moral and political disorder of Italy, at that time darkened and confused by the strifes of Guelfs and Ghibellines. He attempts to ascend a mountain, gilded at its summit by the rising sun, that

is, to find the principles of moral and political order, on which shine the rays of rectitude and justice. But he is opposed in these efforts first by a panther, the spotted skin and quick movements of which represent *envious* Florence; then by a lion, signifying *proud* France, and, more especially, Charles de Valois, brother of Philippe le Bel, invited by the Guelf or Papal party to invade Italy and crush the Ghibellines; and lastly by a she-wolf, the Roman curia, whose supreme characteristic is *avarice*. In utter despair, Dante, or man with his natural reason alone, must abandon this undertaking, does not knowledge, or wisdom, in the person of Virgil, come to his rescue. The Latin Poet, who is also the symbol of political science, as having been born under the universal monarchy established by Julius Cæsar, assures Dante that he must choose another path up the mountain, for the beast will not permit anyone to pass this point, and such will continue to be the state of affairs until the wolf is killed by a greyhound, that is, a Ghibelline commander, probably the Emperor himself, who will bring peace and safety to distracted Italy.

In the Second Canto we find that Virgil, or the knowledge of human things, cannot guide our hero to the end of his journey. Once, possibly twice, in early youth he had been in the presence of Beatrice Portinari, and, in spite of his own marriage and most commonplace domestic history, she had ever remained his ideal of ethereal loveliness. He says, himself, that his great admiration for her made him a poet and compelled him to give himself up to study. Now it is Beatrice who is to symbolize the knowledge of Divine things, without which man cannot understand his own being or destiny. And in accordance with the perfect symmetry of his conceptions, the Poet shows us that as three evil powers had prevented his search for truth, so three heavenly powers come to his aid. The Gentle Lady, symbol of Divine Mercy, and Lucia, or Illuminating Grace, are to aid Theological Science (Beatrice) in this stupendous undertaking.

Thus Dante's political questionings are met by moral and religious answers. Absorbed as he is in the affairs of his age, he perceives that he is only a representative of the human race in the long and laborious pilgrimage marked out for it. The problems of his once loved Florence are only the problems of his own being and those of human destiny. All turn upon the fact that man has the choice of good or evil. But he cannot satisfy himself of the full significance of this until he has meditated upon every personality which has once arrested his attention. In the marvelous imagination of the Poet the pains of punishment, the griefs of expiation, the rewards of virtue are transfigured into the Divine Comedy.

As the two Poets enter the Inferno (Canto III) Dante reads the terrifying inscription on its portal:

"Thro' me you enter the city of woe,
Within my pale eternal grief to prove,
Thro' me among the lost you are to go.

Justice my lofty Maker erst did move,
And Power Divine my fashioner became,
Supremest Wisdom and Primeval Love.

And things created found me still the same
I was before, eternally I last:
Who enters here hopeless himself must name."

Before they reach the river Acheron, over which Charon conveys the wicked to the Inferno proper, they come in contact with the Neutral. Human spirits who were worthy neither of infamy nor praise here mingle with the Angels who were neither faithful nor rebellious. Their condition is one of such hopeless wretchedness that "they envy every other fate." "The world does not retain any memory of them." Here Dante recognizes Pietro Morone, one of his contemporaries, who was elected Pope under the name of Celestine V, but having been induced to renounce the Papacy, he gave place to Boniface VIII, so detested by Dante and the Ghibellines, and for this pusillanimity the Poet here condemns him openly. At the

sight of the agony of those whom Charon gathers in his boat Dante swoons, while "the tearful earth" trembles and the heavens send forth flashes of red light.

Having arrived in Limbo, i. e., on the confines of the Inferno, there are found the Virtuous Heathen and the Unbaptized. It was in this region, according to the Poet, that Jesus Christ descended and liberated Adam, Abel, Noah, Moses, "the obedient patriarch Abraham," King David, Israel with his father and his sons, and with Rachel, "for whom he did so much." But he finds here Hector, Æneas, Cæsar, "with the eyes of a griffin," the Brutus who banished Tarquin, and the Roman matrons, Lucrezia, Julia, Martia and Cornelia. And apart from all others he sees the royal-hearted Saladin, the separation signifying his preëminence as a Mahometan. The "master of those who know," (as Aristotle is characterized), Socrates, Plato, Democritus, "who made the world depend on chance," Diogenes, Anaxagoras, Thales, Empedocles, Heraclitus, Cicero, Livy and "moral Seneca," the great Arabians, Avicenna and Averroes, dwell in the quiet air of this first circle.

On the threshold of the second circle Minos sits to judge the souls and assign their particular punishment, and within are found the Adulterers, whom Dante expressly designates the least of the criminals to be described. Among this company we find Semiramis, Dido, Cleopatra, Helen, Achilles, Paris, Tristram, Paolo Malatesta, and Francesca da Rimini, — the daughter of Dante's own devoted friend, Guido da Polenta. All of these are continually tossed about and tormented by a terrible whirlwind, and Dante is particularly anxious to speak to

> "Those two who go together,
> And seem to be so light to the wind."

He entreats them, and

> "As doves moved by desire
> With strong and open wings to the sweet nest
> Fly, borne by their breathing will,"

Francesca and Paolo draw near to him. Their story is too well known for comment. Many artists have represented them, but none more wondrously than Gustave Doré, who has painted them in the very act of being "swept by the wind." Tennyson has paraphrased Dante's exquisite

> "Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria."

in the well known lines:

> "Comfort! comfort scorned of devils!
> This is truth the Poet sings,
> That a sorrow's crown of sorrow
> Is remembering happier things."

The third circle shows us the Gluttons; for not only does the supernatural vividness of Dante's vision compel us to believe in the reality of his journey, but we make it with him. Here Dante recognizes Ciaco, to us an obscure citizen of Florence, but to Dante a contemporary with whom he is eager to converse about the envious city; and in the few words exchanged we see how grievously the great exile's heart bleeds for his ungrateful birthplace.

He goes on, murmuring,

> "Ah justice of God! who (if not thou) heapest up
> Such new travails and pains as I saw?
> And why does our guilt thus destroy us?"

The Prodigal and the Avaricious occupy the fourth circle, and Dante expects to recognize some among the popes and cardinals over whom avarice had dominion. But Virgil tells him he cherishes a vain thought in this, for

> "The ignoble life which made them vile
> To every understanding makes them dark."

They have lost their identity and are mere impersona-

tions of these vices, insomuch that when their bodies rise at the last day, it will be with closed fists and shaven locks.

Dante wishes to know what Fortune is, and in a wonderfully beautiful passage Virgil describes her as a far-off, celestial Intelligence, utterly impenetrable to human reason.

> — "Her permutations have no truce,
> Necessity compels her to be quick."

Phlegias rows the two Poets across the marshy Styx, and under the walls of Dis they meet those whom Anger overcame. Filippo Argenti, a contemporary Florentine, is recognized by Dante, despite the filth in which he wallows. Angrily he asks:

> "Who art thou, then, that com'st before the time?
> And I reply: If now I come, yet do I not remain.
> But who art thou, who art become so vile?
> He says: Thou seest I am one who weeps.
> And I to him: With weeping and with struggling,
> Accursèd spirit, do thou still remain,
> Since thou art known, all filthy as thou art."

Virgil thrusts Filippo off, then kisses and embraces Dante and says

> "O nobly-scornful soul!
> Blessèd was she in whom thou wast enclosed!"

At last, before the walls of Dis, rebellious Angels hurl curses at the invaders, and the eternal fire, the iron walls, the angry scorn unnerve our Poet and in anguish he cries out,

> "O my dear Leader,
> Leave me not so undone.
> If going further is denied us,
> Let us retrace our steps together quickly."

But defended by Virgil from the three Furies and Medusa on the towers of Dis, and led thro' the gate by

a Celestial Messenger, Dante makes his way among the Heresiarchs and the Unbelieving, who "issue lamentable moans" from sepulchres of flame. Asking Virgil (Canto X) if it is possible to see any of those in the sepulchres, a voice exclaims:

> "Tuscan, who through the city of fire
> Goest alive, speaking so bravely,
> Let it please thee to tarry a while.
> Thy language bewrayeth thee here
> As one who was born of that noble land
> To which, perhaps, I once gave grief and pain."

It was the voice of the great Farinata degli Uberti, who, single-handed and with Roman firmness, had withstood the proposition to destroy Florence. Dante says "he raised his head and breast out of his tomb, as tho' he held all Hell in grand contempt," and does justice to the magnanimous citizen in relating his whole history, while, as an unbeliever, he condemns him to these torments.

Then rose to sight a shade

> "Uncovered only to the chin:
> Around he looked to see whom I had with me.
> —"My son, where is he? why not with thee?
> And I to him: Not of myself I come.
> He who waits there here leads me,
> Perhaps your Guido had him in disdain."

Suddenly rising, he cries out "How sayest thou?

> *Had?* Does he then no more live?
> Nor on his eyes the sweet light shine?"

Guido Cavalcanti, the first of Dante's friends and himself a lyric poet of celebrity, was the son for whom his father here inquires. But Dante delays his answer, and the wretched father falls back in his tomb to rise no more.

Plunging from one abyss to another, we find all the remaining circles filled with the Violent, that is, those who by force or fraud have committed crimes against God, nature and man. Goaded by the arrows of the centaurs

in a river of boiling blood, the Tyrants, Homicides and Robbers find their place; and here are Alexander, and "cruel Dionysius, who made Sicily have dolorous years;" and that brow which has such raven hair is Ezzolino's, and that other, which is white, Obizzo d'Este's; Attila, "who was a flail on the earth," and the provincial robbers, the Rinieri, bringing up the rear. But of all the condemned none have a more pitiable fate than the Suicides in the next round. Changed into gnarled and savage plants, the Harpies feed on them, and never again can they resume the bodies that they once cast from them. Pier delle Vigne, a poet, and chancellor and favorite of Frederick II, Emperor, and King of Sicily, Lano, a Sienese, and Jacopo da Sant'Andrea, a Paduan, are recognized and questioned.

With the greatest care avoiding the burning sand of the next circle, where dilated flakes of fire are perpetually falling on those who were violent against God, the Poets speak to Capaneus, one of the seven kings of Thebes, who is chiefly punished "in that his pride lives still unquenched," and when they come upon the margin of the plain, Dante is accosted by Brunetto Latini, his learned and celebrated teacher. It is painful to find him among those who did violence to nature, but little is said of his sin or its punishment, for the two lovers of learning rush at each other to revive their common reminiscences, and in their fascinating conversation we have not only inestimable revelations of Dante's personality, but some of the most beautiful lines that were ever penned. After Dante tells him how he had lost his way, Brunetto says:

> "If thou follow thy star
> Thou canst not fail of a glorious port,
> If rightly I divined in life on earth,
> And if I had not died before the time —
> Since Heaven granted thee so much —
> I should have given thee comfort in the work."

He tells Dante it is no wonder that the malign people of ancient Fiesole should do him evil for his good, for there

could never be any harmony between their baseness and his sweet and lofty soul. Then Dante revives the recollection of Brunetto's instruction, — that he taught him how man may achieve immortality; and, finally, the very climax of all that Dante feels and is finds expression in the noble lines:

> "I wish that I might make it clear to you,
> I stand prepared for any fate
> While I have no rebuke from conscience."

Striking and touching, too, are the conversations which follow when Dante meets his fellow-patriots, Guidoguerra, Aldobrandi and Rusticucci (Canto XVI), who still love the unhappy city and adjure the poet to "speak of them among mankind."

But hardly have they issued from this circle when the terrific monster, Fraud, "who passes mountains, breaks down walls and spears, and with his filth taints all the world," comes "swimming up thro' gross and murky air." The Procurers and the Adulators are among the first of his devotees, then the Simoniacs and the Diviners, and we can now only note the facts that Pope Nicholas III is the most prominent person among the Simoniacs, and that the punishment of the Diviners — to have their necks twisted around, so that "they who once too far before them wished to see, now backward look" — wrings such grief from Dante that Virgil harshly rebukes him. Strengthened by the stern reflections of his mentor, all the irony, all the bitterness of the ulcerated heart breaks forth upon the Barterers and Peculators, selling public offices for private gain. It would seem, indeed, as tho' the demons here had full sway. They laugh and grin and curse and wrestle as they fly here and there to pitchfork the wretched criminals who attempt to escape from the lake of boiling tar.

The "College of the mourning Hypocrites" comes next, and here the once "joyous Friars" wear hooded cloaks of gold and bonnets gleaming bright with orange

hue, which are dazzling to view, but *leaden* all within, so that being compelled to pace up and down, toil, weariness and faintness makes mighty grief course down their cheeks. And lying on the ground, extended on a transverse cross, in banishment eternal, we suddenly here come upon him who counseled the Pharisees that "it were fitting for one man to suffer for the people." The suddenness, the abject degradation (for all who pass this way walk over him), the absence of his name, Virgil's horror and amazement, all go to make up a picture, which, if awful, is, nevertheless, sublime.

Utterly exhausted in his efforts to grapple the steep crags of these regions, Dante sits down to get his breath.

> "Now suits it that thou shake off sloth,
> The Master says: lying on feathery couch,
> Or under coverlet never brings fame;
> Without which he who here consumes his life,
> Such vestige of himself on earth must leave
> As smoke in air, or foam upon the wave."

And nerved by all the noble hopes he cherishes for his great work, our hero bravely rises and bends him to the task. It is that of beholding the Thieves changed into serpents and anon changed back again to men, the transmutation going on perpetually, so that they are neither one nor double. One shrinks from this revolting recital, and can hardly doubt that Dante shrank from giving it. Vanni Fucci, from Tuscany, here "rends" Dante's heart by foretelling the defeat of the Bianchi. Truly, as Dante says in bitterest irony, the fame of Florence reigns in Hell. His magnificent hatred of all that is false finds vent in clothing the Fraudulent Counselors "in confining fire," so that each one simply seems to be a Flame. Ulysses and Diomed are joined together, "hasting to vengeance as erewhile to wrath." Virgil, who in the world had "poured forth lofty strains" about them, takes it upon himself to question them, and some memorable lines are to be found in the replies of Ulysses (Canto XXVI), characterizing himself, as he does, as one in whom nothing

could overcome the zeal he had "to explore the world and search the ways of life, man's evil and his virtue:" and, again, describing how he urged on his companions with:

> "Call to mind from whence we sprang;
> Ye were not formed to live the life of brutes,
> But virtue to pursue and knowledge high."

But however engrossing the analysis of storied page or ancient prestige may be to him, the great Florentine is ever finding his way back to his own age and his own people, and again we have in Guido da Montefeltro's painful tale (Canto XXVII) a vivid picture of the wretched misrule which was afflicting Church and State and filling our Poet's heart with inexpressible bitterness.

Among the Sowers of Civil and Religious Discord, after Mahomet and Ali have been disclosed, we have predictions about Fra Dolcino, a fanatic of this time and of Pier da Medicina, who stirred up strife between Guido da Polenta and Malatestino da Rimini; and from Curio, the Roman who gave Cæsar such fatal advice, we come back to Mosca degli Uberti, who first sowed the seed of civil war among the Tuscans, and to Bertrand de Born, the celebrated Provençal poet, whose renown was then a thing of yesterday, who is made to carry his head, separated from his body, in his hand in anguish of spirit, because he separated the young Prince John from his father Henry of Guienne. Dante is filled with such horror by the sight of Bertrand that he fails to accost one of his own relatives, Geri del Bello, who had been killed in a duel.

Full of sadness and loathing, he enters the lazar house of the Falsifiers in Act, in Person, and in Word. The Alchemists are all drawn from the ranks of contemporaries and acquaintances, and among the Forgers vilifications and recriminations are going on between Adamo of Brescia and the Greek Sinon. Never does Virgil give expression to such anger as is aroused by Dante's interest

in these vituperations, and additional scorn is heaped upon them by our hero's penitence and full recital of his sin, since Knowledge tells him that "the mere desire to hear such wrangling is a proof of baseness."

And now, about to penetrate "where guilt is at its depth," Nimrod, "thro' whose ill counsel in the world no more one tongue prevails," and the Giants and Titans, Ephialtes, Briareus and Antaeus, who "made trial of their strength against Almighty Jove" must be encountered. Here the help of one of these very monsters is invoked by the appeal to that love of fame in the upper world, which is dwelt upon so frequently that we may almost say it is never entirely out of sight. Dante can confer fame. That is the star he follows with unfailing fortitude; for the consciousness of intellectual superiority supports him in banishment, in homeless wanderings, in face of the hatred which condemned him to be burned alive if he returned to Florence.

What wonder, then, with a soul so given over to spiritual and intellectual things, he leaves behind him all grosser, vulgar sins of body and mind and fathoms the deepest depths of guilt with the plummet of Ingratitude? Betrayers of their relatives, Betrayers of their Country, Betrayers of their benefactors fill the lowest circle of his hell. So much more wretched are they than any of the others that again and again he declares himself unequal to the task of describing them. In four spheres of one great circle these criminals stand in ice, up to the waist, shoulders, head, and final immersion. There is no more heartrending description than of those whose eyes were so full of frozen tears that they had to bend their bodies back in order to see Dante. Excepting Ganelon, the betrayer of Orlando, and Mordrec, son of King Arthur, all the Betrayers of relatives and friends are contemporary Italians. Alessandro degli Alberti, Sassuolo Mascheroni, Bocca degli Abati and Giovanni Soldanieri are even Florentines, and nowhere else does Dante so steel his heart to pity.

But if he has been almost cruel to these sufferers, it is only to give way more completely upon the next provocation. For he relates every detail of the awful death by starvation of Ugolino della Gherardesca and his sons, admitting that Ugolino had indeed betrayed his country, but openly upbraiding Pisa for "placing him on such a cross." And again his righteous wrath breaks out against his wicked countrymen, and he declares he sees the spirits of Alberigo de' Manfredi and Branca d'Oria in hell, while their bodies *seem* to be alive on earth, as they actually were when he gave his book to the world.

But the lowest point is now reached, and after the magnificent portraiture of Lucifer, tormenting Judas Iscariot, Brutus and Cassius, Betrayers of their benefactors, we find the two Poets wending their way thro' a long cavern back to earth. We could not forgive Dante for placing the noble Brutus in this lowest circle, were it not that his political theories and the requirements of his allegory compelled him thus to express his Ghibelline predilections and his unalterable faith in imperial government, and hence his condemnation of the regicide.

Thus does Dante demonstrate the fearful consequences of sin; and it is a question whether anyone could endure the dark and terrible portrayal were it not that the artist is ever with his picture. In and out, above and beyond the dreadful personalties depicted, his own serene and lofty soul, like a single star in a black sky, shines and sparkles in unrivaled grandeur. And while it is impossible that he could have instituted the comparison, it is, nevertheless, a very evident fact that we have a world of criminals on the one hand offset by the one pure soul on the other. If he has wreaked everlasting vengeance on the three Guelf powers that deprived him of his earthly happiness, he has consecrated this vengeance to the noblest ends conceivable. For he has thrown down all barriers of time and place and sense, and by fasting, labor, toil and weariness set forth the inestimable value of the human soul.

The Purgatorio

The stern moralist in the gloomy gulf of Hell now gives place to the mild and gentle poet on the Mount of Expiation. Very beautiful is the "sweet color of oriental sapphire" into which the poet issues from the "atmosphere of death." Dante's charm as a poet consists less in lengthy and sustained passages than in sudden lines, phrases, and even words, of such unexpected loveliness that we are continually taken by surprise, and this charm is at its height in the noble Purgatorio.

In this second portion of the great Poem the narrative becomes much more subjective and autobiographical. We see our hero unfolding a great roll of illustrations, and the canvas is a mighty one; but it is not so crowded with personages as is that of the Inferno, nor are these personages painted with such vividness and distinctness, for the reason that the Poet himself is less affected by them. He had not been guilty of the crimes of the Inferno, and they filled him only with loathing and terror; but he has committed (as who has not?) the sins of the Purgatorio, and, as Virgil tells Cato of Utica, who guards the entrance to these realms, "he goes seeking liberty." This revelation of psychological insight is very striking and very beautiful. The true liberty, that is from within, is allegorically represented by Cato, "who refused life for its sake," and only under such custodianship can "brows be washed from all their foulness."

Wandering along the base of this strange mountain, surrounded on all sides by water, the Poets suddenly behold

> "A light coming so quickly over the sea
> That no flying thing could equal its course."

And Dante says:

> "As I from this a little had withdrawn my eyes,
> To ask my Leader to explain the sight,

When seen again brighter and larger still 'twas grown.
As yet my Master made not any sign,
While the first whiteness to be wings appeared,
But when he knew the pilot of the bark,
He cried: Down, down upon thy knees at once;
Behold God's Angel, fold the hands,
Now shalt thou see true ministers indeed."

The heavenly pilot leaves more than a hundred spirits on the shore, and eagerly seeking the true path up the mountain, they crowd around the Poets to ascertain it. Almost immediately one of them recognizes Dante and says,

"As I have loved thee
In the mortal body, so do I love thee loosed."

It proves to be Casella, a Florentine musician, who, it seems, had often soothed the wearied spirit of the great scholar, and Dante forestalls Milton in his love of Music, describing how Casella might have detained indefinitely the whole band of penitents with his thrilling song, had not the rigid Cato driven them forward.

But all who have delayed repenting until the last hours of life must wander long in this Antepurgatorio; and here Dante meets Manfred, king of Naples and Sicily, whose brilliant destiny evoked a hatred which followed him beyond the tomb; Belacqua, an excellent maker of harps and other musical instruments, but a most idle person; the Italians Giacopo del Cassero, murdered by Asto da Este; Buonconte da Montfeltro, son of that Guido who had bewailed his fate in the Inferno (Canto XXVII), Buonconte, himself, having fallen in the memorable battle of Campaldino, 1289, in which Dante, himself, took part; and Pia dei Tolomei, foully murdered in 1295 by her husband.

Virgil and Dante have much conversation as they move on from one to another of these spirits. Virgil is remorseful over the delay caused by the music, and Dante says,

"O pure and lofty conscience,
How sharp a little failing stings thee!"

But when his Master "desists from haste,"

"Which mars all decency of act,"

he explains the limits of intellectual perception, and it is very evident that Dante is a devout follower of the Stagyrite.

Passing by some contemporaries of inferior interest, by far the most important person in this region is the troubadour Sordello, whose fame has been revived by Browning after the lapse of six hundred years. Like Virgil he is a Mantuan, and the tender greeting of the compatriots brings all Italy's lost glory before Dante. His lamentation here seems to exceed all that has gone before, ending, of course, in bitter irony over his own city, which he yet addresses as "*my* Florence."

Sordello becomes the guide of the Poets and points out to them from a distance many of the sovereigns of that age: — the Emperor Rudolph, 1291, "who might have staunched the wounds which have killed Italy"; Ottocar, king of Bohemia, 1278, "who in his swaddling clothes was of more worth than" Winceslaus (1305), his son, a bearded man feeding on luxury and sloth; then "one with nose so small" (Philip III of France, 1285), "who close in counsel seems with him of gentle look" (Henry III of Navarre), both of whom seem to be introduced in order to animadvert upon the hated Philip IV, "mal di Francia" and how much more of Italy! Peter III, the great king of Aragon, 1285, praised both as a sovereign and a poet, gives occasion for a generalization of great beauty, as his sons to whom he bequeathed the thrones of Aragon and Sicily, did not inherit his virtues, and Dante says:

"Rarely indeed does human excellence
Again rise in its offspring: and this wills
He who bestows it, that of Him it may be sought."

Henry III of England, "the king of simple life," and the degenerate Charles of Anjou also receive a brief mention, but Sordello hurries our hero on to hold converse with some of "these great shadows," and to his delight Dante finds that Nino of Pisa (who was betrayed by Ugolino della Gherardesca) is not among the lost, while Corrado Malaspina calls forth his warmest admiration for that noble House which sheltered him in time of direst need.

And now in the hour when

> "The spouse of old Tithonous
> Grows white upon the eastern bound,
> Her brow resplendent with bright gems,"

and

> "The sad lays commence
> With which the swallow ushers in the morn, —
> Perhaps in memory of her former woes,"

after long wandering and journeying to find the right entrance, Dante is carried into Purgatory proper by Lucia, or Illuminating Grace, swooping down upon him like a golden eagle.

> "Ah, how far unlike to these the straits
> Of the Inferno! since by songs in this place,
> And down there by groans one enters."

An Angel stands at each pass which leads from terrace to terrace circling round this mountain or truncated cone of Purgatory; and the descriptions of these glorious beings are so magnificent, so worthy of the subject, that one cannot but believe they furnished the models for the great Painters, from Fra Angelico to Raphael.

The first Angel strikes Dante's forehead seven times with the letter P, denoting the Peccati, or seven capital sins from which he is to be purged in his journey, and the Angelic Guardian of each pass will testify to their removal. The first four sins are pointed out to him by

Virgil (Human Wisdom) as Pride, Envy, Anger and Indifference.

Not content with descriptions of character and conversations to illustrate these, Dante's boundless stores of learning and inexhaustible wealth of imagination enable him to bring forth new treasures, and he sees the sides of the mountain covered with marvelous sculptures, bringing before one an entire scene; and, again, hears supernatural voices proclaiming signal examples of the opposite virtue, or the most awful warnings set forth by the vice. The intaglio of the Annunciation is exquisite, and here, again, one thinks of the Italian Painters who came after him rather than of Polycletus to whom he refers. In depicting David dancing before the Ark, he says,

> "And more, and less, than king he was in this."

The Penitents on this first terrace (of Pride) are so doubled up and deformed by the huge weights they are made to carry that they can only be likened to caryatides when

> "To sustain ceiling or roof
> For corbel oftentimes is seen
> A figure joining knees to breast,
> Thus making the untrue give birth
> To a true feeling in the pain within."

Oderigi of Gubbio, a celebrated miniature painter, explains the nature of pride to Dante and refers to Franco of Bologna, Cimabue and Giotto. Dante confesses that the burden of pride weighs heavily upon him and willingly applies the lesson to himself; but on the second terrace (of Envy), where the eyelids of the penitents are sewed together with threads of iron wire, he boasts of his freedom. Of course it goes without saying that the Tuscan cities bear the full brunt of execration here, but Dante is reproved by terrifying voices recalling the examples of Cain and Aglauros, and Virgil perhaps rebukes him for his earthly love for Florence, when he says:

"And yet little avails you threat or charm,
Heaven calls and wheels around your gaze,
Showing eternal beauties to your soul,
And yet your eye to earth will ever turn;
For which He who knows all must still chastise."

Three Cantos are devoted to the terrace of Anger, and so personal is Dante's every line in these, that we entirely lose sight of the spirits and find our gaze fixed on the one great figure, who has transmitted himself to posterity as the incarnation of Wrath. He does not hesitate to avow that the Angel only cancels from his forehead that form of Anger which is sinful, proudly exulting in his righteous zeal. The wrathful are punished by wandering blindly in dense and suffocating smoke, and the Slothful or Indifferent by never being permitted to rest. Then Dante (representing the natural but uncultivated reason) discovers for himself the circles of Covetousness, Intemperance and Incontinence. In the first he hears:

"Sweet Mary, poor indeed thou wast,
As one may plainly see by that poor inn
In which thou didst put down thy holy burden."

and

"O good Fabricius,
Thou didst choose virtue with poverty rather
Than to possess great wealth with vice."

He hears also of "the generous gift

Which Nicolao made to the young girls,
To lead their youthful steps to honor."

.

"O soul, who dost speak so nobly,
Tell me who thou art, I said, and why alone
Thou these most worthy praises dost renew.
The favor will not be without reward
If I return to fill out the journey
Of that life which flies unto its end.
And he: I will inform thee, not for the comfort
That I hope from that, but for the fact
That such grace shines in thee before death.
I was the root of that vile plant
Which blights the Christian World."

This is Hugh Capet, and there is nothing finer in its way than the fierce invective which follows, arraigning the whole royal House of France. One can well believe the tradition that Francis I forbade the reading of Dante in his dominions. The Poet's sincerity is tested to the utmost in his vigorous (and even pathetic) denunciation of Philip IV's treatment of Pope Boniface VIII. Hating Boniface in his own person as much as he hated Philip, as vicar of Christ he reveres him, and likens his shameful capture and imprisonment by Philip to the treatment Christ received from Pilate.

And now the trembling of the whole mountain fills the Poets with unwonted awe and wonder, while on every side the shout of "Glory to God in the highest" creates a vehement desire to know its meaning.

But a few steps further bring them up to one who gladly explains it. Statius, a Latin poet, and author of the "Thebaid," tells them whenever a soul is purged from the desire, or inclination, to sin, the mountain rocks, and all the other spirits rejoice and praise God for that soul's freedom. Only by this change of will or disposition can the penitent spirit pass beyond the terrace or circle assigned it and begin its ascent to Paradise. Statius, himself, is the person for whom the mountain trembles now. Dante's admiration for him seems to be based upon the tradition that he became a Christian just before his death (in the reign of Domitian), and now as an epic poet, a believer, a purified spirit, he becomes the allegorical representative of Human Knowledge Aided by Divine Grace and accompanies Dante thro' all the remaining circles of Purgatory.

On the terrace of the Gluttons, or the Intemperate, they hear a voice declaring:

> "Mary thought more
> How honorable the wedding feast should be
> Than of herself: . . .
> The Roman women for their drink
> Were satisfied with water, and Daniel
> Despised food and acquired wisdom.

The first ages were beautiful as gold;
Acorns were savory thro' hunger,
And nectar every brook thro' thirst,
Honey and locusts were the viands
Which fed the Baptist in the desert,
And glorious he became, as shown
By the Evangelist who wrote of him."

In the flames which purify the Incontinent Dante meets Guido Guinicelli, his forerunner in his own language, and Arnald Daniel, the greatest of the Provençal poets, both of whom are greatly beloved and admired by him. Dante is compelled to pass through these flames, himself, and no sooner is the ordeal ended than Virgil, so long his faithful guide, bids him farewell, leaving him " crowned and mitred over himself."

The Allegory here becomes very marked and forcible. In this Postpurgatorio, or terrestrial Paradise, Dante relies no longer upon Human Wisdom. Entering the " divine forest " where Adam and Eve once dwelt in innocence and peace, he meets the beautiful Mathilda (personifying Affection for the Church) wandering along the bank of a stream, singing and gathering flowers. It is her office to point out to him the approach of the triumphal chariot, whose splendor soon fills the forest. The chariot driven by a gryphon, or composite creature, shadows forth the Church guided by Jesus Christ; and while our hero gazes on it he sees the long-loved Beatrice descend from Heaven to occupy it. His " spirit had dwelt too long in her presence " for the sight to terrify him, and he says he only " felt the great power of the ancient love," the " heavenly influence which e'en in childhood thrilled him." Hence though all the punishments of sin have passed before him, and all the sorrows of repentance been experienced by him, he has never been so completely overcome as by the sharp and stinging censures which come from the lips of the celestial woman who personifies Divine Wisdom. Cruelly sarcastic does she seem when she says,

> "How is it thou hast deigned to approach the mountain,
> Didst thou not know man's happiness is here?"

And it seems hard that as his "eager eyes bend on her

> To appease them of their ten years' thirst,"

she must continue to upbraid him until "such remorseful goads shoot thro' him" that he falls, senseless, to the ground.

This conception of Beatrice, that is, of a lovely woman known and loved on earth, suggesting by her very loveliness thoughts of a higher, holier state of being, is so lofty, so utterly removed from earthly, worldly modes of thought, that it alone places Dante in the first rank of thinkers. And when we see in these final Cantos his noble self-accusations, his inflexible determination not to spare himself a single pang of penitence, his fervent longings for regeneration, we do not wonder that the Italians sometimes call the Divine Comedy their Bible. No one can be capable of following the Poet here in any measure, and not give thanks, as the inhabitants of Purgatory so often do, for "the great grace which enabled him to make this journey before death."

Beatrice commands Mathilda to submerge both Dante and Statius in Lethe, which takes away the remembrance of sins, and in Eunoe, which brings back the remembrance of virtues, and fortified by Beatrice's presence, Dante declares himself prepared to contemplate the rewards of Heaven.

The Paradiso

Dante has shown us the Middle Ages in a series of brilliant adventures and atrocious crimes; and again as foreshadowing (in himself) a passionate love of the Fine Arts. Now he is to reveal the purely intellectual influences of those Ages, or, in other words, the attainments of the

Scholastic Philosophy. To the rôles of moralist and poet he now adds that of Metaphysician; and as he spurs himself on with incomparable naïveté to this most arduous portion of his work, proudly conscious that he steers his bark "where no one ever passed," we take it up with a peculiar interest, as that which the great Thinker, himself, seals.

In accordance with the cosmic system of the Scholastics Dante in his idea of Heaven embraces ten spheres, or the heavens of the Moon, Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, the Fixed Stars, the Primum Mobile and the Empyrean. And with the subtlety of which he alone is master he makes the sciences of the Scholastics correspond with these spheres; the Trivium embracing Grammar, Logic and Rhetoric and the Quadrivium of Arithmetic, Music, Geometry and Astronomy correspond to the seven wandering stars; and Physics and Metaphysics, Ethics, and Theology to the three circles of the highest heavens.

The spirits whom Dante encounters in this journey do not abide in certain spheres assigned to them, but they *appear* to the Poet in these spheres to indicate the lesser or greater degree of glory to which they have attained. Piccarda Donati and the Empress Constance, wife of Henry VI of Germany, appear in the sphere of the Moon among those who have been (unwillingly) compelled to break their Monastic vows. Marvelously beautiful is the discussion to which this meeting gives rise. Dante asks Piccarda if these spirits do not long for a higher place, and she replies:

> "Brother, our will is now at rest,
> By virtue of that love which makes us wish
> For what we have and thirst not for aught else.
> So that as we from step to step
> Are in this kingdom, it pleases both the kingdom
> And the king, who in His will enfolds us.
> In His will is our peace."

It is in this last line that Matthew Arnold sees the most perfect specimen of poetry to be found in all Literature.

Beatrice explains how it is that a vow cannot be violated through the force of another person (so that those who were torn from convents ought to have found their way back), for absolute steadfastness of will was seen in Scævola and St. Laurence. Then Dante exclaims:

> "I see indeed our mind is never satisfied
> Unless the truth illumes it.
> In this it rests as in its den the beast,
> As soon as it has found it; *this it can.*
> If not, our thirst would be in vain."

— thereby refuting the agnostics among the Schoolmen, who said that the finite mind cannot take cognizance of Truth, since Truth is in its nature infinite. Dante's refutation is based upon Aristotle's dictum, "nature creates nothing in vain."

In the planet Mercury the Emperor Justinian reveals himself, and gives us the most magnificent synopsis of Roman History, to demonstrate the true glory and the true meaning of the Imperial power in reference to the strifes of Florence. But Justinian has alluded to the guilt of the Jews and the satisfaction of God's justice in the Sacrificial Death of Christ, and Dante is all eagerness in asking Beatrice to explain this great mystery. Here we find the sublime doctrine of the Atonement as clearly set forth as it is to-day. In many passages Dante has already spoken of liberty of will as the supreme gift. Now he makes Beatrice say

> "Sin alone is that
> Which doth disfranchise man."
>
> God alone of His courtesy
> Might have forgiven him."

But

> "Since the workman's labor pleases more
> As it more clearly demonstrates
> The bounty of the heart whence it proceeds,

God, when He gave Himself, did more
To lift man to his first estate,
Than if He had simply forgiven him."

Wafted unconsciously into the planet Venus, these profound meditations give place to a talk with the youthful sovereign, Charles Martel, 1293, king of Hungary and heir to the throne of Naples. Dante had known him personally and admired him greatly, and now frankly asks him to explain how such a noble, virtuous nature as his could be descended from the House of Anjou. This difference in natures he makes the young prince refer to the influence of the celestial spheres, which the Scholastics called the "efficient cause" or intermediate agency modifying human destiny. Cunizza da Romagna (sister of the tyrant Ezzelino), Folques de Marseille, a troubadour who ended as a monk, and the harlot Rahab are illustrious proofs in this sphere of this modifying agency. Rahab, the Poet says, was the very first soul liberated by Christ's triumph, as she herself was the mediator by whom Joshua's triumph was secured.

But it is not until we reach the sphere of the Sun that we get into the very presence of the great Schoolmen themselves. St. Thomas of Aquinas is the speaker here (and Dante does not forget to mention the "discreet Latin" in which he speaks), and introduces Albertus Magnus, Gratian, Peter Lombard, King Solomon, Dionysius the Areopagite, Orosius, who at the instigation of St. Augustine wrote the Lives of the Emperors, Boethius, the Venerable Bede, St. Isidore, Richard of St. Victor, author of the Mystic Ark, and Siegieri,[1] a distinguished Flemming, who a little before Dante's time taught Law, Logic and Moral Philosophy in the rue Fouarre in Paris, that is, in the University. To one who loves the love of learning and believes in its triumph through religion alone, this is rare company. But this is not enough. St.

[1] There is a difference of opinion about this name, some commentators preferring the reading of *Sigebert*, a monk of Gemblours, who flourished at the beginning of the 12th century.

Thomas now launches forth into the most fervid eulogy of Francis of Assisi.

> "He was not very far from the dawn
> When he commenced to make the earth feel
> Some comfort from his great virtue."

Very beautiful is the account of St. Francis' espousal of Poverty, and how

> "Regally his hard intention
> To Innocent he told."

Scarcely has St. Thomas, the Dominican, ceased speaking, when Bonaventure, the Franciscan, takes up the praise of Dominic. And this is the more remarkable to us of this age, who repudiate the zeal of the one much more than the self-abasement of the other. But the Poet confesses that the "amorous gallant, the holy athlete of the Christian faith" was

> "Benign to his own, and *cruel* to his enemies;"

perhaps gently implying some condemnation of the Albigensian crusade, though it is impossible to think of Dante in any sympathy with heresy. The other illustrious spirits here are the prophet Nathan, St. John Chrysostom, St. Anselm, and Donatus, who wrote the first Grammar.

If Dante has proved that he knew how to condemn, it is equally clear that he knows how to praise. Very ingenious is the means he takes to set forth the greatness of Solomon. After representing himself as much disturbed by the strong expressions of St. Thomas in reference to Solomon (who has been pronounced without an equal), he makes the Angelic Doctor come to his rescue step by step, pointing out how different was the wisdom Solomon asked for from that of the Schoolmen. He did not ask to solve problems in dialectics, metaphysics and astrology — in some of which it must be confessed the Schoolmen made

themselves puerile, — but when he was king, he asked wisdom

"In order that he might be *king indeed.*"

Now, says St. Thomas, in going on to show our Poet how obtuse are his perceptions:

"Regal prudence is the uncqualed sight
In which the beam of my intention pierced.
Thou shalt see it had respect alone
To kings, who are many and the good are few.
And let this always be lead to thy feet,
To make thee move slowly as a weary man
Both to the Yes and to the No thou dost not see.
Since he is well abased among the foolish
Who without judgment sanctions or denies,
The same in one as in the other case.
Because it happens that oft-times turns
Current opinion in a false direction,
And then affection binds the intellect.
Who fishes for the truth and the art knows not
More than in vain sets out to leave the shore,
For such as he went out he does not now return,
So did Sabellius, Arius and those foolish ones," etc.

— The whole passage is masterly, and worthy of the profoundest study by all who care for the investigation of Truth, and the principles to be adopted by its pioneers.

After being enlightened on the subject of the resurrection-body, Dante finds himself in Mars, where the radiant spirits of those who fought and died for the true faith are arranged as gems in the form of a cross. Joshua, Judas Maccabeus, Charlemagne, Godfrey de Bouillon, Orlando, William I of Orange [1] (A. D. 808), Rinaldo and Robert Guiscard are in the cross, but by far the most interesting and important person to us is Cacciaguida, Dante's illustrious ancestor. For it is in this most mov-

[1] There is much obscurity about the identity of this person; some considering him the founder of this princely House, and others the second of the name who fought in the first Crusade.

ing conversation that we get glimpses of Dante's view of his own history. Cacciaguida had followed the Emperor Conrad III in the Second Crusade, 1148, and died defending the Holy Sepulchre; so that the kind of noble birth in which Dante glories is in keeping with all his sentiments, and Cacciaguida is represented as being as proud of him as he is of Cacciaguida. Dante has assumed that he is writing his great Poem in the year 1300 that he may record events in the form of predictions, and now in 1317, all that is said of his political life becomes doubly significant. Cacciaguida speaks of the Donati as

> "The House of which is born your weeping,
> Thro' the just anger which has killed you,
> And put an end to joyful living."

But he tells the stricken patriot that

> "The guilt will follow the offended party
> In report, as it is wont; but the vengeance
> Will bear testimony to the truth which has dispensed it."

> "Thou shalt prove how bitter tastes
> The bread of others, and how hard the road
> Of going up and down another's stairs."

> "Thy first refuge and the first inn
> Will be the courtesy of the great Lombard,
> Who will have for thee so kind a glance
> That of the doing and the asking between you,
> He will be first who among others is the last."

This is Can Grande della Scala, lord of Verona, whose quaint and curious tomb is pointed out to every tourist, and whose greatest glory is this most exquisite praise. But in losing "the place that is dearest" to him, Dante's thoughts turn to his "songs," and he says:

> "I have learnt that which if rehearsed
> To many'll savour of great bitterness.
> And yet, if timid to the truth,
> I fear to lose life among those
> Who will one day call this time ancient."

The illustrious progenitor replies:

"A bad conscience
Will feel thy saying harsh,
But, none the less, remove untruth,
Make all the vision manifest.
And vital nourishment it will become
When it is once digested."

In the planet Jupiter the upright judges make their appearance, but Dante is sorely perplexed by the presence of the Trojan Rifeus and the Emperor Trajan here. These are the only unbaptized persons that the rigid Churchman finds in Heaven. He is told to do as one who learns a thing by its name, but is not able to understand its quiddity, as the Scholastics said, if another does not make it manifest. The true explanation follows in the striking lines:

"The kingdom of Heaven suffers violence
From ardent love and lively hope,
Which conquer the Divine Will,
Not in the way man subdues man,
But conquer it because it wishes to be conquered.
And, conquered, conquers with its love."

Faith, Hope and Charity were "in the place of baptism" to these heroes, and this seems to pave the way for the appearance of St. Peter Damiano in the planet Saturn, the sphere of the contemplative. For the profound dogma of Predestination must be dealt with, and we can hardly overestimate our debt to Dante for the sublime prohibition with which he guards this subject, most solemnly declaring that he has been commanded in his holiest vision to adjure the mortal world "not to presume to tread this way."

After a brief talk with St. Benedict Dante enters the Starry Sphere, and beholds the Son of God and the Virgin Mary descend with hosts of Angels and glorified spirits. Most exquisitely, most ideally reverent is his treatment of this theme. Then Beatrice asks the Apostle Peter

to probe him concerning his Faith, and after the severe examination the Poet says:

> "If it ever happens that the sacred poem,
> In which both heaven and earth have had a part,
> So that it has made me lean for many years,
> Conquers the cruelty which keeps me out
> Of the loved fold, where as a lamb I slept,
> An enemy to wolves who warred with it,
> I will return a poet and at the font
> Of my baptism will take the crown;
> Since there I entered in the faith
> Which makes souls dear to God,
> For which Peter hath pressed my brow."

— lines which reveal the undying hope of the exile, the passion of the patriot, and place his personality above his genius.

St. James examines Dante on the subject of Hope, St. John upon Love, and after a deeply interesting conversation with Adam, St. Peter takes occasion to reprove the wicked pastors of the Church, and Beatrice follows with a condemnation of the evil desires of men in general.

While in the Primum Mobile or ninth sphere, where he views the celestial hierarchy, he is told that the blessedness of the beatified consists in the act of seeing, not in that of loving, — a very important point to the Scholastics, St. Thomas placing it in the former, and Duns Scotus in the latter. It is entirely in harmony with all Dante's teaching that the intellect must first perceive relations, in order to excite emotions corresponding to the perceptions.

And now Beatrice takes her place among the Blessed, since Theological Science does not give the vision of God Himself, and Dante's last guide is St. Bernard, figure of Contemplation and Love. The last persons pointed out, in the Empyrean, are Eve, Rachel, Beatrice, Sarah, Rebecca, Judith and Ruth; "the great John, who holy always, suffered the desert, martyrdom, and the Inferno for two years"; Francis of Assisi, St. Benedict and St. Augustine, Moses, Anna, the Mother of the Virgin, and

Santa Lucia, virgin and martyr. But nearest of all to the ineffable arcanum of the Holy Trinity is the lowly Mary, and in accordance with the teachings of the age St. Bernard prays:

"Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
Humble, yet higher than all creatures,
Fixed term of the Eternal Will,
Thou art she who hast ennobled
Human nature, when its Maker
Did not scorn to make Himself its work.

Thy benignity not only succors
Him who asks, but many times
Freely foreruns the asking.

Now he who from the lowest point
Has seen the living spirits one by one
Of the whole Universe,
Begs from thee so much grace
That he may lift his eyes to Happiness Divine."

The beatific vision is vouchsafed, and in the overpowering light the faithful disciple sees that Human Form, which as the great Mystery of mysteries fills the soul with ecstasy.

So careful is Dante's elaboration of every detail of his work that it cannot be without significance that each of the great Books ends with the word *stars*, for, as Byron says, they are

"A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life have named themselves a star."

The *completeness* of the magnificent Poem must impress the mind of every reader. It is one of the proofs of the human intellect; belonging to all races, all lands, all time. Viewed from this one point of "the personalities which have once arrested Dante's attention," it is stupendous and sublime; but in the actual reading of it one is tempted to exclaim: the Universe is in this book!

CHAPTER III

PETRARCH'S SERVICES TO LITERATURE

IN his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" Gibbon makes himself merry at the expense of Petrarch; representing him as a mock hero always posing for effect. Byron, of true poetic temperament, but a man of not much greater refinement of feeling than Gibbon, openly confesses himself baffled by Petrarch and his Sonnets. The austere Hallam admires the effects of Petrarch's passion in the form of literature, but condemns the passion. J. A. Symonds was so much occupied with Petrarch's services to Learning that he did not have time to estimate his services to Literature. Sismondi, Simpkins, Cantù, Madame de Staël, Michelet have all paid beautiful tributes to Petrarch's genius in general terms, but have not stated just how they solved the problem.

For we are, undoubtedly, confronted by a grave problem in the study of Petrarch. To reconcile the greatest classical scholar of the age, the man who revolutionized the taste of Europe, with a sickly sentimentalist who deluged the world with his own humors, is the task before us. One thing is evident at the very start: Petrarch must either be taken seriously, or as a huge jest. To fill three or four hundred pages with sighs and lamentations over a married woman who never returned this passion is not the action of a well balanced mind. A careful study of Petrarch's life, however, reveals, first, the fact that he spent very little of his time at Avignon or Vaucluse, and thus necessarily saw but little of Laura; and secondly,

the fact that he continued to write Sonnets and songs after her death in exactly the same style adopted in her life. The Italian critics, studying these facts, often came to the conclusion that there was no such person as Madonna Laura, and that the inspirer of Petrarch's muse was a mere abstraction.

Internal evidences, as well as many well authenticated facts, prevent this conclusion. But the biographical data furnish a clew of importance. The subject of Petrarch's poems is Love, not in the abstract nor as the key to heroic adventures and brilliant narratives, but in the concrete, as the representative emotion of the human heart. Experience proves that as here on earth the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing, neither is the heart with loving. Petrarch was especially gifted with a profound insight into this deep unrest, this insatiable longing, this boundless aspiration which accompanies (if indeed it is not the very essence of) love. Cantù points out the fact that the real passion of Petrarch's life was glory. And indeed the remarkable success of his life, his real shrewdness in understanding how to attain the ends he desired, his lovableness to his friends, and the fact that he blushed for and repented of his sonnets, all go to prove that while he did write out of the abundance of his heart, it was also out of the abundance of an intellectual penetration which has rarely been equaled. There is a delicacy of sentiment above Petrarch's, such as would not permit the unveiling of the heart's deepest secrets. He himself represented his mind as devoid of force, but endowed with dexterity. This plastic power of the artist is seen even in the most passionate of the love poems; examples of which may be considered in Sonnets III and XXXIX.

SONNET III

"It was the day whereon the sun's bright rays
For pity of its Maker lost their pow'r,
That I was tak'n, all heedless at that hour,
And bound by your eyes, lady of my lays.

Time gives no respite, no remedial days
To Love's wild onslaughts; and yet on I went,
Secure, without suspicion, and was sent
To plunge me in the grief of love's fierce frays.
Ah! Love then found me powerless, all disarmed,
And reached the heart by access to the eyes,
Of tears the exit and, anon, the ford.
Yet in my judgment 'tis no boastful prize,
While you, all panoplied, remain unharmed,
A heart defenceless, helpless, thus to lord."

SONNET XXXIX

"O blessèd be the day, the month, the year,
The season and the time, hour, moment, all,
The land so fair, the spot fond thoughts recall,
In which those lovely eyes cast out my fear.
And blessed be the first sweet grief and tear
Which were the penalty of Love's hard thrall,
The bow and arrow compassing my fall,
Yes, ev'n the wounds that in my heart appear.
Bless'd, too, the many, many words that I
Have scattered with my lady's own loved name,
The sighs, the tears, emotions deep and high.
And blessed all the sheets I've writ for fame
Of her alone, my thoughts of whom ne'er vie
With others, but for her are still the same."

And it is much more clearly recognized in such sonnets as the Twelfth, which I find is always given as one of the most perfect specimens of Petrarch's versification.

SONNET XII

"The aged man with hoary beard and hair
Sets out from home, sweet nest of days gone by,
And from the sore bewildered family,
Who see the father dear now worn with care:
Thence drawing labored breath with saddened air
Through the last days decreed for him on high,
As well as steadfast will with age can vie,
Yet with such mien as weary travelers wear.
To Rome he comes, pursuing fond desire
To view the image of the One Above,
Whom soon he hopes in Paradise to see.
Thus, weary, I go seeking, further, nigher,
O lady, if in others I may prove
A semblance of the joy I find in thee."

Higher moods are reflected as we proceed, and we find one explanation of Petrarch's popularity in the pure and

noble character of his love. An illustration of this may be found in the seventh Canzone.

"My gentle Lady, I discern
A sweet light in those lovely eyes,
Which points the way that leads to Heaven;
And habit too has made me wise
To look within, from Love to learn
The heart which thus its mask has riven.
This is the sight for my good given,
That must a glorious end design;
This keeps me from the vulgar throng:
Nor ever was there human tongue
Could tell just what those eyes divine
Have made me feel.
.
And then I think if up on high,
Th'eternal Mover of the stars
Designs his work below,
If there such beauty bursts its bars,
From out my prison I would fly,
This journey only know.
Then to the strife I turn, and lo!
I thank fair Nature for my birth,
And for reserving me for good,
And her who so has wooed
My heart on high; for once as earth
I did my soul deprave:
But from that day I gained the mirth
Of thoughts all bright and brave,
A heart whose keys those eyes still have."

So closely is our poet's passion intertwined with deep religious emotion that we are not surprised to find one gliding into the other. One of the most striking of the religious sonnets is the Fortieth.

SONNET XL

"O Heavenly Father, after days all lost,
And after nights in ravings wild ill-spent,
With fierce desires that to this heart were sent
By beauty apprehended to my cost:
Thee may it please to turn me, tempest-tost,
To other living and on good intent;
So that my dreadful adversary's feint
May prove all uselss and his will be crost.
It is, O Lord, eleven years, I trow,

Since I submitted to the ruthless yoke,
Which o'er the gentlest wields its harshest sway,
Have pity on my undeservèd woe;
Let me from hence a holier theme invoke,
Remember Thou wast on the Cross this day."

And few things in all Literature are more beautiful than the LII sonnet.

SONNET LII

"My soul is bowed beneath the weight of grave
And dreadful sins, and habits full of shame,
So that I fear no strength I now can claim,
And to my enemy I'll fall a slave.
There came a Friend to rescue and to save,
Through courtesy ineffable He came;
Then flew where sight can no more aim,
So that in vain to follow, it may crave.
But still reverberates His voice Divine:
'O ye who labor, ye who wildly rove,
Come now to me, and let no foe molest.'
What grace, what love, what destiny benign
Will give me wings as of a spotless dove,
That I may flee to Him and be at rest?

But it is not the power of the artist, the sweetness of the sentiments, nor the religious devotion which has given these poems their wide popularity. Their merit lies in the fact that they are a revelation of personality. They are records of a heart-history. It *is* possible indeed, to have the whole story of the poet's outward life. Thus we find that up to the LXXIV sonnet he had only a slight acquaintance with Madonna Laura. The CXVII sonnet records the fact that he does not yet dare to speak to her. Only towards the close of the poems written during the life of Laura do we find any allusions to actual conversations, to the finding of a glove, and to the poet's chivalrous restoration of the lost property. But however charming this romance, however pleasing to women this homage of Petrarch's, which made him "adore his lady and bow before her as a holy thing," it is evident that it is not the story itself which deserves such fame.

Petrarch's services to Literature reside in the fact that

he endowed it with a new element. As before his time no one had so ennobled, beautified and dignified personal emotion, so after he had introduced the fashion, it was caught up and imitated by all Europe. If before making a study of the poems we feel bewildered by the incongruities in Petrarch's life and learning, such confusion is entirely set aside after carefully examining them. None but a man of genius could show the world that as artistic unity depends upon analogy of feeling, so poetry may deal with individual sentiment and yet testify to the unity of spirit which binds man to man and man to nature in one organic whole.

The ethereal melancholy which constitutes so much of the charm of these poems is, of course, the great feature in the songs and sonnets written after the death of Laura. Sonnet XXIV may be given as a specimen:

SONNET XXIV

"The eyes which once I sung with love and art,
The arms, the hands, the feet, the lovely face,
Which made a species of another race,
And from my body sundered my poor heart;
The curly locks, of gold the purest part,
The angelic smile of superhuman grace,
Which made a Paradise of this poor place,
All, all are dust; at nothing shrink or start.
And I yet live; for which I grieve and rage.
I sail without the light I so did love,
With tempests wild, and pilotless, I wage.
Now know my songs, you never more can rove:
Dry is the source from whence ye drew your gauge;
My harp wails only as a mournful dove."

The "Triumphs" consist of six separate poems treating of the triumphs of Love over man, of Chastity over love, of Death over both of these, of Fame over death, of Time over fame and of Eternity over time. These are steeped in erudition and contain many beautiful thoughts and lines. In the Triumph of Love the poet in his vision sees Dante, Cino da Pistoia and Guittone d'Arezzo (all three of whom he has mentioned in the XIX sonnet on

the death of Laura). And here also occurs the interesting passage referring to the great troubadours, the Provençal poets Arnald Daniel, Arnald de Marveil, Rambaud Vaqueiras, Folques de Marseille &c.

In the Triumph of Chastity the most interesting reference is to Piccarda Donati, whom Dante dilates upon in the " Paradiso."

The " Triumph of Death " is very beautiful and among many remarkable passages contains these exquisite lines refering to the death of Laura:

> " Not as a flame which by some force is spent,
> But which of its own self is now consumed,
> The soul went out in peace and deep content;
> A light that sweetly, clearly had illumed.
> Now flick'ring as a lamp that has burned low;
> And to the last its own loved ways resumed.
> Not pallid, whiter far than any snow
> When on the hillside, motionless it falls,
> She seems to rest as weary travelers do.
> The going hence now of the soul forestalls
> A deep sweet slumber in those lovely eyes,
> And this the foolish person 'dying' calls,
> O Death, how lovely art thou in this guise!"

The miscellaneous poems are full of interest, glowing with patriotism, piety and love of learning. The most memorable and pathetic are the Canzoni to Cola di Rienzi and to the Italian Nobility.

It is evident then that Petrarch cannot be understood from hearsay. One must drink deep of the Pierian spring he has unlocked, and then it will be impossible not to rejoice in the niche he occupies in the Temple of Fame.[1]

[1] The reader's attention is called to the exquisite translations of Petrarch made by Emma Lazarus.

CHAPTER IV

THE REVIVERS OF LEARNING — 1400-1450

GIOVANNI DA RAVENNA (1355-1420) was the first teacher of classical Latin in Italy, that is, in Europe. In youth he had been Petrarch's secretary and amanuensis, but later he became a wandering professor, and numbered among his pupils the greatest humanists of the age.

Manuel Chrysoloras (1350-1415) of Byzantium was the first teacher of Greek, being invited by the Florentines in 1396 to take up his abode in their city. This was even more important than the resuscitation of Latin, for "Italy was on the eve of becoming not only the depositary of Greek learning, but also the sole interpreter of the Greek spirit to the modern world."

In 1362 there were as many as fifteen Universities in Italy. In Bologna alone there were 15,000 students.

Palla degli Strozzi, and Cosimo de' Medici, of Florence, Alphonso III of Naples, Filippo Maria Visconti of Milan and Popes Martin V, Eugenius IV, and Nicolas V were the munificent patrons of learning at this time.

Poggio Bracciolini (1380-1459), born just outside of Florence, was one of the most striking figures among the early humanists. After being a pupil of Giovanni da Ravenna and Manuel Chrysoloras, he entered the Roman Curia as Papal Secretary, but refused to take orders in the Church and spent his best energies in writing against it. His writings and orations were all in Latin, of which he was considered a master. Such themes as "The No-

bility," "Changes of Fortune," "Human Misery" were treated in the form of essays, while his "Book of Jests" and "Dialogue against the Hypocrites" gave full scope for his wit, satire and invective. He was also an archæologist, and was the first person to identify the ruins of ancient Rome.

An indefatigable traveler, Poggio exhumed copies of Quintilian, Lucretius, Vitruvius, Ammianus Marcellinus and other less important works. And in spite of his travels, he yet found time to build an elegant country residence near Florence, and adorn it with works of Art from Greece. Having led a life of immorality, he married at the age of 55 into the Florentine nobility, and ended his life in 1459 as Prior of the Republic. His statue, which was the work of Donatello for the façade of the Duomo, was removed in 1560, and by mistake was set up as one of the twelve Apostles in another part of the Cathedral.

Francesco Filelfo (1398-1481), born at Tolentino, impresses us as a Poggio intensified. More of a literary gladiator, more traveled, more immoral, more learned, more scurrilous, his long life is an epitome of the age. At eighteen he was professor of Eloquence at Padua, and a few years later at Venice. Being sent by the Venetians to Constantinople on a diplomatic mission, he embraced the rare opportunities for acquiring the Greek language and collecting Greek books. Five of the best years of his life were spent in Florence, where he lectured on Cicero, Livy, Homer and Xenophon at the University, and read Dante in the Duomo without any public or private reward.

Filelfo translated from the Greek parts of Aristotle, Lysias, Xenophon and Plutarch, wrote Satires and Odes in Latin, wrote a Commentary on Petrarch and composed a poem on St. John Baptist in Italian, while it would be wearisome to enumerate his orations, panegyrics, libels, compilations, etc. etc. He had as bitter enemies as warm admirers, and seems to have enjoyed both in their way.

It was under the patronage of Filippo Maria Visconti at Milan that Filelfo reveled in the display of all his great powers, for he was exceedingly vain, and life hardly seemed rich enough to furnish him with material to exhaust his physical and intellectual vigor. He was married three times, and each time into a distinguished family. When the duchy of Milan passed into the hands of Francesco Sforza, Filelfo still retained the ducal favor, but towards the close of his life he longed to end his days in Florence near Lorenzo de' Medici, and was about to accept the Chair of Greek Literature there when he died at the age of eighty-three, in 1481.

These are only two among many illustrious names of this period, but they are representative, and it is not well to crowd the mind with names to which we can attach no individuality. We pass on, therefore, to another phase of the revival and come to

The Greek Exiles. It is generally supposed that the fall of Constantinople in 1453 and the dispersion of the learned Greeks inaugurated the Revival of Learning. Closer investigation proves this to be an error. The Italians themselves were the originators of the revival, and the mighty movement can be traced directly to Petrarch. The reason why the Greek fugitives came to Italy was that they were wanted there. They were invited and urged to come from time to time during the hundred years which preceded the fall of Constantinople, i. e. during the steady decrepitude of the Eastern Empire. We select from among their number

First: *Cardinal Bessarion* (1403-1497) who rose to high station in the Greek Church and came to the Council of Florence in 1438 as Archbishop of Nicæa. Pope Eugenius IV converted him to the Latin faith and made him a cardinal. Henceforth his palace in Rome became the meeting place of scholars of all nations and especially of refugee Greeks. The Cardinal collected a magnificent library, and, his own studies taking the turn of theological philosophy, he appeared in authorship as the upholder

and vindicator of Plato against the admirers of Aristotle. Bessarion represents all that was luxurious, successful and imposing in the scholarship of the age.

Second: *Georgios Gemistos Plethon* (1355-1450) of Constantinople came to Italy in the train of the emperor John Palaeologus in 1438. He was a man of the most profound erudition, who worshipped Plato and did more for the revival of Hellenism in Italy than anyone after Manuel Chrysoloras. He lived most of his life in Greece, being made a judge at Mistra, the site of ancient Sparta. But for three years he resided in Florence, and the extent and power of his influence over the whole thought of Italy, and through Italy over Europe, cannot be estimated in words.

Third: *Theodoros Gaza* (1400-1475) (of Thessalonica), on the other hand, was one of the humble grammarians who fled from the falling empire and took up a residence in Italy. But his name is memorable as the translator of Aristotle and Theophrastus, and as the denunciator of the antichristian philosophy then advocated by men, who, in rescuing the text of Plato, misinterpreted and maligned his subtlety.

Returning to the Italians, we find that humanism reached its culmination in the following great names:

Marsilio Ficino (1433-1499), born at Figline, was the son of Cosimo de' Medici's Physician, and Cosimo, himself, set the boy apart for the study of Plato. To this end he became a member of the Medicean household, and that Ficino might expound Plato to the Florentines, the great Platonic Academy was founded. He devoted his life to translating the whole of Plato into Latin, writing a Life of Plato, and a treatise on the Platonic Doctrine of Immortality.

In studying Ficino's life we find new trophies gained for the human reason, and it is refreshing to know that he remained through life an earnest Christian. Taking orders in the Church at the age of forty, he performed his duties faithfully, and judged antiquity by the standard

of Christianity. He does not belong to the paganizing humanists, but opens a new chapter in the history of mental progress, and is to be remembered as the great neoplatonist of the age. His friendship with all the learned men of the day, and especially with Pico della Mirandola and Poliziano, is one of the most beautiful things on record, and his influence over the young Lorenzo de' Medici is one of the most noteworthy facts in the history of education. Ficino died in 1499.

Giovanni Pico della Mirandola (1463-1494) is the most brilliant name in all the annals of Humanism. When he appeared in Florence in 1484, his princely birth, fascinating beauty, marvelous accomplishments and splendid style of living made him the idol of society. His mother was related to the mother of the great Boiardo and, early discovering her son's talents, sent him to the University of Bologna at the age of fourteen. To a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek he added the knowledge of Hebrew, Chaldee and Arabic. In 1486 he published his famous Nine Hundred Theses at Rome, but narrowly escaping excommunication, so far in advance of his age was his learning. He was indeed called the phoenix of his age, and was also the author of a poem entitled the Heptaplus, a mystical exposition of the creation, and of many translations from Latin and Greek authors.

Pico's was a thoroughly devout mind, and, while he lived as became a count of Mirandola, he inclined to greater austerity as the years went by, and even contemplated entering an order of Friars. But death cut short all the bright, as well as all the grave, prospects before him, and at the early age of thirty-one, in 1494, his spirit took its flight.

All the romance of this enthusiastic age is summed up in Pico. His schemes for the advancement of learning were on the most magnificent scale. Indeed in an age when learning was coming in like a flood, he was the first to reach the high water-mark of genius. He was a true philosopher, his life was consecrated, and his early death

seals him as a hero and martyr of science. His beautiful portrait still hangs in the Uffizzi Gallery.

Angelo Poliziano (1454-1494), born at Montepulciano, in Tuscany, belongs equally to the period of the Revival of Learning and to the age of the Renaissance, to the group of Pico and Ficino and to the still more celebrated circle around Lorenzo de' Medici. In the first he appears not only as a Master of Greek and Latin authors, a translator and expositor of Homer, Epictetus and Herodian, of Ovid, Statius and Suetonius, but as an original poet in the Latin language, the only man, in fact, whose Latin versifying ripened into genuine poetry. The "Manto," "Ambra," "Rusticus" and "Nutricia" are poems which excite the warmest admiration of modern scholars, and J. A. Symonds, who has published copious extracts from the original Latin as well as beautiful translations into English, says Poliziano's success in Latin versification has constituted the standard of modern education for four hundred years in all the Universities of Europe. He tells us that "the spirit of Latin literature lived again in Poliziano." As the pupils of Poliziano, the English Grocin and Linacre, the German Reuchlin and the Portuguese Tessiras carried back to their respective homes the *spolia opima* of Italian culture.

But when we turn to another phase of this great man's life, we find him equally distinguished, as an *Italian* poet. His father had been murdered by the political enemies of Piero de' Medici. This gave Angelo a claim on the Medici family, and we are not surprised to find that a life-long friendship existed between the literary dependent and the aspiring Lorenzo. It is to Lorenzo de' Medici that the glory of resuscitating Italian Literature belongs. And it was in response to his suggestions that, after an interval of a hundred years, another beautiful Italian poem was given to the world by his friend, Poliziano, — "Orpheus," a lyrical drama, which ranks as the finest production from the time of Petrarch to that of Ariosto.

In general conception and artistic form this poem bears

that unquestionable mark of genius which renders a work pleasing to all ages and people, for it is the germ and model of the pastoral play and the opera, a form of recreation without which the world would have been poor indeed.

Besides his Latin works and the "Orpheus," Poliziano left "La Giostra," i. e., The Tournament, a fragment celebrating a feat of Giuliano de' Medici's; and many odes, ballads and Greek epigrams.

Like his friends Pico and Ficino, Poliziano never married, but his moral character does not appear to have attained the lofty standard of these intellectual compeers. His death occurred in 1494, two years after that of the great patron whom he so bewailed, and his tomb in Florence bears the Latin inscription: "Here lies the Angel who had one head and three tongues," a rather flippant reminder of his glorious scholarship.

As no student can dispense with some knowledge of the "Orpheus," I translate from the text published by Francesco Torraca the following beautiful passages:

(IV) *Orpheus:*

"Pity, pity on a miserable lover,
Let pity seize you, O infernal spirit:
Love alone has led me to your cover,
With his wings alone have I drawn near it.
Ah, Cerberus, let not thy wrath boil over,
Since when thou shalt know my sorrow's merit,
Not thy tears alone with me will freely flow,
But all in this dark world my ills shall know.
Not for me, O Furies, is your lowing;
Not for me the serpents in their throes:
If you knew my bitter pains' undoing,
You would be at once companions in my woes.
Now let in a wretched lover sueing,
Who has heav'n and all the elements his foes,
For he comes to seek his boon or death's estate.
Open, open, then, for me the iron gate."

Pluto:

"Who is this that with the golden zithern
Now the gate immovable has moved,

So that to the dead his ills are proved?
Neither Sisyphus the rock
To the lofty mountain steers,
Nor from Tantalus the water now flows back,
Nor Tityus now groans and swears;
Ixion's wheel is still;
E'en the Danaids lack
The strength their urns to fill;
The spirits silence their lament,
So are they on the song intent."

Proserpine:

"Dear consort, when, led by thy love,
I left the skies for good or ill,
Then to be made the Queen of hell,
It had no power to move
With passion's tender bait
To joy all joys above.
With longing on this voice I wait,
Nor does it seem another charm
Could lift me up to such a state,
Then rest awhile, thy wrath disarm,
If thou wilt grant my fond request,
Now let us hear the song and rest."

Orpheus:

"O rulers over all this race
Who've lost the blessed light supernal,
To whom descends fair nature's grace
Which bloomed erewhile 'neath skies more vernal,
Hear now the cause of my sad face,
'Tis Love has led to realms infernal,
And Cerberus bars not my way,
But for my lady I will stay.
A serpent hid in grass and flowers
Has stol'n my lady, nay, my heart,
In bitter pain now pass my hours,
Nor can I bear the cruel dart,
If mem'ry in your minds embowers
The ancient, celebrated part
Which once you played, you will, I see,
Eurydice restore to me.
All things at last to you return,
To you each mortal life comes back,
As oft as Luna rings her horn
It suits to seek the well-worn track:
Some more, some less, above sojourn;
But guests for you will never lack;
This is the limit of our way:
Then hold you undisputed sway.

My nymph will be reserved for you
When nature gives her back at last,
Then why the tender stalk now hew
With scythe relentless, cruel, fast?
Why reap the buds not yet in view
And wait not until bloom is pass'd?
Then render me my hope, my all,
No gift, — a loan for which I call,
I seek it through the turbid stream
Of marshy Styx and Acheron,
Through Chaos, of the first born beam,
And sounding thud of Flegethon,
And by the fruit which thou, O Queen,
Didst covet in a higher zone.
If you deny me, wretched fate,
Death only can my sorrow sate."

Then after Proserpine and Pluto have given their consent and Eurydice herself appears, the Furies rush forward and separate the lovers, and Orpheus exclaims:

"From henceforth how can any song
Set forth the grief of my great wrong?
How can I ever weep so long
As wails my heart, in anguish strong!
Disconsolate in this sad throng,
Soon those on earth I'll be among,
But fate to me has giv'n such pain,
I'll never woman love again.
.
Wretched is he who gives a thought
To woman, or for her still grieves,
Or yields the liberty he'd sought,
Or trusts, or fondly now believes:
For lighter than a leaf, distraught,
She trembles, flutters and deceives,
Forever baffling in retreat,
Like waves that on the lone shores beat."

The tragedy ends with the Killing of Orpheus by the Bacchae, but enough has been translated to show the striking treatment Poliziano has given this pretty fable, and the richness and abundance of the melodious language which through him had risen to life again.

The Learned Women. Any sketch of this eventful period would be incomplete without some mention of the remarkable women who adorned it. As the absence of

national and political life impelled the men of Italy to literary labors, it also swept away the obstacles which existed in other countries to the education of the women. While the transalpine nobility gloried in their ignorance and signed their names with a cross, the Italians were enjoying the richest fruits of Arts and Letters. Voltaire's dictum that an age is to be judged by the learning of its women is of great force here. The difficulty is in discriminating.

Bitisia Gozzadina at the age of 27 was doctor of civil and canon law in Padua.

Costanza di Varano, poetess, orator, and philosopher, had daily in her hands the works of St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, and St. Gregory, as well as those of Seneca, Cicero, and Lactantius. She delivered a Latin oration, which was so effectual, that it obtained a reversal of legal proscriptions for her family.

Antonia Pulci (1438-1488) wrote the popular Scenic representations (the drama of that age) of "Santa Guglielma," "Santa Domitilla," "The Prodigal Son," and "St. Francis."

Lucretia Tornabuoni, the admirable mother of Lorenzo de' Medici, to whom he largely owed his fine education and literary proclivities, was herself the author of many Hymns or Sacred Songs. To her suggestion we also owe the celebrated "Morgante" of Luigi Pulci.

Cristina da Pizzano, so boldly claimed by the French for their Literature, was nevertheless an Italian woman of this age, who, as the daughter of a scientist in the service of Charles V of France, became identified with a foreign nation. Her writings comprise poems, a military treatise entitled "The Mutations of Fortune," and a "Life of Charles V."

Novella d'Andrea lectured upon Canon Law in Bologna. *Isabella d'Aragona,* duchess of Milan, and *Elisabetta d'Urbino* were generous patrons of learning, as eminent for their personal accomplishments as by their birth. *Alessandra Scala* was a proficient not only in the Latin, but the Greek tongue, several of her Greek poems having appeared in the published writings of Poliziano.

But of yet greater celebrity is the wonderful *Cassandra Fidele* (1458-1558) of Venice, whose life completed a full century. She is described as being "all enthusiasm, science and piety, from infancy addicted to elevated studies, never wearing gold or gems, but always dressing in white and veiled as to the head." Admired by all Italy, and adored by the Venetians, whom she astounded by her classical and theological erudition and enchanted with her improvisations in music and verse, other courts contended for the honor of her presence, so that the Venetian Senate solemnly decreed that "the republic could not afford to be deprived of its most beautiful ornament." Gian Bellini was commissioned to produce her portrait when she had not completed sixteen years, that is, says the historian, "a brush whose natural delicacy was in harmony with its subject was sought for the painting of a physiognomy almost infantile, yet already charmingly inspired." The "Letters and Orations" of Cassandra Fidele were published at Pavia in 1636. Her greatest admirers were Poliziano and Lorenzo de' Medici, and all the authorities are careful to give extracts from a letter of the former to the latter, in which there is a most glowing description of the famous woman's powers of conversation and magnetic personality. Outliving the spirit of her own age, she continued to the last to be venerated throughout Italy, and was resorted to by all as a living monument of a glorious era.

Leo Battista Alberti (1404-1472) was a type of those comprehensive men of genius who are found only in Italy. At the age of twenty he wrote a Comedy called "Philo-

doxius," which passed for a genuine antique. Of music he was a thorough master; he painted pictures and wrote three books on painting, practiced architecture and compiled ten books on building. The churches of Sant'Andrea at Mantua and San Francesco at Rimini are the works of his genius. He mastered mechanics and devised machinery for raising sunken ships, studied Natural Science and anticipated several important modern discoveries. To crown his gifts he was a charming conversationalist, and the circle of great men around the princely Lorenzo de' Medici would not have been complete without his bright and fascinating presence.

Cristoforo Landino (1424-1504) shared with Ficino in the honor of instructing Lorenzo de' Medici in his boyhood. Later, Landino taught Rhetoric, Poetry and Latin Literature in the University of Florence. His scholarship found expression in several able translations, but his chief claims upon the world's attention are his "Camaldolese Discussions" (in which after the manner of the Ciceronian dialogues he describes the social conversation of the famous Medicean circle), and his voluminous Commentary upon Dante, which is not only a valuable work in itself, but a sign of the times, pointing to the gradual abeyance of the ancient authors and a recognition of Italy's modern productions.

Aldo Manuzio (1450-1520) was born near Velletri, studied Latin and Greek under the most famous teachers of the age, and became the tutor of the nephews of the great Pico della Mirandola. Love of learning increased with years and finally Aldo conceived the project of establishing a Greek press and printing the whole literature of Greece. His house became a Greek Colony, so many scholars were employed in the various departments of the work, while Aldo himself superintended everything and was the life and soul of the vast undertaking. The result of all this toil was that no more beautiful books have ever

been printed than those which issued from the Aldine press in Venice; Aldo still stands his ground as the greatest publisher that ever lived, and his labors rounded out the revival of Learning and inaugurated the brilliant era of the Renaissance.

The life of *Girolamo Savonarola* (1452-1498) having been immortalized by the pen of genius, and having no real place in literary biography, we touch upon it here only to note the self-sufficiency of the Italians. The cry of Reform comes to them from within the pale of their own land, and no one has ever denounced the sins and errors of this brilliant period with more fervor than Fra Girolamo. But his zeal for moral reform was coupled with a passionate love of political liberty, and the people instigated by the admirers of Piero de' Medici turned against their benefactor and had him burned at the stake. Savonarola was one of the greatest men Italy has ever produced; his teachings were far in advance of his age; he was the forerunner of Protestantism in all that relates to spiritual development, and he is yet in advance of the civilized world as to his political ideas and their vital connection with morality. Of course the Sermons of Savonarola are as far as possible removed from literary efforts. They are always colloquial, and have the air of vehement harangues. In his passion for reform, however, he did not ignore the power of literature, but labored constantly to substitute Songs that were pure and devout for the wild and reckless poems of the period. Mrs. Stowe says the Hymns of the Dominican friar combine the quaintness of the Moravians with the purity of Wesley, and calls our attention to these strong and touching verses:

"Jesus, best comfort of my soul,
Be thou my only love,
My sacred Saviour from my sins,
My door to Heaven above!
O lofty goodness, love divine,
Blest is the soul made one with thine!

Alas, how oft this sordid heart
Hath wounded thy pure eye!
Yet for this heart upon the cross
Thou gav'st thyself to die!

Ah, would I were extended there
Upon that cold, hard tree,
Where I have seen thee, gracious Lord,
Breathe out thy life for me!

Cross of my Lord, give room, give room,
To thee my flesh be given!
Cleansed in thy fires of love and pain,
My soul rise pure to Heaven!

Burn in my heart, celestial flame,
With memories of him,
Till from earth's dross refined, I rise
To join the seraphim.

Ah, vanish each unworthy trace
Of earthly care or pride,
Leave only graven on my heart,
The Cross, the Crucified!"

CHAPTER V

WRITERS OF THE RENAISSANCE

The Dawn — 1450-1500

LORENZO DE' MEDICI (1448-1492), the restorer of Italian Literature, was one of those favored mortals upon whom fortune showers everything she has to give. From his celebrated grandfather, Cosmo de' Medici, he inherited enormous wealth, the most conspicuous position in Florence, scholarly tastes, learned friends and political prestige. From his gifted Mother, Lucrezia Tornabuoni, he inherited the love of Art, literary ability and religious aspiration, early emulating the shining example which she placed before him.

His most eminent instructors were Marsilio Ficino and Cristoforo Landino, two of the profoundest scholars of that brilliant age, and he grew up in intimate friendship with Angelo Politiano, the greatest of all the revivers of learning. At the age of 21, for reasons of State and in obedience to his father's wishes, Lorenzo married Clarice Orsini, of the noble and powerful Roman family of that name, winning new laurels for his fame as an irreproachable and devoted husband and a fond and tender father to his many children.

As we follow him through the lights and shadows of a stirring political life, twice but narrowly escaping assassination from bitter enemies; deciding the destinies of Italy, founding the magnificent Laurentian and Ricardi Libraries, the first Public Libraries in the world; gathering around him all the scholars and authors of the age,

opening new paths in literature with his own pen, easily excelling in everything he undertook, we cannot but be thrilled with unbounded admiration.

It is not our place here to decide whether Lorenzo undermined the liberties of Florence. Such a man can never escape envy; death and the grave afford him no refuge; he must be pursued forever.

On the other hand, we must not be dazzled by the brilliancy of Lorenzo's achievements and imagine with Roscoe that his literary work bears favorable comparison with that of Dante and Petrarch. He deserves the greatest praise, not only for encouraging learning and literature, but for leading the way, himself, in these noble pursuits. The great variety of his styles of writing, the originalty of some of them, and the intrinsic merits of all furnish scope enough for praise and admiration, without calling in the aid of comparison.

"The Forests of Love; the Ovidian allegory entitled "Ambra" (which was the name of an island near one of Lorenzo's villas and is the same theme chosen by Poliziano for one of his Latin poems); the "Altercazione," a poem explanatory of the Platonic philosophy; the "Nencia of Barberino," in which Lorenzo appears as the inventor of a literary style, being the first person to adapt the rustic dialect, called in Italian the *lingua contadinesca*, to poetry; Carnival Songs; "The Beoni," i. e., "The Drunkards," being the first satire in the language, and a stern reprehension of drunkenness; Sonnets, Lyrics, Hymns and Moral Poems are the titles of Lorenzo's most important writings. It is evident that there is scarcely any style which he did not attempt, and his language is generally in perfect harmony with his subject.

His prettiest Sonnet is that in which the violets account for their purple color; and there are strong and beautiful passages in the "Altercazione."

But perhaps Lorenzo would not have been known by the title of "The Magnificent," had it not been for his munificent patronage of Art, and especially for his fos-

tering care of the young Michaelangelo. It was permitted to the greatest of the Medici to identify the name with the most glorious outburst of creative genius known to the modern world. Lorenzo's own residences were adorned with the finest trophies of ancient and modern Art, and the sternest imaginations are captivated by the accounts of his princely villas. Surrounded by poets, scholars, philosophers and artists, the versatile genius of the great commoner inspired, encouraged, rewarded all; Lorenzo thus setting the example which was so splendidly followed by his son, Giovanni de' Medici, when he was elevated to the papal throne under the name of Leo X.

Luigi Pulci (1431-1490) bore the most illustrious name of an illustrious family. One of his brothers, Luca Pulci, celebrated in verse the same "Tournament" of which Poliziano sung. Another brother, Bernardo Pulci, wrote a poem on the Passion of Christ and translated the Eclogues of Virgil. Antonia Pulci, the wife of Bernardo, we have already noticed among the Learned Women of the age. The whole family, living in Florence, enjoyed an intellectual familiarity with the great Lorenzo de' Medici; Luigi Pulci being entrusted with diplomatic missions by Lorenzo, and his greatest poem being suggested to him by the Mother of Lorenzo.

This poem, entitled "The Giant Morgante," created an era in the literature of chivalry.

The critic Rajna says: "Immense is the distance which separates Pulci from his predecessors." "The odd Florentine," as he was called, was an innovator, a reasoner, a philosopher. Like most men of original genius, he has evoked harsh and unrelenting criticism. Dealing altogether with the heroes of the Carlovingian cycle, he has dared to give free play to his faith as well as to his imagination, and does not hesitate to mingle the most sacred with the most profane themes. This has offended the narrow-minded and the fearful, while it seems to me a marvelous foretelling of the unity in human destiny. Pulci does, indeed, preserve the naïveté of the old trou-

vères, and perhaps adds a laughter of his own, while he often makes undisguised fun of the Church and its dignitaries. But there is no systematic disparagement of any kind in his work, and there are innumerable tributes of beauty and pathos to religion.

Of course Orlando, Charlemagne's renowned nephew, is the true hero of the poem, and its humor and irony begin in its very title, as much as to point out the absurdity of having any hero but Orlando.

It is Orlando who starts out to attack the pagans, and, coming upon an Abbey filled with monks who live in terror of three giants, kills the two who refuse the Christian faith, and walks off with a devoted convert in Morgante. The good giant kills a wild boar for the abbot and monks and brings them water from the fountain which their foes had guarded.

> "The monks rejoice at sight of the full vase,
> But more when now they spy the mighty boar;
> Since every animal for food will race;
> The breviaries now are left to snore:
> Each labors with his might and beaming face,
> So that this flesh no salt receives; to store
> Is out of question — it would mould away;
> And fasts are not the order of the day.
> They all but burst their bodies at one stroke,
> And bolt away to make the platter clean.
> The dog and cat are grieved at such a folk,
> Who leave the bones all polished to a sheen."

In reward for his services the abbot gives Morgante a fine horse, but of course it breaks down under the giant, and very ridiculous is the account given. The horse having been unwilling to carry him, Morgante says he will carry the horse (dead) into the woods, as he is anxious to prove himself a Christian and return good for evil. Asking Orlando's aid in getting the horse on his back, Orlando tells Morgante to look out that the horse does not avenge himself as did Nessus when dead. In reply Morgante carries off not only the horse, but the belfry and the bells.

Another episode of pure buffoonery is that of Margutte, a half-giant, and the monkey. Morgante plays a trick on Margutte, while sleeping, of drawing off his shoes and stockings and hiding them. On waking, Margutte searches for them some time and then sees that a monkey is putting them on and taking them off over and over again. Whereupon Margutte gets to laughing so that he bursts asunder.

"A great bombardment seems to fill the air,
Such was the thunder of the dreadful crash,
Morgante ran to see Margutte there
Where he had heard that something went to smash.
Alas! he grieves enough at weaving such a snare,
When now he sees he's given him such a gash,
For well the monkey shows him that his friend
Has died of laughing and has reached his end."

This, then, seems to be the origin of the well-known expression, "I thought I should die of laughing."

In the midst of ribaldry and fun Pulci's classical learning makes delightful reading for the scholar. He is full of allusions to Ovid and Virgil, often indeed giving the interpretations immortalized by Dante. We have noticed the allusion to Nessus. Returning to the adventures of Orlando, we find the death of his good steed, Vegliantin, greatly grieving him, for in the days of knight-errantry the horses had almost as much individuality as the men. Vegliantin has been such a faithful friend, that Orlando humbly craves his pardon before he breathes his last.

"Says Turpin, (which seems marvelous, aside,)
That as Orlando, 'Pardon me,' entreats,
This dying beast his eyelids opened wide,
And with his head and limbs performed such feats,
That in him yet Orlando did confide,
Perhaps in answer to his own heart-beats.
Thus 'Pyramus and Thisbe at the fount'
Was acted by Vegliantin and the Count."

Pulci also reflects the spirit of his age when he makes the demon Astarotte reason on subjects of philosophy

and theology; when he alludes to a contrition as great as that of St. Francis when he received the stigmata, and when he calls Orlando "God's athlete, true champion, perfect archimandrite."

It is in the account of Orlando's death, however, that Pulci rises to his greatest height both as a poet and a narrator. That death in Roncisvalle, caused by envy and treachery so foul, is, perhaps, too familiar to need more than an allusion.[1] It is in the matter of Orlando's final orisons that we come upon much to move and uplift us. Among other beautiful stanzas I find:

"Redeemer Thou of miserable mortals!
Who didst humiliate thyself for man;
Who, looking not upon sin and its portals,
Incarnate in the Virgin, loosed our ban.
Upon the day that Gabr'el from th'immortals
Did spread his wings and then make known the plan.
As best it pleases Thee, thy slave release,
Only to Thee, Lord, let me come in peace."

And passing on, we again encounter such touching words as:

"Place now, O Lord, I beg, thy hand in mine,
Draw me from out this labyrinthine fray,
Because Thou art our pelican divine,
Who for thy crucifiers e'en didst pray.
Well do I know that all our life in fine
Is naught but vanity, as sages say.
What have I from the world to Thee brought back?
Of sin alone Thou knowst there is no lack."

The writer of such lines will never be dislodged from our hearts. For his learning, for his veneration for Dante, for his daring attempt to show that religion can stand upon its own merits, and must and will penetrate every portion of our life, we will cherish and honor the name of Luigi Pulci.

[1] See my "Studies in Criticism," Pages 44-47.

Matteo Maria Boiardo (1434-1494), Count of Scandiano, was born at his ancestral home near Ferrara. Fortune smiled upon the young nobleman, and the advantages of a thorough education enabled him to shed lustre upon his social position. Marrying a daughter of the Count of Novellara, he lived in friendly relations with the House of Este, and at different periods filled the positions of Governor of Reggio and Modena.

In spite of his court-life, Boiardo was an indefatigable writer, forcibly illustrating the passion for literary fame which then dominated Italy. A thorough Greek and Latin scholar, he made able translations from Herodotus, Xenophon and Lucian in Greek, and from Apuleius and Cornelius Nepos in Latin.

But not content with proofs of scholarship, Boiardo bent himself to the production of original works, and appears in Literature as the author of a comedy entitled "Timon," several volumes of lyric poems, a History of the Empire, and last, but by no means least, the celebrated epic, "Orlando Innamorato."

Seldom has any work been so fully appreciated as has this famous poem. Contemporary historians tell us that it was read and admired by *everyone*. Uniting the cycles of Arthur and Charlemagne, and welding the mythology and poetry of antiquity with those of mediævalism, Boiardo shows us the Italian genius in its splendor-loving, declamatory, sensitive character. Tho' an unfinished work, the "Orlando Innamorato" marks an epoch in Italian Literature and is to be considered the first compact, dignified, well elaborated epic of chivalry; and having been entirely rewritten by Berni, and serving as the inspiration of Ariosto's muse, it comes down to us with a triple halo of glory.

Few now-a-days, of course, ever read the whole of the almost endless story. But as we turn its pages we discover the charms which verify the critics' verdicts. Hallam dwells upon the poem's splendid and imposing opening. And here we find:

"King Charlemagne with joyous, beaming face,
'Midst paladins upon a seat of gold,
The rounded table well indeed did grace:
Before him were the Saracens so bold,
Who do not wish support from bench or brace,
But lie stretched out as mastiffs fierce and old,
On carpets, lazily, in sloth and ease,
Despising France and all that would France please."

Rajna calls attention to that wealth of classical learning which the Count of Scandiano always had at his command; and this is well illustrated in Orlando's soliloquy after he has first seen the fair Angelica:

"I cannot from my heart bid disappear
The pleasing picture of that lovely face,
Such is my plight, to die I long and fear,
My very soul of strength has lost all trace;
Nor force, nor boldness will avail me here,
For love ev'n now has won the desp'rate race;
Nor aids me knowledge, nor another's view,
I see the good and still the ill pursue."

And not only is Ovid called to the rescue in quotation: whole episodes are taken from Homer. Boiardo makes the well-known hero, Ruggiero, proclaim himself a direct descendant of Astyanax, and this necessitates references to the perfidious Sinon, the beautiful Polyxena, the false Egisthus, "the island of fire," as Sicily is called, from "the flame which Mongibello threw," and all of this is an expression of that culture in which the Renaissance reveled and gloried.

The Fourth Canto of the Second Part of the "Innamorato" relates a very amusing episode. Orlando finds himself entrapped in an enchanted garden, and his efforts to get out are desperate and bloody. At last, after we have followed him through peril after peril, and new foes still arise, and we almost give up, with breathless and painful interest we find him fighting two sentinels on a bridge. As soon as Orlando beats them down, they rise again, for, you know, they are enchanted. All of a sudden it occurs to him to run away, and of course he thinks

the sentinels will run after him. But no, indeed! The charm which created them holds them there perpetually; and we are indeed forced to laugh, when we discover that the Count might have spared himself all this display of valor.

The Italians are always absorbed in persons and passions; hence it is noteworthy when we come upon any descriptions of natural scenery or any sympathy with animals, and I find much to please in a stanza which tells us of:

> "The sweetest plains and lovely little hills,
> With noble woods of pine and lofty fir,
> Where on green branches birds give forth their trills
> In lively strains, which soothe, but do not stir.
> And pleasure from the hares and deer instills
> Your heart, and gentle thoughts will now recur,
> As on the graceful beasts your gaze is turned,
> And all the garden with delight's adorned."

Still rarer is any allusion to the political condition of Italy. Hence we cherish the lines with which the "Innamorato" breaks off, marking the sad era of Charles VIII's descent upon Florence (Nov. 1494, a few weeks before the author's death) and voicing the sorrow of her disfranchised sons:

> "While I am writing, O my Lord and God,
> I see all Italy in flame and fire,
> Made by these Gauls, who come with val'rous sword
> To desecrate and waste us in their ire.
> With Fiordespina's foolish love I wooed,
> And now must hush my fond and tender lyre,
> Another time, it may be, kindly fate
> Will let me her whole story here relate."

A vignette of *Leonardo da Vinci* (1452-1519) is given as the frontispiece to a well known English book entitled "The Intellectual Life." It would convey the author's meaning, were we debarred a reading of his pages. But in the course of his work Mr. Hamerton again calls our attention to the fact that Leonardo da Vinci mastered *all*

the learning of his age, and is, therefore, the only person whom the world has pronounced "Completely educated." The child of a disgraceful union, the young Florentine soon evinced such extraordinary gifts in drawing and modeling, that Painters were only too ready to instruct him, and at an early age we find the winning, fair-haired youth in special favor with Lorenzo the Magnificent. Under such favorable auspices Leonardo drew, painted, modeled, and dilated upon architectural and engineering projects to the astonishment of all who heard him; "flinging himself," as one of his biographers says, "upon such studies with an unprecedented passion of delight and curiosity." The imagination loves to dwell upon his "all-capable and dazzling youth."

From this time on Leonardo's genius was recognized by the whole of Italy. The despot of Milan, the famous Ludovico il Moro (as the third great Sforza was called) delighted to engage him in his service, and it was during the first fifteen years that Leonardo lived at Milan that he painted the mighty and immortal fresco of The Last Supper. After the French took Milan, Leonardo traveled as engineer in the employ of Cæsar Borgia. Another period of honorable and ceaseless activity in Florence followed, and then again we find the indefatigable worker back in Milan, upon the restoration of the Sforzas.

But in 1515 Francis I conquered Milan, and thereupon persuaded Leonardo, now in his 64th year, to return with him to France. A fine old castle was assigned Da Vinci, and the court of France was made to offer homage at the shrine of genius. The world has always been ready to acknowledge this beautiful and touching tribute, and the story of Leonardo's dying in the arms of Francis I has been caught up and perpetuated. The truth of the story lies in the fact that the great commoner did pass away recognized, honored and revered by this powerful potentate.

The earliest complete painter of the Renaissance, it is not for us to dwell here upon the incomparable works of

Art with which the world identifies the name of Leonardo da Vinci. Literature claims him as her son chiefly with reference to unpublished Mss., fourteen volumes of which are in the Library of the Institute at Paris and more still in the Ambrosian Library at Milan. His "Treatise on Painting," translated into many languages, was published a century after Leonardo's death, but the "Fragments" of his works given to the world by his fellow-countryman, Venturi, constitute his most brilliant claim to literary distinction. From these scholars have pronounced him *facile princeps* as painter, sculptor, architect, musician, mechanician, engineer, anatomist, botanist, physiologist, astronomer, chemist, geologist, geographer, explorer and mathematician.

And this universal genius was accompanied by a joyous, charming personality, so that the name of Leonardo da Vinci stands unsullied by one selfish or unworthy passion. If he was the Faust of the Renaissance, he was a Faust who cared only for the Good, the True and the Beautiful.

Baldassare Castiglione (1478-1529) is an interesting figure in this age of boundless ambition and marvelous achievement. Without being a man of genius, he proved himself to be a man of such taste and refinement, that men of genius loved to gather around him. When very young he became a man of letters and a polished cavalier in Milan at the court of Ludovico il Moro, and from this time on honors seemed to pursue him. Passing from the court of Mantua, under the Marquis Francesco Gonzaga, to that of Urbino, under the still more distinguished Guidobaldo da Montefeltro, Castiglione displayed his versatility in acting a creditable part as a soldier, in writing and reciting at court his eclogue, "Thyrsis," and in going as an ambassador to London, to receive in the name of Guidobaldo the order of the garter from Henry VII.

After the death of Guidobaldo, in 1508, Castiglione's fame was so firmly established that the new duke, Francesco M. Della Rovere, entrusted to him the government of Gubbio, took him with him to his wars, and still later

gave him the castle of Novellara near Pesaro, with the title of count. When Pope Julius II died, Castiglione was Rovere's ambassador to the Sacred College, and while in Rome enjoyed the friendship of the most celebrated men of the age, as Bembo, Bibbiena, Aretino and Raphael.

His old friend, the marquis of Gonzaga, now arranged a marriage for Count Baldassare, but he does not seem to be permitted to enjoy domestic felicity, as he is again named ambassador to Rome, and also assists at the coronation of the Emperor Charles V, his young wife dying in his absence.

Passing through the brief pontificate of Adrian VI, Castiglione receives from Clement VII the post of apostolic protonotary and the freedom of the marches, and is sent to Spain to negotiate with Charles V at the most critical juncture of affairs between the Pope, the Emperor and the King of France. But while Charles V received Castiglione with favor and showed him marks of esteem, he secretly broke faith with Rome and permitted an assault upon the city and the imprisonment of the Pope. This was a mortification from which Castiglione could not recover. Charles tried to console him by giving him the Spanish citizenship and the rich bishopric of Avila, but Castiglione felt that he had failed in this most important mission of his life, and died of a broken heart, Feb. 8th, 1529.

The work by which Castiglione is remembered is "The Courtier," or, as we would say, "The Gentleman;" a moral treatise in the form of discussions among the learned people of the day, as to what constitutes the true gentleman. It was not published until 1528, but then by the Aldine press at Venice, and soon became the most popular book in Europe. The French almost went wild with delight over it, having fêted Castiglione in Paris, and expressed their admiration for him by naming one of its prettiest streets after him. The Italians are the originators of nearly every style of English Literature,

but this is one of the rare occasions when they furnish a model to the French.

It is a picture of the court of Guidobaldo of Urbino that Castiglione paints in his happy treatise, and to us the philosophical interest is almost overshadowed by the historical. To give some idea of the book I select the following discourses:

(1. 27) "Then not waiting, Messer Bernardo Bibbiena said: It seems that our Messer Roberto has only found one who will praise the fashion of his dancing, since all of you others seem not to take any account of it; when, if this excellence consists in disdain and in showing that he does not esteem and think more of anything else than of what he is doing, Messer Roberto in dancing has not an equal in the world; since to show that he is not thinking of you, he often lets the robe fall from his shoulders and the slippers from his feet, and without gathering up either, keeps on dancing all the time. — Then the Count replies: Since you wish me to speak, I will speak still of our vices. Do you not perceive that what in Messer Roberto you call disdain is nothing but affectation? Because one sees clearly that he forces himself with every effort to show that he is not thinking of you; and this is thinking too much of you: and when it passes certain limits of mediocrity, this disdain is affected and vile, and it is something which turns out exactly contrary to one's presupposition, that is, of concealing the art in it. But indeed I do not think there is greater vice of affectation in disdain, which in itself is praiseworthy, letting the clothes fall from its back, than in studied dressing, which yet, of itself is praiseworthy, the carrying the head so firm, for fear of spoiling the long hair, or keeping in the bottom of the cap a looking-glass and a comb in the sleeve, and to have the page always on the road with a sponge and brush; because this studied dressing and disdain savour too much of extremes; which always are vicious and contrary to that pure and lovable simplicity, which is so pleasing to the human mind.

You know how ungraceful a cavalier is when he forces himself to sit so stiffly in the saddle, in the Venetian style, as we are wont to say, in comparison to another, who seems not to think of anyone and sits on his horse as carelessly and securely as if he were on foot. How much more pleasing and to be praised is a gentleman who carries arms and is modest, who speaks little and boasts little, than another who is always ready to praise himself and swearing with courage, threatens the world! And this is nothing else than the affectation of wishing to appear brave. The same thing happens in every exercise, rather in every thing that can be done or said in the world."

(1. 53) "I am sure you all know how the French deceive themselves in deeming literature inimical to arms. You understand that of the noble and adventurous things in war the true stimulus is glory: and he who takes to it for gain or any other purpose, besides never doing anything creditable, does not deserve to be called a gentleman, but the vilest tradesman. And that true glory is that which commits itself to the sacred treasure of literature everyone can understand except those unhappy ones who have not tasted it. What mind is so weak, timid and humble, that, reading of the deeds and the greatness of Cæsar, of Alexander, of Scipio, of Hannibal and many others, is not inflamed with a most burning desire to be like these, and does not neglect this frail life of two days, to acquire that almost perpetual fame, which, in spite of death, makes him live more truly than he did before? But he who does not feel the charm of literature cannot know how long glory is preserved by it, measuring this solely with the life of one man or of two, because he does not remember any more; therefore, provided that a personal knowledge of glory is not forbidden him by some fault of his own, when he attempts to think of glory as perpetual, he simply lengthens the life of the one man; and not esteeming such fame highly, it is reasonable to believe he does not put himself to much trouble to pursue it, as one who knows it does. I would not like any ad-

versary to adduce the contrary effects, to refute my opinion, alleging the Italians with their knowledge of letters to have shown little valor in arms for some time past; which is only too true; but certainly one might well say the fault of a few has given, besides grave injury, perpetual blame to all the others; and the true cause of our ruin and of the valor which is prostrate if not dead, is to be found in our forefathers; but it would be still more shameful in us to accuse the French of not caring for literature. It is better, then, to pass over in silence what one cannot recall without grief, and avoiding this discussion, into which I have entered against my will, to return to our Courtier."

Here follows an interesting disquisition upon the necessity of the Courtier's being both learned and literary, when

(1. 55) "Messer Pietro Bembo replies: I do not know, Count, how you wish this Courtier, being literary, and with so many other virtuous qualities, to hold everything as an ornament of arms, and not arms and the rest as an ornament of literature; which, without other company, is as much superior in dignity to arms as the mind is to the body, the exercise of this belonging to the mind as does that of arms to the body. Then the Count replies: The exercise of arms belongs both to the mind and to the body. But I do not wish you, Messer Pietro, to be the judge of such a subject, for you are too much inclined to one side: and this disputation having been agitated at length by very learned men, there is no need to renew it; but I hold it definitely in favor of arms, and I wish our Courtier, since I am able to form him at my will, to think so too. And if you are of a contrary opinion, wait until you hear a disputation in which it is permitted him who defends the cause of arms to make use of arms; as those who defend literature make use of literature in its defence; since, if everyone avails himself of his own instruments, you will see that the literary will lose.

— Ah, says Messer Pietro; you have before condemned

the French for prizing letters too little, and have said how they reveal glory and make men immortal; and now it seems you have changed your mind. You do not remember that

> "When Alexander to the famous tomb drew near
> Of proud Achilles, sighing thus he spake;
> O fortunate wert thou to find a trump so clear,
> And one who wrote of thee to make men quake."

And if Alexander envied Achilles, not for his deeds, but for the fortune that lent him such felicity that his deeds were celebrated by Homer, it is easy to see that the writings of Homer should be more esteemed than the arms of Achilles. What other judgment, then, or what other opinion do you expect of the dignity of arms or of literature, than that which was given by one of the greatest captains that ever lived?"

It is hard to tear oneself away from Castiglione. He is certainly a charming companion, and we do not wonder that his contemporaries thought him delightful. Even after death honors were heaped upon him, for Raphael painted his portrait, Giulio Romano designed his tomb and Pietro Bembo wrote its inscription.

In selecting *Jacopo Sannazzaro* (1458-1530) from among the hundred poets of this period, we defer rather to the judgment of the critics than to any discovery of our own. For Sannazzaro's writings do not now justify the expectations excited by his historical reputation.

Born at Naples, of Spanish extraction and noble family, Sannazzaro received a thorough education, and the celebrated Pontano of Naples, who was at the head of the Academy, admitted the young scholar into the circle of learned men and presented him at court. At a very early age Sannazzaro had fallen passionately in love with a young girl named Carmosina Bonifacia, and the first use that he made of his learning was to withdraw from society and begin the composition of his famous "Arcadia," which is nothing more than the narration of his

own love. He had accompanied Alfonso of Naples on several military expeditions and followed Pontano to Rome before the first ten parts of the "Arcadia" were divulged. It was at once much admired, and Frederick of Aragon having now become King of Naples, a beautiful villa and a handsome pension were bestowed on the poet. Finishing the "Arcadia" and editing the works of Pontano, Sannazzaro gave himself up to literary pursuits, writing many sonnets, canzoni and lyrics in Italian, and distinguishing himself among his contemporaries by devoting twenty years to his Latin poem on "The Nativity."

The idea of the pastoral romance, as set forth in the "Arcadia," was borrowed from Portugal, but it was new in Italy; and this novelty, coupled with the revelation of the author's own experience, will go far towards accounting for its popularity. In this new style of writing prose is intermingled with poetry, and the critics say such smooth Italian had not been written since the days of Boccaccio. To us moderns the story seems tame and lifeless, and it is with difficulty that, searching here and there, I can find lines worth preserving. Those presented by Sismondi seem to be the best and I refer my reader to Thomas Roscoe's exquisite translation of the Elegy in the "Arcadia."

But the critics who admire the "Arcadia" are even more enthusiastic over Sannazzaro's latinity. It was still the starting-point, the way, the goal of fame to excel in writing Latin verse. Purity, elegance and virgilian harmony, we are told, characterize "The Nativity," and Scaligero places Sannazzaro at the very head of the scholars of this period. His poem must always be contrasted with the "Christiad" of Girolamo Vida, who wrote a little later. Both poets mingle the gods and goddesses of Grecian mythology with the characters of Sacred History, and the intrusion of this paganism of the Renaissance into the Christian epic furnished Milton with his model in the execution of "Paradise Lost."

The Italians thus suggested that unification of the incongruous and inimical elements of life which modern Philosophy pronounces the end and aim of all knowledge.

Sannazzaro was the first writer to restore the polished style of Petrarch, and I can substantiate this dictum by my enjoyment of his Sonnets, two of which I translate as follows:

THE ICARIAN SEA

"'Twas here fell Icarus: these waves relate
They welcomed in their arms th'audacious plumes;
Here finished he his course, th'event assumes
Proportions to rouse envy for his fate;
A boon of fortune, and a grief t'elate,
Since dying, deathless fame his name illumes:
And happy is he who in death presumes
To find a recompense for his sad state.
Well may he with his ruin be content,
Since flying up to heaven was his aim,
With such great ardor life was quickly spent;
And now resounds with his illustrious name
A sea so spacious, yes, an element:
Who on the earth so vast a tomb could claim?

THE POET AND THE MOUNTAIN

"Similar to this gigantic mountain,
Is my bitter life a load of sorrow;
High is this, its height my wishes borrow;
I have tears, and this a living fountain.
Rugged rocks it boasts its proud brows flaunt in,
Moods as hard and fierce my brow will furrow.
It for fruits looks towards an unseen morrow,
And effects as few my hopes must vaunt in.
While wild tempests roar amid its rocks,
So do sighs find exit from my breast:
When Love feeds on me, it feeds its flocks;
If I never change, it stands as fast;
Transiently the bird its sorrow mocks,
But my lays of grief forever last."

Sannazzaro never married, and left the record of a blameless life, dying at the age of seventy-two and "finding repose for his mortal remains in the classic Parthenope, near the tomb of Virgil, whom he had revered as his master in song." Mrs. Jameson tells us that his "Na-

tivity" exercised a pernicious influence on the Italian painters, referring evidently to the intrusion of those pagan ideas, which could not possibly be properly interpreted in that age.

Though the life of *Pietro Bembo* (1470-1547) extends far into the sixteenth century, as a writer he belongs as much to the Revival of Learning as to the Renaissance. Hallam says "Bembo prefers four claims to a niche in the temple of fame, and we shall find none of them ungrounded." Of a noble Venetian family, his father took him to Florence when he was eight years old, and the critics think he began then to perceive the merits of the Tuscan dialect. But a much more important step in his youth was his going to Messina to study Greek under the great Constantine Lascaris. Bembo was a magnificent student, and after learning to read and even to write Greek with facility, he studied Philosophy at Padua and Ferrara, and returning to Venice, became the idol of the literary circle formed by Aldo Manuzio. Six years were spent at the Court of Urbino, when with his friend, Sadoleto, for a colleague, he was chosen apostolic Secretary by Leo X. It must be confessed that refined and highly cultivated as the Italian Scholars were, they never dreamed of making the world better by their wit and learning. The picture that is given us at this period is of men reveling in luxurious living, devoted to a heathen philosophy, and ambitious only of writing pure Latin.

In 1529 the office of Historiographer of the Republic of Venice was bestowed on Bembo, and he proved himself a master of Latin by writing an admirable "History of Venice" in that language. But the Italians owe him a debt of everlasting gratitude for his efficacious vindication of the native tongue. Bembo himself translated his History into Italian, and also came out with a plea for the revival of Italian Literature, which among the learned was in complete abeyance. His position enabled him to speak with authority and obtain a hearing. This plea is entitled "Italian Prose" and is yet readable as a work

of clever criticism. It seems strange that Bembo, who was himself such a shining light in the aristocracy of erudition, should be the first person to break it up and insist upon the study of the vernacular. His fine mind expressed its originality in this way, for we do not find spontaneity or genius in his writings.

"The Asolani," or Dialogues at Asola, are love poems intermingled with prose discourses, supposed to be the opinions of the Courtiers of Caterina of Cornaro, the Queen of Cyprus. Many short poems both in Latin and Italian complete the list of Bembo's contributions to Literature. Of these I feel tempted to transcribe only one, — his Latin ode on the Death of Poliziano, though it has been a rule with me so far to give nothing from the Latin. The Ode, however, — so beautifully translated by Wm. Roscoe — will be its own apology, and reads as follows:

"Whilst borne in sable state, Lorenzo's bier
The tyrant Death, his proudest triumph, brings,
He marked a bard, in agony severe,
Smite with delirious hand the sounding strings.
He stopped, — he gazed; — the storm of passion raged,
And prayers with tears were mingled, tears with grief;
For lost Lorenzo, war with fate he waged,
And every god was called to bring relief.
The tyrant smiled, — and mindful of the hour
When from the shades his consort Orpheus led,
'Rebellious too wouldst thou usurp my power,
And burst the chain which binds the captive dead?'
He spoke, — and speaking, launched the shaft of fate,
And closed the lips that glowed with sacred fire:
His timeless doom 'twas thus Politian met, —
Politian, master of the Ausonian lyre."

While at Rome Bembo formed a friendship with Sannazzaro, and was all his life intimately associated with the distinguished Sadoleto, both Bembo and Sadoleto being made cardinals by Paul III in 1539. But though under the influence of these superior men, it must be recorded against Bembo that his life was not pure and blameless, as was theirs. It is said that in a folio in the archives of Ferrara may yet be found a lovely lock of

yellow hair, the hair of Lucrezia Borgia, placed there by Pietro Bembo. This admiration however, was of a wholly innocent character, while others that we read of were not. With this exception, Bembo's life of studious tranquillity awakens ardent enthusiasm, and it seems right and fitting that his imposing presence should be perpetuated by the gifted brush of Titian, in the sumptuous and dramatic canvas entitled The Presentation of the Virgin, now in the Academy of Venice.

CHAPTER VI

WRITERS OF THE RENAISSANCE

The Golden Age — 1500-1550

THE patrons of the Renaissance. We pass very easily from Bembo to Pope Leo X (1513-1521), his princely patron. Whatever may be said of Leo's political treachery in giving Italy up to the Emperor Charles V, or of his own inconsistent and luxurious character, it is not possible for lovers of literature to forget his splendid services to the cause so dear to them. Leo was not answerable for Italy's political servility, nor altogether responsible for the morals transmitted to him. But he gave his name to his age as the munificent encourager of Arts and Letters. Raphael's greatest work was done at the bidding of Leo. He gathered around him Vida, Bembo, Trissino, Bibbiena, Sadoleto, Ariosto, Macchiavelli and Paolo Giovio. It is for later ages to reject the evil, the superficial and frivolous features of this brilliant period. But it can never cease to be interesting to study the workings of the human mind when set free from all restraint.

As Leo stands at the beginning of the Renaissance and gives it its impetus towards paganism, so Sixtus V (1584-1590) stands at the end and restores it to Christianity. No Pope ever did more to embellish and improve Rome. Both as a politician and as a zealot Sixtus distinguished his brief reign, and his efforts may be said to have established the reputation of the immortal Tasso.

The name of *Francesco Berni* (1490-1535) has been handed down to posterity with a mixture of amusement

and regret. Born at Lamporechio in Tuscany of a noble family, but one reduced to great poverty, his youth was one of adventure and his life a true product of the times. As an attempt to make his fortune he entered the service of the celebrated Cardinal Bibbiena, author of the drama "Calandra," himself what we should call the stage-manager of Leo X, and the director of carnivals and masquerades. Berni says "Bibbiena never did him either harm or good." Of a jovial, rollicking disposition, the needy youth passed his life in going into the service of one great ecclesiastic after another, and to further their projects took orders in the church. The favor of Pope Clement VII and the patronage of Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici (who in 1531 gave Berni a canonry in Florence) seemed about to brighten the poor poet's life. But unfortunately he arrived in Florence at the height of the deadly feud between the Cardinal de' Medici and the Duke Alessandro. Rival favorites were carrying out their patrons' plans and Berni was ordered by one of these to poison the other. Refusing to commit the crime, Cardinal Cibo had Berni himself poisoned on the 16th of May, 1535.

Berni's short and checkered life was solaced by literary work, and in point of style he stands at the head of the humorists of his country. Although his original sonnets and lyrics show talent, his fame rests on his rendition of Boiardo's poem, the "Orlando Innamorato." Cantu says, "For frank and suitable expression he substituted general phraseology; to the independence of a rich, vivacious nature he added the decorum required by a more refined and less spontaneous society; yet without creating anything, he obliterated his predecessor. Such is the importance of style!" Such was the success of that style, that it gave its name to literature, and the *maniera Bernesca* is as well known among Italians as the names of those immediate imitators who called themselves the Berneschi.

Describing himself in the "Orlando Innamorato," Berni

says that "What he liked best to do, was to do nothing at all." And though it was a well known fact that he labored hard to improve upon Boiardo, he has the effrontery to declare:

> "Nature instructs and points my way,
> I write and speak without the aid of Art."

As a characteristic passage from the "Orlando," I translate one selected by Harvard University for an examination paper:

> "But turn we to Rinaldo who has heard
> That deep, loud cry, so fraught with awful fear,
> By which, howe'er, he seems not to be stirred,
> But leaps from off his steed and leaves in care
> The palfrey to the lady, pale and tired,
> And almost fainting from a foe so near.
> Rinaldo grasps the shield to bear all brunts,
> — A giant of the giants he confronts,
>
> Who firmly stood across a hidden road,
> Under a cavernous and gloomy vault.
> Of body all ill-shaped and face so proud,
> That well it might a mind less sound assault.
> But not as of our cavalier endowed,
> Who never in his life had had such fault.
> Rather it speeds him on with sword in hand,
> Where now his foe has firmly tak'n his stand.
>
> He has for sword a club of fearful size,
> With finest mail he is entirely armed.
> Two frightful griffins on each side arise,
> Near the enchanted cave which so alarmed.
> And if you want to know wherefores and whys
> As to the life of monster so deformed,
> You then must know he has in guard and ward
> That steed, of which Argalia first had heard.
>
> 'Twas made, you know, solely by magic craft;
> Since out of fire and scintillations bright
> A mare emerged; at which it seems you laught,
> For nature, we must own, has no such right,
> And from the mare, when winds their powers had waft,
> Was born the horse that is as swift as light,
> Who wishes neither hay, nor corn, nor weeds,
> Since only on the air this creature feeds.
>
> The good Rinaldo was the first to wound,
> And strikes a blow right on the giant's head.

But on his head his helmet was so sound,
That little, nothing, did the blow, indeed.
With anger hot, and full of pride, he found
His foe now quickly aims to make him bleed.
Rinaldo ably parries with his shield;
Disarmed and bare, his body he will yield.

No other evil does this act entail;
Rinaldo makes a stroke of such dire force,
That mortal wounds the giant now assail,
And heart and side say ended is his course."

This childish sportiveness is a marked feature of Italian literature. We may encounter it occasionally in other literatures, but here it constitutes the badge and sign of a school, a body of writers, who are distinguished on the one hand by a vast erudition, and on the other by this infantile levity.

In Berni's biography, however, we find traces of a deep seriousness. I observed this first in Cantu's Literature, rather as an inuendo indeed, than as a statement, and following it up found the suggestion elaborated in Hallam. Here to our surprise we find that Berni was one of the first in Italy to embrace the doctrines of the Reformation, and that his "Orlando" was written to express his disapprobation of the Church. The following stanzas from the 22nd Canto evidently allude to this:

"These fated dragons, these enchantments strange,
These gardens, books, and horns and dogs uncanny,
And giant men who thro' the wild wood range,
And beasts with human ways, and monsters many
Cannot expect the ignorant to change.
But if you have much intellect, or any,
You'll see the doctrine which is here concealed.
Under these coverings not to be revealed.

For things so beautiful, made to adorn,
That man with hints and scents may be beguiled,
Uncovered in the hand should not be borne,
Lest by the swine they may thus be defiled.
From nature one these truths may surely learn,
Which has its fruits and treasures amply mailed
With thorns and residue, bones, arms and bark,
Against the violence and threatening work

Of heaven and of animal and bird;
And has the gold concealed beneath the earth,
Jewels and pearls, whose price is not in word,
Secret to men, that they may learn their worth.
And he is in his dotage and absurd,
Who, having treasures, brings them boldly forth,
Calling on murderers and such as these,
The thieves and jades, to spoil him at their ease.

And so I beg you do not stop with this,
Th'external part, but look beyond and o'er.
Since few advances have you made towards bliss
Did you believe us to be nothing more.
And reasons good you'd have to hold these less
Than weakest dreams and mere romantic lore.
But in these days each one must dig for wit,
And labor, subtilize and strive for it.

Then when the Odyssey, perchance, you read,
With horrid and despairing wars well stocked,
And there some wounded god is made to bleed,
And often 'tis a goddess; be not shocked,
For something else 'tis meant that you should heed,
Which is from fools and numskulls sealed and locked,
The stupid crowd, as animals they seem,
Nor see but what's beneath their nose, I deem."

One other point remains to be made, i. e., whether a translator can convey the subtle differences in a verse written by Boiardo and remodeled by Berni. I select the 35th of the Ist Canto:

Boiardo's version:

"Ah mad Orlando!" in his heart he says,
"How dost thou let thyself at will be swayed?
Dost thou not see the error which dismays,
And so to sin against thy God has made?
Where does my fortune lead me with this phase?
I see myself ensnared and can't evade.
I, who esteemed the world a thing of naught,
Am conquered by a girl in arms untaught."

Berni's version:

"Ah mad Orlando, folly with thee pleads,
To what art thou transported at thy will?
Dost thou not see the error which misleads,
And so toward thy God does make thee fail?

Where is thy courage, where thy bold brave deeds,
Which made the world a hero in thee hail?
Thy banner 'gainst that world thou couldst unfurl,
And now thou art the pris'ner of a girl."

Of all the disgraceful names in universal literature, that of *Pietro Aretino* (1492-1556) probably heads the list. Born of immoral parents, with noble blood (so called) in his veins, a vagabond from earliest infancy, the outraged and neglected boy grew to manhood to find himself in the possession of an extraordinarily brilliant and superior intellect. Very early in life noblemen, cardinals, princes, Popes and foreign potentates began to flatter and caress him, needing his wit to enliven their dullness, and being charmed with his talents and audacity.

Like Berni, Aretino was not able to understand the theology of this unsettled age, and being averse to the dogmatism which universally prevailed, and inclined to immorality, he gave himself up to a life of free-thinking and unparalleled impudence.

Without the possession of so much as a name (for Aretino simply means a native of Arezzo, and there were five other celebrities known by this title, though each of these had a surname) Pietro educated himself by binding books, and began his literary career by writing a satirical sonnet against Indulgences. Patronized by Cardinal Chigi, Leo X and Giuliano de' Medici, Aretino soon became so powerful that, as Cantù says, " he could play the part of the assassin, and, accosting unarmed people on the way, exclaim, ' Your purse, or I will kill you with a sonnet.' " When driven from Rome for having written certain obscene sonnets to accompany a set of designs by Giulio Romano, the court declared that with Pietro's going, " Rome itself seemed to lose life."

Writing things which an upright man does not dare to write, shameless and unscrupulous, Aretino became a terror, and took the title of " the divine," and again, " scourge of princes." Clement VII, Charles V, Francis I and Henry VIII bought him off with enormous sums of

money and special acts of courtesy and favor. In such an age it is thought remarkable that he was not put out of the way; but we only hear of one attack upon his life, a low, disgusting quarrel, from which he escaped with five stiletto thrusts. After living in Arezzo, Perugia, Rome and Milan, Aretino took refuge in Venice, whose citizens conferred on him the first rank of the gonfalonierato, or magistracy. Exchanging bonmots and witticisms with many of the great writers of the day, Paolo Giovio, who had the Greek and Latin learning which Aretino lacked and yet could not acquire a tithe of his fame, let his wrath boil over in publishing prematurely a suitable Epitaph for Aretino:

> "Here lies the Tuscan poet, Aretino,
> Who spoke evil of everyone but Christ,
> Excusing himself by saying, 'I did not know him.'"

To which Aretino immediately rejoined:

> "Here lies Giovio, a remarkably distinguished poet,
> Who spoke evil of everyone but the ass,
> Excusing himself by saying, 'he is my nearest relative.'"

With a few exceptions, however, Aretino seems to have been on the best of terms with his fellow-writers. Bertucci dedicated Madrigals to "the most divine signor Pietro Aretino." Ariosto grouped him among those upon whom Italy prided herself. The city of Arezzo declared him noble, and honorary magistrate. There is a volume of Letters in his praise. And his contemporaries, not content with thinking of making him a prince and a cardinal, denominated him the fifth evangelist.

After studying the biographical data, it is a surprise to find that the ignoble and unworthy writings of Aretino may all be consigned to oblivion and there will yet be left writings great and worthy enough to make any name memorable. The Italian stage, so poor thus far in dramatic composition, found in Aretino the author of its first great tragedy. Above the "Rosmunda" of Rucel-

lai [1] and the "Sophonisba" of Trissino [2] all authorities place the "Orazia" of Aretino, "where the demands of history are combined with those of the stage, and the simplicity of the story relieved by spectacular effect, duties are placed in contrast with passions, the local colorings are well used, giving us the example of the historical drama with full and effective action, such as forms the glory of Shakespeare."

Though incapable of translation "L'Orazia" may be paraphrased as: "The Sister of the Horatii." Founded upon the well known Roman legend, it needs no introduction. I shall simply translate the admirable synopsis given by Torraca.

"The Sister of the Horatii" is in blank verse, with the exception of the prologue recited by *Fame* and of the choruses rendered by the *Virtues* at the close of each of the five Acts.

— Spurius discourses with Publius, the father of the Horatii, who is happy over his sons' having been chosen to sustain the rights of Rome; but his joy is disturbed by one thought:

> "Perhaps at this moment the arrow of one of the Horatii
> Is breaking the faith and the sacrament
> Of the unconsummated marriage
> Between his unhappy brother-in-law and his sister."

The priest Marcus Valerius arrives, exhorting him to be strong, and telling him how the Roman and Alban armies have sworn to conditions of agreement. All three go to seek the *Fathers*, to whom Marcus, by command of the king, bears the tablets on which are written the conditions, the sharp stone and the herbs which are used for the solemn sacrifice of a wild-boar. Celia expresses to

[1] The "Rosmunda" of Rucellai (1475-1526) was performed before Leo X in 1515. It is taken from the History of the Lombards, and has been worked up in modern times by Alfieri.

[2] The "Sofonisba" of Trissino (1478-1540) is the first regular tragedy of modern literature. It is taken from Livy, and Trissino's Play has been obliterated by Alfieri's.

her Nurse, who tries in vain to comfort her, her trouble, combatted as it is by her affection for her brother and her country and her love for her husband. She relates also a vision in which she seemed to see three violent winds, with black and horrid aspect, extinguish two torches, but these are set on fire and reduced to ashes by a third torch. The Nurse counsels Celia to commend herself to Jove and both enter the temple. Act I.

— Publius comes out of the temple with Spurius, because his heart, which ought to be intent upon "Divine worship and prayer to God,"

> "Is, instead, not there where I shelter my sons," says he,
> "But here where our fate hangs in the balance of their swords;"

and also because all eyes are fixed upon him. Titus Tazius arrives in haste and tells them about the duel which has happened. Publius is consoled for the death of his two sons, thinking of the glory of the third and the victory for his country. The Nurse comes to call Publius because Celia, having heard of the death of her husband, weeps and despairs. Publius, although afflicted with grief for his daughter, tries to console her; but she, calling for her Curiatio, swoons. Act II.

— Publius leaves the Nurse to divert

> "Her who loves her consort dead
> More than herself living;"

and goes with Spurius towards Porta Capena, whence noises and sounds of joy are heard. A Slave by command of the conquering Horatio hangs the spoils of the Curiatii at the door of the temple of Minerva. Celia, hearing the applauses of the universally festive throng, goes out with her Nurse and hears from two persons the praises of Horatio, that victory has not made him proud, and of Publius, that he is joyful although he has lost two sons. The young wife sees hung at the door of the temple the garment she had given to her husband, kisses it and grieves

that her brother has not at least spared the life of his brother-in-law. The Nurse tries in vain to lead her back in the house or to conduct her to Horatio. But Horatio finds her here and, enraged to find her weeping, kills her. The people bewail her. Publius excuses Horatio. Meanwhile they hear the rumor:

"Horatio is taken and conducted to the king."

The Nurse and a maid, being commanded by Publius, leave the body of Celia and enter the house weeping. Act III.

— Spurius tells Publius that the king has charged two duümvirs to judge Horatio, and permitted him the right of appealing to the people, should the duümvirs sentence him for homicide. The duümvirs, Horatio and the people come to the place where Celia was killed. The duümvirs, deaf to the prayers and pleadings of Publius, command the lictors to bind Horatio; but he appeals to the people. The duümvirs, then, promise Publius to help him to save the youth. The lictor having reported the event to the king, returns and says the king would have the people know it was not necessary

"To scale the lofty flight of palace stairs
For such a tale."

and the crowd gather around Horatio.

But he stands in the midst of the turbulent throng

"Like a rock which rises out of the sea,
Making its own eminence."

Publius, Spurius and the duümvirs go away. Act IV.

— The Nurse brings Publius word that the Maid has grieved so over the death of Celia that she has hanged herself. Publius defends Horatio before the people and finally offers to die in his stead. The people absolve Horatio; but they command him to pass under the yoke with veiled head,

"In sign of sin and penitence."

Horatio does not wish to suffer this humiliation, and now the people command that he shall be placed under the yoke by force, when there is heard a Voice, which exhorts the youth to obey and predicts illustrious descendants for him; it also orders that Celia shall be buried in a large and beautiful urn on the spot where she was killed, and that there shall be a temple raised where the other two Horatii fell. The youth bends under the yoke; then hastens for the rites of purification. The Chorus concludes the tragedy by deciding that

> "In the end submission brings
> Both peace and joy."

This striking and beautiful tragedy does not seem to be as well known in general literature as the five Comedies with which the name of Aretino is identified. They are "The Hypocrite," "The Philosopher," "The Courtesan," "The Blacksmith," "The Talented Woman."

Here, again, Torraca supplies us with an excellent scene from "The Blacksmith," and I feel that I cannot do better than to translate it. It may be well to state here some of the special features of Italian Comedy. The people have always had a rare talent for improvisation, and from the earliest times this had been employed in Comedy. In this way they had invented types, or masks rather than individuals, which appear in every fresh presentation. These personified the character of the different Italian "nationalities." Bologna contributed the Pedant, Venice the Pantalone (or honest merchant), Bergamo the stupid Harlequin and Naples the witty Pulcinella. The literary Comedy did not dare to deviate entirely from the form which had been so long popular, and this Scene given by Torraca from Aretino's "Blacksmith" turns upon the part played by the Pedant.

THE BLACKSMITH

Act V. Sc. III. Pedant, Blacksmith, Count, Cavalier and Messer Jacopo.

M. Jac. Master, you hear, exhort him with your philosophy to take her, and let your speech be a long one.

Ped. Willingly, libenter: quis habet aures audiendi audiat: turn to me, comrade, quia amici fidelis nulla est comparatio. Everything is willed of God and especially matrimony, in which He always has a hand. Et iterum, and again, I tell you your marriage is made up there this morning and will be made down here this evening, since, as I have said, God has had His hand in it.

Blacksmith. It would have been much better for me, and more to the honor of God, if He had a hand in a letter which compelled me to get several thousand ducats out of the bank.

Count. O has He not had it, if it makes you give four thousand as a dowry?

Ped. Let me finish: Blacksmith, I tell you you may have a son seminis ejus, who from the hour of birth will have the beautiful grace of Alfonso d'Avalos, who with his martial and apollinean presence makes us appear tailed monkeys; and the acerrimus virtutum, ac vitiorum demonstrator spoke well when he said, that inasmuch as his native liberality stripped him naked, in that act he shone and blazed more than the Roman Fabrizius in his poverty, though veritas odium parit.

Cav. Note this.

Count. Be warned.

M. Jac. Attend.

Blacksmith. I do note it, I am warned; I do attend.

Ped. And who knows if he will not acquire that strenuous eloquence with which the invincible Duke of Urbino, informing Carolus quintus, Imperator, of the Italian battles fought by Italian, Gallic, Spanish and German soldiers, astonished his majesty as Maximus Fabius, S. P. Q. R. did, when he related how he had held at bay the Carthagenian Hannibal.

Cav. He has buckled on his armor.

Ped. Exactly so.

Count. What a fine thing is the talk of the learned!

Blacksmith. That's their fun.

Ped. He might approach the continent of Alessandro Medices, another great Macedonian, might come to the trembling Signor Giovanni de' Medici terrore hominumque Deumque, and to Luciasco Paolo his preceptor and disciple. Et in bonitate et in largitate might come near to the Supreme Image. Now pictoribus atque poetis: yes, poetis, the Hebrew, the Greek, the Latin and the vulgar Fortunio Viterbiense.

Cav. You do know so many great names.

Ped. Ego habeo in catalogo all the names virorum et mulierum illustrium, and I have learned them by heart. Yes, poetis; he may be a Bembo, pater pieridum, a Molza, who stops torrents with his piping,[1] or a cultivated Guidicione de Luca,[2] or indeed the mellifluous Alamano Fiorentino,[3] not to speak of the pleasing Tasso.[4]

B — th. What have I to do with so many names?

Ped. To put them together, for they are pearls, sapphires and jacinths. Do you understand? He might become a miraculous Julio Camillo, who rains down knowledge, like the skies; and perhaps a unique Aretino,[5] Stop; behold him the facetious Firenzuola.[6]

Count. You seem to me a parish priest explaining the calendar to the villagers.

Cav. Ah, ah, ah.

[1] *Francesco Maria Molza* of Modena, 1489-1544, author of the "Nymph of the Tiber" and other poems.

[2] *Giovanni Guidicione* of Lucca, 1500-1541, an ecclesiastic in great favor with Pope Paul III and the Emperor Charles V, author of Sonnets in imitation of Petrarch.

[3] *Luigi Alamanni* of Florence, 1495-1556, one of the most distinguished poets of the Renaissance. He spent most of his life at the French Court, and wrote "Girone the Courteous;" a didactic poem entitled "Husbandry," and "L'Avarchide" — The wars of Avarcos.

[4] *Bernardo Tasso.* See page 103.

[5] *Leonardo Bruno,* one of the revivers of learning.

[6] *Agnuolo Firenzuola,* 1493-1548, a very immoral and corrupt man and poet, tho' a Vallombrosian monk.

M. Jac. Ah, ah, ah.

Ped. What think you of the comedy of Ricco, recited in Bologna to so many princes? Composed by him in early youth in imitation of the Greeks and Latins.

Blacksmith. O the devil, spare us.

Ped. You have seen the Roman Academy in San Petronio? Have you not admired in Jovio another Livy, another Sallust? I saw Tolomeo Claudio, that most learned library of science, I knew Cesano, freer than the will, as he knows the world, our Gianiacopo Calandra, our Statius, and Fascitello Don Onorato, luminare majus of the magnanimous St. Benedict of Nursia.

Cav. We are nearly through the night.

Count. He has forgotten himself.

M. Jac. Ah, ah, ah.

Ped. Silence, silentium! Yes, pictoribus. . . .

Blacksmith. O what death is this!

Count. Ah, ah, ah.

Ped. Yes, pictoribus, a Titian rivaling nature, immo magister, he will certainly be a most divine Fra Sebastiano of Venice. And perhaps Julio of the Roman Curia and a pupil of Raphael of Urbino. And in the marble college, which ought to be called first (altho' its preëminence is not yet decided upon) a half Michelangelo, a Jacopo Sansovino, speculum Florentiæ.

Blacksmith. Gentlemen, I will sit with your permission. Now let the comedy proceed.

Count. Ah, ah.

Cav. Ah, ah, ah.

M. Jac. Ah, ah, ah, ah.

Ped. Sit, comrade, sit, brother: without doubt in vitruvial architecture he will be a Baldasar de Sena vetus, Serlio da Bononia docet, a Luigi Anichini Ferrariense, inventor of cutting oriental crystals. Behold him in Armonia Adriano, a feat of nature. Behold him Prè Lauro, behold him Ruberto, et in cimbalis bene sonantibus Giulio de Mutina, and Marcantonio. And in surgery he is al-

ready the Esculapian Polo Vicentino, created a citizen in the capitol by the senate.

Blacksmith. Play the bag-pipe, since the first act is finished.

Cav. Ah, ah, ah, ah.

Count. Ah, ah, ah.

M. Jac. Ah, ah.

Ped. Certainly, certainly he will have that integrity, that fidelity, that capacity which marks Signor Messer Carlo da Bologna, in whose prudence the spirit of the 8th great duke finds rest. Al tandem he may equal the upright Aurelius, the splendid Cavalier Vincenzo Firmano, and make himself participate in the good education possessed not only by Ceresara Ottaviano, but all the gentlemen of his Excellency's court. And being a woman, which God —

Blacksmith. Deliver me from.

Ped. If he wills it, she may have the qualities of the most famous Marchesa di Pescara.

Cav. Now you will have to stop.

Ped. Why?

Cav. Because God could hardly permit any other woman to have her splendid gifts. Unless madonna Bianca, the wife of Count Manfredi di Collalto should live again, at whose presence Heaven now marvels, as earth once did.

Conte. That is so, nor could he be the husband of a better wife, nor she wife of better husband.

M. Jac. You tell the truth.

B — th. Now you see cujus figuræ that your chattering ends in nothing.

Ped. Certum est that she was nourished by the ten muses.

Cav. Nine, Domine, unless you wish to include your housewife.

Ped. How nine? Hold: Clio one, Euterpe two, Urania three, Calliope four, Erato five, Thalia six, Venus seven, Pallas eight and Minerva nine; verum est.

B — th. Sound the bag-pipe for the second act.
Cav. Ah, ah, ah.
Cou. Ah, ah, ah, ah.

So we find out for ourselves that this much berated writer excels in Comedy as well as in tragedy, giving us in the above selection a rapid, but comprehensive survey of the great people of this age. And we are tempted to believe that many who have written of Pietro Aretino have never looked into his works, but have assumed the truth of the assertions of the earlier critics, which were perhaps based upon ecclesiastical prejudices.

We find it profitable to study about *Bernardo Tasso* (1493-1569) as a man, rather than to make any study of the writings of the poet. For our interest at this date centres upon Bernardo solely as the father of an illustrious son.

Yet, as we go on, we are surprised to find so much that is interesting in the life and fortunes of the earlier poet. The authorities tell us that he was the most conspicuous poet of the age wherein he lived, being placed by some critics above Ariosto himself.

Like most men of letters in Italy, Bernardo was of noble birth, but without wealth; was employed as a diplomat between the Courts of the great monarchs, and spent most of his life in the immediate service of some prince. Guido Rangone, general of the pontifical armies; Renata, duchess of Ferrara, daughter of Louis XII of France and wife of Ercole d'Este; and Ferrante Sanseverino, Prince of Salerno, were Bernardo's principal patrons. In the mention of Ferrara and the house of Este we are reminded of the fact that "coming events cast their shadows before them," and upon how much greater a scale the illustrious son is to repeat the experience of his father.

It was shortly after leaving the service of Renata that Bernardo Tasso published his first volume of Lyric Poems. All Italy was ready to receive them, for in a

single Sonnet circulated some years before, he had won all hearts by so tenderly bewailing his first love, Ginevra Malatesta. Hallam has an incomparably beautiful passage on the poets of this period. He says " only the critical reader can resist their seducing beauties of style, and that to his own loss of gratification. But they belong to the decline of art and have something of the voluptuous charm of evening."

The fame of these Lyric Poems made Bernardo known to Ferrante Sanseverino, Prince of Salerno, who now offered him the post of Secretary with a good salary. The poet turns into a brave soldier at the celebrated siege of Tunis, and even bears arms far into Germany and Flanders. But this tempestuous life does not prevent him from loving or from poetizing. In 1543 we find him marrying Porzia de' Rossi, a woman of noble birth, great beauty and extraordinary talents. A break in the affairs of his patron permitted the poet to retire to Sorrento with his gifted wife, and in that spot whose dreamy loveliness can never fade from the eyes which have once seen it, the immortal Torquato Tasso first saw the light. Separated after this from his little family, Bernardo wrote beautiful letters to his wife, and Cantu quotes the tender admonition: " Do not permit your Torquato, when an apple or any other fruit is taken from him by force, to throw everything else in displeasure to the ground; wishing in this way to refuse and throw away every species of consolation and pleasure."

But we come now to an act which invests the life of Bernardo Tasso with a truly heroic element. Charles V ordered the establishment of the Inquisition in Naples. And Sanseverino refused to obey the order. Rather than desert his friend, Bernardo literally suffered the loss of all things. His goods were confiscated and his poor wife died of sorrow in a convent. Perhaps some lessons were learned at the Court of the Duchess of Ferrara, where Bernardo must have enjoyed the friendship of the great Vittoria Colonna, and probably an acquaintance with

Margaret of Navarre (these three women being the greatest defenders of Protestantism at this time in Europe) and thus the poet of amatory verses became a hero and a martyr.

It was at this crisis in his affairs that he brought to light his great epic poem, the "Amadigi," suggested by the celebrated "Amadis of Gaul" published seventy years before by the Portuguese poet, Montalvo. The very things that charmed the reading public then, weary and repel us now, — a diffuseness incapable of definition and a sycophancy incompatible with independence. Urbino, Venice and Mantua bestowed honors on Bernardo, and it is pleasant to know that his life ended in peace. In his Sonnets he was a pronounced Petrarchist, and it is scarcely possible for a foreigner to detect any individuality in them which will differentiate them from the innumerable effusions of this age.

Veronica Gambara (1485-1550), whose personality has stamped itself indelibly upon this brilliant period, was born at Pratalboino, the fief of the family, in Bresciano the 30th of Nov. 1485. When she was 23 she married Gilberto X, lord of Correggio, and after a married life of ten years in duration and much happiness in point of congeniality, she had the misfortune to lose her husband. Her chaste and studious widowhood attracted the attention of all Italy. The labors attendant upon the education of her children and the government of her little State were lightened by her devotion to literature.

In 1529 Veronica lived at Bologna, where she had the social distinction of meeting Charles V, whom a little later she entertained at her own home, Correggio. When her fief was besieged in 1538 by Galeotto Pico della Mirandola, this brave woman called her people to arms and repulsed the enemy. Dying in 1550, she has left many sonnets, stanzas and madrigals as proofs of her fine intellect. As a specimen of their worth, I select the following Stanze:

TO MY NATIVE PLACE

"With all those passions which are wont to kindle
The absent lover, who can now return
To see the eyes whose love-light does not dwindle,
And hear the words no heart on earth would spurn,
To you, as turns the maiden to her spindle,
Ye gentle mountains, streams and banks I turn,
— Most blessed thing the sun looks on in turning,
For you, fair city, I am ever yearning.

May'st thou, my native land, abide securely,
And thou, rich country, always be serene,
Which as a phœnix, and as bravely surely
Dost make thy valor to be known and seen.
Nature as thy sole mother, nurser purely,
Has to some others but a robber been,
Whate'er they had of good ev'n so despoiling,
To give to thee without thy thought or toiling.

No tigers, lions, and no serpents horrid,
Inimical to man, in thee appear,
No pois'nous herbs from out thy soil are worried,
To make death bitter when there is least fear;
But gentle flocks and pleasing herds are hurried
To sport o'er thy bright meadows far and near,
Where lovely flow'rs and grasses that are tender
Of rare and fragrant odors are the sender.

Because to sing of all the joy you're giving
All styles I must berate and ev'n despise,
The burden of your charms I must be leaving
To minds sublime and talents that you prize,
But in my thoughts and with the soul perceiving
At evry step I'll show how love makes wise;
Your mem'ry in my very heart is reigning,
And that I pay you honor is no feigning."

At a time when there were six hundred and sixty sonneteers of merit, it could not have been easy to exercise any discrimination, and so it has come to pass that each critic presents a different list of representative names. We do, however, find the name of *Barbara Torello* in several of these lists, and one of the greatest of Italian critics has pronounced her immortal through the writing of a single sonnet. This sonnet has a historical interest and can only be understood in the light of its history.

We must transport ourselves to the brilliant days of the court of Ferrara, when Lucrezia Borgia and her third husband, Alfonso d'Este, gathered round them poets, wits and artists. "One day in 1508," says J. A. Symonds, "the poet Ercole Strozzi, who had sung the praises of Lucrezia, was found dead, wrapped in his mantle and pierced with two and twenty wounds. No judicial inquiry into this murder was made. Rumor credited both Alfonso and Lucrezia with the deed — Alfonso because he might be jealous of his wife — Lucrezia because her poet had recently married Barbara Torello." This, then, is the story which explains the following lovely lines:

"Love's torch is spent, its wingèd dart's in twain,
Its bow and arrow and its power are crushed,
Since cruel death has o'er the fair plant rushed,
In whose blest shade I knew nor care nor pain.
Ah, why have I not in that trench now pushed
My way with him whom destiny has slain,
Him, who not e'en brief weeks of joy could gain
Before the fatal blow in death hath hushed?
O would that I with my own fire could warm
That icy coldness, bid the dust engage
To live but on my tears and find new life;
Then would I, bold and fearless from my strife,
Show him to him who brought me all this harm,
And say: Inhuman soul, Love mocks thy rage."

We can see for ourselves that the Petrarchists were not only purists, toiling to get the right word in the right place, but that they were also most faithful imitators of Petrarch in the unveiling of their deepest feelings. Among the most celebrated women of this cult was the unhappy *Gaspara Stampa* (1523-1554), born at Padua. Her history is summed up in the statement that she loved the soldier poet Collaltino, Count of Collalto, who for several years trifled with her affections and finally abandoned her. But while her Sonnets may be held as models of pure taste, poetical vigor and natural grief, her glory is that in an age of universal immorality she maintained an irreproachable purity of character. "Her passion for Collalto, ardent and undisguised, was ever virtuous; the

sense of gentle birth, though so inferior to his as perhaps to make a proud man fear disparagement, sustained her against dishonorable submission." From the modern point of view we should, of course, regard her as an ambitious woman, who used her romance as a means of winning public plaudits. But even those who accept the old view of thorough artificiality, must rejoice in this complete triumph of principle over sentiment, nor is it unreasonable to believe that the kindly offices of literature and learning made such a triumph efficacious.

Gaspara Stampa's sonnets bear the closest scrutiny, and give evidence of the author's change of feeling through the stages of youthful buoyancy, the sadness of mature years, and the contemplation of eternity. In the first she tells us that "none but the elect Angels, *or* the happy lover who has felt it, can have an idea of her happiness."

In the second stage she says,

> "Place me where the angry sea is foaming,
> Or where waters lie in tranquil joy and peace,
>
> I shall live as I have lived, be what I've been,
> Provided only that my earthly star
> Beams on me with its sweet accustomed mien."

The last stage gives opportunity for both nobler sentiments and lovelier language, and we find her now deeply repenting of the "sin of loving," in plaintive pleadings with the Lord "to be drawn out of the deep sea, to emerge from which by her own efforts is an impossibility."

Dying at the age of thirty-one her destiny seems to have received in every shape and form the seal of genius.

But by far the most illustrious woman of this age was the renowned *Vittoria Colonna* (1490-1547), whose life is one of the redeeming pages in the history of the Renaissance. As someone has said, she "was born into a world that was profligate, venal, blasphemous, dissolute and depraved, yet she kept herself unspotted from all that surrounded her, and walked her lofty path in purity, in

sanctity, in nobleness, and, mainly, in solitude of the sad soul."

Vittoria Colonna was the daughter of the great Neapolitan Constable, Fabrizio Colonna, of an ancient princely family. For political purposes she was betrothed to Francesco d'Avalos, Marquis of Pescara, when they were both five years old. The solemnity of this betrothal made a deep impression upon the child's mind, and when the marriage took place in 1509, when Vittoria was nineteen, she brought to it a passionate and steadfast love for her young husband. At Naples the aristocratic couple entered upon typical careers of lady and knight during those stormy times, Pescara was soon called away to be occupied in incessant warrings, and Vittoria occupied herself sedulously with culture, her strenuous and lofty spirit entering thus early upon its perpetual widowhood. There is no doubt that, while in later years Pescara became proud, envious, cruel and treacherous, he was at this time a gallant soldier, a chivalrous and courteous captain. He received wounds in the face at the ever-memorable battle of Ravenna, and was the hero of Pavia, where the flower of the French nobility fell before Francis I surrendered. So that while Vittoria invested him with many virtues which he never possessed, she did have much to glory in on the score of his bravery.

We hear of Vittoria in solitude and study at Naples and at magnificent festivities at Ischia, but the most interesting period of her life is that of her first visit to Rome, when she meets the sumptuous pagan, Leo X; and Bembo, Sadoleto, Castiglione, Giberti, Ariosto, Berni and the abominable Pietro Aretino crowd around her. Men of utterly dissimilar character, talents and position found in her their ideal woman; and as it was in her own day, so it has been since, — no man has ever written of her who has not become eloquent in her praise. Yet she was a true virago, the most learned woman of the sixteenth century. Always grave and serious, often sad, immaculately pure, never forgetting that she was a Colonna and

una gran dama, we almost lose sight of her in our admiration for the men who admired her so generously. Of course all the male critics add to every other charm that Vittoria possessed that of great beauty. General beauty, i. e. great dignity and a fine carriage she must have had, and the portrait painted by Pontormo, which is now in the museum denominated "Michaelangelo's House," in Florence, has handed down to us an attractive, well-balanced face; though other portraitures of it are plainer.

The Marquis of Pescara died in 1525, and Vittoria spent the first years of her real widowhood in a Convent at Rome, but as time passed she saw that she stood in nearer relation to political events than in her husband's lifetime, and stepped forth to take her real place in the struggles of the age. She was obliged to have a private secretary to help her conduct her increasing correspondence. She was in intimate and sympathetic relations with the great Italian reformers, Contarini, Sadoleto and Caraffa, and no sketch of her life would be complete which did not make much of her protection of Bernardino Ochino. This daring and eloquent priest, who denounced the sins of priests and the crimes of the papacy, was as truly great as was Savonarola, and the danger that he incurred was much greater, for he was running counter to the counter-Reformation. Vittoria interceded with Paul III for his life, but he was obliged to leave Rome.

As Ochino wandered far and wide in search of safety and freedom to preach freely, from Geneva to England and back again, Vittoria cheered him with her letters and her sympathy, and at last he died of pestilence, unknown, in a little Moravian town.

In these years too the hand of the noble Vittoria was often sought in marriage, but as in early girlhood, so now she remained absolutely true to the one love of her life. The passionate friendship offered her by the noble soul of Michael Angelo seems never to have made her swerve for a moment from her childhood's vow.

This is the setting in which we are to study the re-

ligious poems of the Renaissance, for Vittoria has been called the originator of the high poetry of sacred song. Passing away peacefully in the home of her married niece, Giulia Colonna Cesarini, she was buried in the ordinary burial ground of the nuns of Santa Catarina in Viterbo. Such had always been her exquisite decorum and propriety in life, that, when Michael Angelo bent over her lifeless form, he pressed his lips only to the dead one's hand. Many beautiful things have been written of Vittoria Colonna, but none exceeds the epitaph offered by her contemporary, Marcantonio Flaminio, terse and dignified in the original Latin, but ably translated by J. A. Symonds as follows:

> "Her mind was pure, her manners pure,
> Her virtue lively, her courtesy without a taint of earth;
> Her intellect was heavenly, her learning rare;
> Her words sweeter than nectar;
> Her nobility the highest, her features beautiful
> In their majesty, her wealth liberally open
> To the use of good men."

To the names of Leon Battista Alberti and Leonardo da Vinci we now add that of *Michael Angelo Buonarroti* (1475-1564), as artist and man-of-letters; — although to find Michael Angelo among the poets may seem as strange to some as the finding of Saul among the prophets to the ancient Israelites. Unlike the vast majority of the Italian writers, Michael Angelo was not of noble birth, but was born of plain but respectable parents, in Florence. He has been called "the greatest soul of the sixteenth century," "the sublimest genius that the world has ever seen." It is Sir James Stephen, I believe, who says the thought of a French or an English Michael Angelo is inconceivable and impossible; thus summing up in a single sentence the colossal, overpowering might and majesty of the Italian genius.

The genius and achievements of Michael Angelo forcibly call our attention to the true province of the Italian genius and to the fact that literature is not its forte.

Here we are made to realize that literature in Italy is the pastime of an aristocratic class, even scholarship is for enjoyment, and the toil of thought is subservient to the dictates of a fashionable society.

The life of Michael Angelo is in his works. Of an impetuous, fiery and volcanic temperament, we follow him as a student in the gardens of Lorenzo the Magnificent; up to Rome to do the bidding of Pope Julius II; patronized, yet thwarted and misunderstood by Leo X; fortifying Florence for the memorable siege of 1529, when Charles V and Clement VII joined forces to restore the Medici; and, finally, reconciled to Clement VII and settling down in Rome in his sixtieth year (1534) for the remainder of his life. Losing his mother in infancy, his biographers tell us that he submitted to pinching hardship and superhuman labor for his father and brothers, being governed by a noble sense of duty to his family. As the protégé of Lorenzo de' Medici he became a Christian Platonist, and remained a devout believer throughout his life. But it is not until his sixtieth year that Michael Angelo really seems to have any private life. Hurried here and there to undertake to execute works of art, any one of which might have furnished occupation for a life-time, his own magnificent conceptions always outrunning the possibilities of human achievement, who can wonder that he was preoccupied and passionate, indifferent alike to good or evil fate? But it was towards the evening of his days, when his best work had been done, and when time had perhaps softened the bitterness of his early feuds, that he met and loved the peerless Vittoria Colonna, and under her benign influence found expression for his overburdened heart in words.

It has been my glorious privilege to stand face to face with all the great works of Michael Angelo. The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the wall of the Last Judgment, the Moses for the tomb of Julius II in San Pietro in Vincoli, the Slaves of the Louvre, the Pietà of St. Peter's, the nude Christ in Santa Maria sopra Minerva, St. John the

Baptist in the Berlin Museum, the Youthful David of the Florentine Academy, the tombs of the Medici (Giuliano, a younger son of Lorenzo the Magnificent, entitled Duke de Nemours, and Lorenzo, the son of Pietro and grandson of the Magnificent, known as the Duke of Urbino), those marvelous tombs in the Chapel of San Lorenzo, which have been grimly styled "the cenotaphs of Murdered Liberty;" and finally (not to mention works of lesser importance) the Farnese Palace, the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, and the greatest of all Churches, the unrivaled San Pietro in Vaticano, — all have passed in review before my astonished eyes and impressed themselves upon my awestruck soul.

It is therefore a peculiar pleasure to study the mind of this marvelous man as expressed in language, — that most definite form of human utterance. Michael Angelo's Sonnets are restricted to the subjects of the Supreme Being, Vittoria Colonna and Dante. It is startling to find that the great Titan, who defied all precedent in sensuous Art, submitted unreservedly to the Petrarchian craze. But however common-place in form, the profound religious sentiment, the purity and tenderness of these Sonnets render them altogether incomparable. As a matter-of-course I substitute Wordsworth's exquisite translations for my own.

TO THE SUPREME BEING

"The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray:
My unassisted heart is barren clay,
That of its native self can nothing feed:
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,
That quickens only where Thou say'st it may;
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way
No man can find it. Father! Thou must lead.
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind
By which such virtue may in me be bred
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread;
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,
And sound Thy praises everlastingly."

TO VITTORIA COLONNA

"Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
For if of our affections none find grace
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit! Better plea
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee
Glory to that eternal peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
His hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour;
But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of paradise."

ON DANTE[1]

"There is no tongue to speak his eulogy;
Too brightly burned his splendor for our eyes;
Far easier to condemn his injurers
Than for the tongue to reach his smallest worth.
He to the realms of sinfulness came down,
To teach mankind; ascending then to God,
Heaven unbarred to him her lofty gates,
To whom his country hers refused to ope.
Ungrateful land! to its own injury,
Nurse of his fate! Well, too, does this instruct
That greatest ills fall to the perfectest.
And, midst a thousand proofs, let this suffice, —
That, as his exile had no parallel,
So never was there man more great than he."

Michael Angelo survived Vittoria Colonna seventeen years, accomplishing his greatest works in architecture during these last years of his life, and dying in his ninetieth year in 1564. The age of the Renaissance, in permitting unbridled license in every department of thought, seems to have been a reënactment of the original grant of free agency to man. We see that without the sin we could not have had the virtue; and the deliberate choice of all that is holy, pure and noble, as illustrated in

[1] Translated by J. E. Taylor, an Englishman, who published a most interesting work entitled "Michelangelo considered as a philosophic Poet; with translations;" octavo, London, 1840.

Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna, confers a lustre upon the human race itself.

In reaching the life of *Lodovico Ariosto* (1474-1533) we find the name in literature which above all others Italy most delights to honor. As the French critics never give their full assent to anyone but Racine, so the Italians say Ariosto alone is master of their tongue.

So completely is Ariosto identified with his writings, that his personality has never been studied by anyone. The circumstances of his life are not without glamour, yet no appeal is ever made to the imagination to revel in them. He was born in Reggio, and from early childhood manifested a predilection for literature. The ducal house of Este had patronized his father, and the young Lodovico simply stepped into the good fortune prepared for him. Cardinal Ippolito d'Este made him his "gentleman," and while Ariosto's headquarters were at Ferrara, he was often sent on embassies of a diplomatic nature, especially to Julius II and Leo X in Rome, when he met the great men and women of the time. His great poem, the "Orlando Furioso," was written from 1505 to 1516, in which year it was published for the first time and took the literary world by storm. The Prince of the Church, to whom it was all addressed, alone proved surly and unappreciative, and when in 1518 Ariosto refused to accompany him into Hungary, Ippolito summarily dismissed him from his service.

The duke, Alfonso of Ferrara, then took compassion on the poet, and appointed him governor and pacificator of the disturbed province of Garfagnana. After three years of marked success in this capacity, Ariosto returned to Ferrara and entered upon the brightest period of his life as director of theatrical representations at the ducal court. But while writing many comedies, satires and eclogues, he continued to enrich, polish and repolish the one great work on which he rested his fame, and which evidently absorbed his life, his love and his personality. The last of his own editions appeared in 1532, and while he

lived to know that there was not a scholar, not a boy or girl, who was content to read it only once, he survived this final labor only a year, dying on the 6th of June, 1533.

The only incidents of a personal and private nature that we can cull from the life of Ariosto are involved in the relation he sustained to his brothers and sisters, and his conduct towards his wife and sons. His father consigned nine brothers and sisters to the care of Lodovico, and we are told that he nobly and generously fulfilled this obligation, working hard, himself, to defray the expenses of their education.

Many biographers omit the mention of Ariosto's marriage, so obscure and uncertain is the information concerning it. It seems, however, that he was secretly married to a certain Alessandra Benucci, after the existence of a relationship between them. He must have seen very little of his two sons, as there does not seem to have been any acknowledgment of them in life; but he expressly named them in his will and thus far made reparation for neglect in life.

As a national work, Ariosto's epic reflects Italy at her lowest point of political depression, enslaved and desperate, and hence determined to cast off every serious thought, abandoned to raillery, unbridled mirth and cynicism. As a literary masterpiece, it is typically Italian, proving that a book lives because of its style, whether it be a sermon or a farce. Gian Giorgio Trissino, a contemporary of Ariosto, and a dignified and serious scholar, took the theme of "Italy Delivered" for his epic, and then wrote:

> "I've reached the long-desired and painful end
> Of this my lengthy poem, so well made
> That now I need not henceforth be afraid
> Of time, or war, or other impious trend.
> But ere I reach life's confines or attend
> To thoughts of death, or feel at all dismayed
> At that dread hour, or seek for ghostly aid,
> I hope for this world's praise for what I've penned.

But cursed be the day my muse took flight
And of renowned Orlando did not write."

But Trissino was mistaken. The subject of Orlando had been worn threadbare. Ariosto succeeded in spite of it, rather than because of it, by means of that magical and indescribable endowment which we call genius.

Who has not trembled with delight in treading the dark and sombre aisles of Santa Croce in Florence! Byron says the four great spirits, Michael Angelo, Alfieri, Galileo and Macchiavelli, whose dust reposes here, "might furnish forth creation."

Nicolò Macchiavelli (1469-1527) was born in Florence. It is a disputed point whether the family of Macchiavelli was noble, but it is certain that it had rendered many services to the Republic, and that the most illustrious scion of the name attained manhood under favorable auspices.

Macchiavelli's responsible career opened in 1494, the memorable date of the expulsion of the Medici, when he was appointed Court Chancellor and Secretary to the Council of Ten. During the fourteen years of Florentine freedom he was charged with many important diplomatic missions for the Republic. These embassies to Cæsar Borgia, Louis XII, Julius II, and the Emperor Maximilian stirred his slumbering genius; and the political sagacity and patriotism for which he has been so much admired were born of that wide experience which makes a traveler a man of the world. But Piero Soderini,[1] who had been elected Chief Magistrate for life, was not able to resist the cupidity of the Spaniards, and in 1512

[1] Piero Soderini was an upright man, but the victim of circumstances in the last agitations of a turbulent republic. Macchiavelli despised his passivity and circulated an epigram, which ran:

"The night that Piero Soderini died,
His soul to the Inferno sallied down;
Repulsing him from Hell, old Pluto cried,
'Go to the Limbo of Bambini, clown!'"

Florence once again submitted to the Medici under the protection of Spain.

Macchiavelli was, of course, disgraced and deprived of his appointments. A little later, upon the discovery of a conspiracy against the Medici, Macchiavelli was charged with complicity, thrown into prison and tortured upon the rack. He bore this cruelty with a noble fortitude, no word of recrimination escaping him, and as he was entirely innocent, he had no confessions to make. Leo X, in assuming the tiara, drew Macchiavelli from his prison, but there was no office to confer upon him.

It was in these years of banishment to his farm near San Casciano, in an idleness which preyed upon his restless spirit, while his enemies studied to make his contemporaries forget him, that he erected with his own genius monuments which must make his name celebrated throughout the world for all time. Having associated with the rustics during the day, the long nights were consumed by him in the profound reflections which gave rise to "The Prince," "Discourses on Livy," a treatise on "the Art of War," novels and comedies. The greatest of these works, "The Prince," was written for the private perusal of Giuliano de' Medici and was not published until 1532, five years after Macchiavelli's death. But his reprehensible comedy, the "Mandragora," was acted before Leo X, according to the customs of the age, with every accompaniment of sensuous splendor.

Under the influence of Leo X, Macchiavelli was again taken into the service of the Florentine government; but his missions were unimportant, and these years were again made lustrous by the labors of his pen, — this time upon his magnificent "History of Florence." This was written at the instigation of Clement VII, and all promised well for Macchiavelli under the new pontificate. But just as brighter days seemed about to dawn, the Florentines wheeled around and restored the Republic. The great diplomatist, the shrewd and subtle statesman, found that he did not belong to either party; chagrin and disap-

pointment undoubtedly aggravated an indisposition which without these griefs might have proved unnoticeable. The Republic was restored on the 16th of May, 1527, and Macchiavelli's sad and cynical life came to an end on the 22nd of June.

Macchiavelli's fame as a historian is superseded by his renown as an expounder of statecraft, for his name is identified with the "Prince," and it is this work which has given that name as an adjective to all European languages. We shall see in our analysis that there has been a profound misunderstanding of the term Macchiavellian, but no one can fail to be impressed by the strength of the personality which originated it. The same force, clearness and precision mark the pages of his History.

As a historian Macchiavelli justly stands at the head of the most remarkable list which any country can furnish. Italy is the mother both of history and historians. Macchiavelli was the first person in the world to discover the secret of *comparative history* — the science which of all others has proved most attractive to the modern mind. The comprehensiveness of the first chapters of his "History of Florence" has never been excelled. Within the limits of our own subject, we note with interest that Macchiavelli speaks three times admiringly of Dante; alludes to the eloquence of Boccaccio; quotes the patriotic lines of Petrarch; regards Savonarola as a politician only; pays homage to Marsilio Ficino and terminates his work by doing full justice to Cosmo de' Medici (the founder of the house) and Lorenzo the Magnificent.

Of course the work is interspersed with those delightful philosophical reflections so characteristic of the "Prince." But authorities tell us that Macchiavelli as the originator of Philosophical History must be studied in the "Discourses on Livy." It is very evident that his claim as a creative genius is easily substantiated.

The noblest of Italy's historians, however, have yet to be considered. "In the dark days in which the country was losing its political independence there arose a band

of disinterested and intrepid patriots, who, waiving all thought of earthly glory, composed their folios in secret, consecrating them solely to posterity and truth." No other country can boast of such heroes; but, then, we must remember that "the proud recollection of their Roman fathers often troubled the dreams of the sons." The first of these great writers in point of time was

Jacopo Nardi (1476-1556). Of a noble family and high in office, having been made one of the priors of liberty at the age of 25, this intrepid man devoted his entire life to his country. Belonging at first to the followers of Savonarola, the Piagnoni (i. e. the Mourners), Nardi in later life had some doubts about the inner sincerity of the great reformer, but he never swerved in his belief in liberty and his hatred of the oppression of the Medici.

This family of merchant princes had by this time become so great a power in moulding the destinies of Florence, that the question of openly abandoning the republican form of government in which the people had gloried for centuries had now to be confronted and decided. Nardi was violently opposed to this abandonment, and bravely exposed his life in the great siege of 1529, when the Emperor Charles V and Pope Clement VII (himself a member of the house of Medici) joined forces for the overthrow of the republic.

This Siege of Florence, in which Nardi took such an active part, is one of the most tragic episodes in all History. There was civil discord in the city. While the republican government was secretly attacked by the partisans of the Medici, it was openly disputed by the Ottimati (Conservatists) and the Piagnoni, i. e. the Mourners or Reformers. "The approach of danger, the remembrance of Savonarola, recalled by some monks, made it pass at the decisive moment into the hands of the Piagnoni. The gonfalonier (magistrate), Niccolò Capponi, chief of the Ottimati, was replaced by Francesco Carducci, a true Piagnone. In an hour of enthusiasm, on a motion of the gonfalonier Carducci, the people pro-

claimed Christ perpetual king of the republic. The commission of the Ten of War gave orders; Michael Angelo was charged with directing the defense of the fortifications, and the command of all the troops was assigned to the condottiere, Malatesta Baglione, an experienced general, but a cruel, impious man, defiled with vices. But all these efforts of a tardy, local patriotism were useless. The vigorous sorties, the bold undertaking of Francesco Ferruccio, who was taken prisoner covered with mortal wounds, served only for heroic episodes in the fall of liberty. The condottiere Baglione, who sold the people, the city and the blood of the Florentines ounce by ounce, seeing that he was suspected, delivered up a bastion to the enemy and turned his artillery against the city. To avoid the horrors of pillage, Florence agreed to pay 80,000 crowns, and to receive the Medici once more." Of course the partisans of the Medici immediately had a decree passed, which condemned to death or to exile all the enemies of Alessandro de' Medici.

Nardi was among the exiled, but this did not quench his ardent patriotism. As a last proof in favor of his country he went to Naples in 1535, with some other Florentines, and represented to Charles V the vices and the cruelty of the hated Alessandro. Seeing that this effort, too, was all in vain, Nardi withdrew to Venice, and consoled his old age and his exile with the labors of his pen; dying, as is supposed, in 1556.

With his translation of Livy, his Life of Giacomini, and his two Comedies, "The Friendship" and "The Two Happy Rivals," we are not concerned. It is his noble "History of Florence," published fifty years after his death, which entitles him to the undying regard of posterity. We have given a synopsis of the great Siege, of which of course Nardi treats at length, as his History only covers the period from 1494 to 1538. All the critics pronounce him painstaking, accurate, cautious, calm, unprejudiced. But he is sometimes deemed dry, slow, and even dull. To counteract this impression I give here one

of the most pathetic incidents to be found anywhere, and leave it to my readers to decide whether it is well told:

"An incident worthy of compassion happened at this time and was as follows: Vincenzo Puccini, a brave young man, one of the captains of the bands sent with our people into the kingdom of Naples, finding himself in the city of Aquila, was sent from prison there to Florence and as a disobedient and scandalous person was condemned to death by the Council of War, because the said Vincenzo, when a rash youth, had been the cause of mutiny and sedition among our soldiers, when this city of Aquila ran great danger of being sacked; and was only rescued from such disorder by the labors and authority of the Commissary, Giambattista Soderini. But because as a citizen Vincenzo was an elector and a beneficiary, he had the right of appealing to the great Council, for the law of the severe judgment of the forty, by which the power of appealing to the great Council was taken away, had not yet been made. The criminal was, therefore, conducted before the said great Council, and being placed on the rostrum, humbly asked pardon of the State and of the Council, excusing his error as well as he could by attributing it to the rashness of his youth. Nevertheless, when he had supplicated three times and his absolution had been proposed as often, it was not possible for him to obtain favor, although tears of pity were seen to fall from the eyes of almost all the Councilors; so that it seemed that in regard to this matter justice and mercy prevailed equally in the minds of those Councilors."

Francesco Guicciardini (1482-1540), the greatest of all the Italian historians, was born at Florence on the 6th of March, 1482. He studied Law at Florence, Ferrara and Padua and was a recognized advocate in 1507. Marrying into the Salviati family, which was then the most distinguished private family in Florence, and being sent as an ambassador to the King of Spain, life opened auspiciously for the great historian.

Guicciardini had just returned from his embassy to

Spain, when in 1515 Leo X came to Florence, and was so much pleased with the young lawyer, that he made him an advocate of the consistory, and sent him to govern Modena and Reggio. From this time on Guicciardini becomes an actor in the history which he is to write. The French governor of Milan tried to deprive him of Reggio, but he had prepared such an admirable defence that the assault proved fruitless. (History of Italy, Book XIV.)

After the deaths of Leo X and Adrian VI, Pope Clement VII appointed Guicciardini governor of Romagna, and later he was made lieutenant general of the pontifical army, with almost absolute power. (Hist. XVII.) The game of war was being played with great zeal at this time by the Emperor Charles V, Francis I of France and the Pope, Clement VII. They were utterly bereft of serious intentions and all sense of responsibility. But this burden of sin and sorrow weighed heavily upon the noble-minded Guicciardini. He spent much time and labor in trying to draw up terms of agreement between the mad monarchs, so that "distracted Italy" might yet know the blessing of peace. But while he was in command of the pontifical troops the Pope broke faith with him at Piacenza, and when, immediately after, the Constable de Bourbon passed into the service of Charles V for the purpose of wreaking vengeance upon France and Italy, Guicciardini only arrived in Florence in time to save it from pillage. (Hist. XVIII.) When Rome was taken by the imperialists and the Pope's representative left Florence, Guicciardini gave up the command of the Florentine troops and retired to his villa at Finocchieto. Later, he left Tuscany, and in 1530 his property was confiscated. The last years of his stormy and eventful life were spent in governing Bologna and defending the Medici, of whom he had always been a staunch friend. He died at Arcetri on the 22nd of May, 1540.

At the age of twenty-six Guicciardini wrote a History of Florence, forecasting his profound knowledge of men

and events. But his great work is a History of Italy in 20 books, extending from the descent of Charles VIII to the death of Clement VII (1494-1534). This, which was written in exile, he copied and corrected many times, and his nephew did not venture to publish it until 20 years after the historian's death. Then only 16 books were published, and two whole centuries passed before an editor could be found to give the pure and complete text of the manuscript.

Committing his real opinions and judgments to his book, he appears not to have approved of, or believed in, the Medici. Indeed he plainly reveals that he has no enthusiasm, and little faith in anything. The merit of his historical works consists in the exquisite distinctness of his pictures, in the revelation of his own personality — a soul sublimely sad, — and in his forcible and powerful testimony to the terrible corruption of the age.

This is his fine and subtle analysis of Popes Leo X and Clement VII:

"Leo, who bore the first ecclesiastical honors in the house of the Medici, and with the authority of the cardinalate sustained so well both himself and his family, fallen from a lofty place into a deep decline, while it was awaiting the return of prosperous fortune, was a man of supreme liberality; if indeed such an expression is suited to an expenditure which passes every measure. Having assumed the pontificate, there appeared in him so much magnificence and splendor, and a spirit so truly royal, that it would have been marvelous even in one who had been through a long succession descended from kings and Emperors. He had among his other felicities, which were very great, not a little luck in having with him Giulio de' Medici, his cousin, whom as cavalier of Rodi, although not of legitimate birth, he exalted to the cardinalate. Because Giulio being by nature grave, diligent, assiduous in labor, averse to pleasures, orderly and thrifty in everything; and having in hand by the will of Leo all the important negotiations of the pontificate, supported and

moderated many disorders which proceeded from Leo's prodigality and ease."

"The opinion of Giulio's ability was strengthened after Leo's death; because in the many contradictions and difficulties that he encountered, he sustained his rights with so much dignity, that he almost seemed to be pontiff; and he so kept up his authority with many of the cardinals, that entering upon two conclaves absolute master of sixteen votes, he arrived finally, notwithstanding infinite contradictions from the greater number and the older members of the College (after the death of Adrian), at the pontificate. It was the universal opinion that he would be a greater pope and do grander things than anyone who had sat in that seat. But one knows how faulty were the opinions both in regard to Leo and to Clement. Although the latter had abundant intellect and marvelous knowledge of the world's affairs, he did not correspond in resolution and execution. Because prevented not only by timidity of spirit (which in him was not slight) and by cupidity, but also by a certain irresolution and perplexity which was natural to him, he remained almost always suspended and ambiguous when he was conducted to the determination of questions long foreseen, considered and resolved upon."

The compilers have not very much to tell us about the life of *Filippo Nerli* (1485-1536), although from certain points of view he appears to be a most interesting character. A nobleman by birth and an aristocrat by nature, Nerli was on the wrong side in these political and civic strifes, but that does not prevent our giving him a hearing.

Like Guicciardini, Nerli married a member of the Salviati family, his wife, Caterina Salviati, being also a member of the house of Medici as the niece of Leo X and the aunt of the young Cosimo, who was to succeed the detestable Alessandro.

Nerli held the distinguished office of Senator, was on friendly and familiar terms with Giulio de' Medici, after-

wards Clement VII, and was privy Councilor to Alessandro in 1531.

Animated by the example of Macchiavelli, whose History of Florence had been freely circulated by this time, this thoughtful patrician resolved to spend the last years of his life in writing the History of his country from his own standpoint, though he saw that it would be out of the question to publish his work in his own life-time. Actively engaged in the affairs of these troublous times, mixing himself up with the exiles and acting as a spy upon their projects — a course which must be condemned unreservedly, — Nerli wins our regard as a writer far more than as a patriot. He is the only one of these historians who has a truly literary turn, for he condescends to dwell upon the reform of manners under the sway of Savonarola, and is determined that posterity shall know about the taste and culture of the Florentines. To lovers of literature it is important to trace all influences of this kind. Nerli tells us about the famous Bernardo Rucellai (the father of the celebrated poet of this name),[1] who, married to a Medici, took up the rôle left vacant by the death of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and invited the Platonic Academy to hold its meetings in his private grounds; and so delightful were these meetings, that "the literary gatherings in the Rucellai gardens" have passed into a by-word to express one of the most cultivated and refined forms of social enjoyment that the world has ever known.

Nerli's History, which is entitled "A Commentary on the Civil Affairs of Florence" covers the period from 1215 to 1537, and is therefore more comprehensive than the works of his confrères, and more like that of Macchiavelli. He gave it with his dying hand to his nephew, who presented the manuscript to the Grand Duke. State reasons, however, interfered with its publication, and it

[1] *Giovanni Rucellai,* author of the tragedy "Rosmonda" and the poem of the "Bees," the first didactic poem in Italian, 1475-1525.

was not given to the world until 150 years after the death of the historian!

Bernardo Segni (1504-1558) rendered an imperishable service to his country in bequeathing it a History, truthful, fair and moderate as to facts, and beautifully embellished by the charms of a graceful style and the enthusiasm of a strong personality. His youth was spent in arduous studies, and he had already practised law and negotiated as a banker, when, returning to Florence after an absence of some months in Aquila, he became an eyewitness of the disorders which were preparing the way for the fall of the republican government. Nicolò Capponi, who was gonfalonier at this time, was Segni's maternal Uncle, and we are therefore not surprised that after the people's choice fell upon Francesco Carducci, Segni withdrew as much as possible from public life and gave himself up to his studies and his writings, — "avoiding the enmity of the powerful, without seeking their favor." After the excitements had subsided, in 1541 Cosimo I called Segni from his retirement and sent him as ambassador to Austria; the Florentine Academy made him its provost, and the most illustrious citizens delighted to honor him.

As a scholar Segni's fame rests upon his many translations from the Greek, but his "Life of Nicolò Capponi" and his Florentine History, embracing the years from 1527 to 1555, eclipse those in value and awaken our liveliest interest. Carefully concealing the existence of his History in his life-time, Segni's relatives only discovered it accidentally after his death. Its fate is even more remarkable than that of the Histories we have noticed, for while 150 years passed before it was printed, no sooner had it seen the light than it seemed to melt away, the reigning Grand Duke immediately buying up all the copies in order to suppress them. Of course a few copies were rescued, but it is only in our own day that the world knows what a treasure was bequeathed it.

Of all the events of this specially dramatic period of

which Segni writes so ably, none is of greater interest than the death of Francesco Ferruccio, the hero of the Siege of Florence. He describes the brave leader, "the only hope of liberty," when made Commissary General of the republican forces; his escort to Pisa; upon starting out from which with every prospect of success, he was informed that the enemy under the command of Philibert, Prince of Orange, had cut off his way; for Malatesta had played him false. Ferruccio was advised to take refuge in the mountain fastnesses.

"But he, with 'animo superbo,' having said many times with disdainful countenance, 'Ah, traitor Malatesta;' said, 'Let us go right on where our fortune and our country's fortune leads us. This will make us conquerors in every way. Nor, although we are fewer in numbers, ought we to distrust ourselves, be it in experience or in our present courage, and especially we ought to trust in the great and good God, who with perfect justice and knowing our good end will supply with his power where our strength is wanting.'

"Having said these words with great confidence, and making a sign to the soldiers to follow him, he advanced before the others without fear, saying only: 'Soldiers, do not abandon me this day.' He arrived at the gate where his first squadrons had entered: when from another direction was heard the rumor that Maramaldo had passed through the breach in the wall and had put his infantry within.

"Meanwhile a cruel fight began with gun-shot on each side, which went on increasing, when Ferruccio, having arrived on the piazza of the castle, leaped from his horse, seized a pike and fought valiantly against Maramaldo; while he also, having taken the corners of the road, showed himself terrible. Philibert, the Prince of Orange, had not yet arrived at the wall; but hearing that the battle had already commenced, he spurred himself forward, as a brave youth, to take part in it. And, in ascending the hill by the steepest path, he was accidentally

hit by a gunshot, whereupon suddenly falling from his horse, he lost his life. When the report of the prince's death had spread, Ferruccio's soldiers cried out: "Victory!" Which was considered certain, since the cavalry, knowing of this death, began to flee. But the German squadron which was half a mile behind, checked the impetus of those who fled. And maintaining order, it marched forward; and a cruel battle having begun again between the captains within and without, they made those few within retire: who were not able to sustain such a heavy attack, but worked on with great valor. And Ferruccio now weary with the heat of the day and the fatigue of fighting withdrew with signor Orsini to a little hut, in which a little later they were made prisoners: the greater part of his troops either fell into the power of the enemy or were deprived of life.

"Ferruccio armed was conducted into the presence of Maramaldo; who reviling him with abusive language for the injuries received from him at Volterra, said to him: "You have at last fallen into my hands." To which Ferruccio replied, that had happened to him which might have happened to Maramaldo. He was by the command of Maramaldo disarmed, and wounded by him with a sword-thrust in the neck with much disdain; the other soldiers then finished him with many wounds."

Benedetto Varchi (1502-1565), "in whom," says J. A. Symonds, "the flame of Florentine patriotism burns brightest," led a life so varied and gave proof of power so versatile, that it is hard to sum it all up in a short sketch. Studying Law in early youth and exercising the profession of a notary, Varchi sprang to the defense of Florence during the Siege, and upon being defeated and exiled, threw himself with ardor into literary pursuits. While he was making himself famous as a student of the Greek language and of modern Philosophy in Venice, Padua and Bologna, Cosimo I called him back to Florence, offering him a stipend if he would write the History of the period which intervened between the second expulsion

of the Medici, 1527, and the time of their return, 1531. Varchi is accused of having sold his pen to Cosimo, but his book exonerates him from the charge, and while he was at work upon it, he was assaulted at night and pierced with many wounds, a report having gotten out that he was unfavorable in his History to certain persons high in office.

After this Varchi continued the writing of his History in secrecy, bringing it down to 1538 and committing it to posterity, according to the example of his fellow-writers. He was not, however, obliged to forego the pleasures of praise in his life-time. He was an orator, and pronounced funeral orations which were eloquent; he was a poet, and published lyrics and eclogues; a grammarian, and his "Ercolano"[1] is a distinguished proof of it; he was an interpreter, and translated elegantly the treatise of Seneca "De Beneficiis" and the "Consolationes" of Boethius. But in one of his critical works he places the "Girone" of Alamanni above the "Orlando Furioso," and this exposed him to unmerciful ridicule.

Varchi also took the wrong side in one of the most celebrated literary contests that has ever been placed on record. It was between the poets Caro and Castelvetro, and began simply with the criticism by the latter of a Sonnet of Caro's in praise of the royal House of Valois, beginning,

"Come into the shade of the lilies of gold."

but the controversy went so far, that Caro accused Castelvetro to the Inquisition, which persecuted and exiled him. Throughout the whole of the bitter warfare Varchi took the part of Caro, whom he said he regarded as a brother, rather than a friend.

It is more to the credit of Varchi that he enjoyed the friendship of Bembo, and exchanged sonnets with the distinguished poetess, Tullia d'Aragona.

[1] The Dialogue is so called because the interlocutors are Varchi and Count Cesare Ercolano.

At the age of sixty-two Varchi took holy orders, and Cosimo conferred on him the provostship of Montevarchi, but he did not live to take charge of his office. The vicissitudes of his life invest his voluminous History with more than ordinary interest. The turning point in Varchi's favor seems to be in reference to the Siege; for while no less alive than the Ottimati to the insecurity of Carducci's policy, he shows himself animated by a more truly democratic spirit. In fact, Symonds says, "a wonderful mixture of candor, enthusiasm, and zeal for truth makes Varchi incomparable."

I have read with interest and with horror his detailed account of the murder of Alessandro de' Medici by his kinsman, commonly called Lorenzino de' Medici, to distinguish him from Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, the antitype of Macchiavelli's "Prince." I have taken account of Varchi's succinct review of Macchiavelli, in which he tells us that "the author of the 'Prince' was pleasant in conversation, obliging to his friends, a friend of virtuous men, and in short, deserved that nature should have given him either less talent or a better heart." It is generally conceded that Varchi has brought some discredit upon his pages by the relation of the horrid crime of Pier Luigi Farnese, who was the patron of his friend Caro. But for the specialist and the encyclopedist this diffuse History has an incontestable value, and centuries may pass away before the world has exhausted the information it contains.

The novelist, *Matteo Bandello* (1480-1561), claims our attention for what he did not do rather than because of any distinctive merit in his compositions. We are at once impressed by the marked inferiority of the novels to the poems of this period. In fact, Bandello would not deserve any notice, did he not stand out conspicuously as the only cinquecentist who cared to tell his tales in prose.

Born in Castelnuovo in Piedmont, and becoming a Dominican monk in the Convent delle Grazie at Milan, his Uncle, who was general of this order of monks, permitted

the restless young man to break away from its restrictions and accompany him to Rome and Naples. Bandello caught the literary fever, and when on returning to Milan, he was driven by the Spaniards to France, and was made Bishop of Agen by Henry II, he at last found himself in a position to go on with his novels without disturbance. They were brought out in three volumes at Lucca in 1554, and a fourth volume was published after his death.

These Tales are strikingly like those of Boccaccio, with a degree less of vigor in the telling (though the style is clear and fluent) and two or three degrees more of refinement and good taste in the stories. I give a synopsis of the one that has been pronounced the best by a modern Italian: it is entitled, "The wonderful Joke played by a Lady on two Barons of Hungary:"

A brave cavalier, who was a vassal of Matthias Corvinus, king of Hungary, sought in marriage a rich young noblewoman; but finding he could not maintain her according to her former estate, resolved to return to the court of Hungary and render such services to the king, that he would be suitably rewarded. He is afraid to leave his young wife, and goes to a Polish astrologer to know how to protect her. The astrologer tells him that women are all untrustworthy, and paints the Hungarian a little picture of his wife, which he is to carry in his pocket, and it will change color according to her fidelity.

At a convivial feast in Hungary the cavalier, whose name is Scipio, is twitted upon having such absurd faith in his wife, and the chief rallier tells him that "woman is mobile and volatile, and the most ambitious animal in the world." The discussion ends in two barons' resolving to test the fidelity of the young wife; and Scipio is to have all their wealth if they fail.

One of them, named Alberto, visits the lady in her castle, and she tells him to go to a certain little room and there she will meet him. He goes there and this little room proves to be a prison which is locked by the person who enters and shuts the door. There was a spinning-

wheel in the prison and he was told that if he spun much, good food would be brought him, if little, simply bread and water. He was to be liberated only when he had confessed the cause that brought him there and after he had done much spinning.

Signor Scipio now looks at his little picture and rejoices much over its unchangeableness.

Then Signor Federico sets out for the castle, to see what he can do. The same fate befalls him. And the lady Barbara then sends her husband an account of it. Signor Scipio tells the King and Queen, and they decide that he shall have the possessions of the two barons, who shall be banished from the kingdom on pain of death.

All this was put in immediate execution; the lord and lady reward the astrologer, and live long in happiness and peace; while as for the banished lords, "it is commonly believed that desperate and scorned, they made themselves Turks.

This story of the complete triumph of a brave, high-spirited woman sets the ball in motion which is to produce the modern novel. It will not stop until it has completely annihilated all the Tom Joneses and the Roderick Randoms.

We feel, however, that Bandello's greatest claim upon our regard is his version of "Romeo and Juliet;" for while he only embellished the original story of Luigi Da Porto, Shakespeare was indebted for it solely to Bandello.[1]

The provinces of literature and art again overlap in the life of *Giorgio Vasari* (1512-1574), painter, architect and biographer. Born at Arezzo, Vasari studied Design in childhood and in early youth was placed under Michelangelo and Andrea del Sarto. But when his father died of pestilence, he found himself obliged to support three sisters and two brothers as well as himself. After many

[1] The reader may be interested in knowing that the "Merchant of Venice" and "Othello" were taken from "Il Hecatomithi" of Giraldi Cintio, 1500-1550.

changes and constant exertion, he entered the service of the Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici and was given every aid in the pursuit of art. Later, fortune assigned him a place near Clement VII and a position at the Court of Alexander, Duke of Florence. But it was during the latter part of his life that Vasari accomplished his works of painting and architecture in Arezzo, Pisa, Florence, Rome, and other cities, and also set himself to leave on record everything that he knew, or could find out, about the great Artists who would make this age illustrious for all time.

With the exuberance and wildly luxuriant nature of the Italian genius at its best, Vasari lacked the self-control of Alberti, Da Vinci and Michael Angelo. His best work was in architecture and may be seen to-day in the Palazzo Vecchio and the Loggia degli Uffizi of Florence. His prodigality in painting was his ruin in this branch of Art, but we remember with pleasure his pictures in the Colonna Palace at Rome and in the Cathedral of Pisa.

Vasari is, however, the biographer *par excellence* of the Renaissance. And the ardor and generosity with which he writes of his contemporaries reminds us of the French rather than of the Italians. His work is in 7 large volumes, and new editions and translations are issued to-day. Of course one notes many interesting facts in the gossipy Vasari which cannot be transcribed here. His quotations from Dante are forceful, and he says he has in his possession some of the work of Oderigi d'Aggobbio and Franco Bolognese, to whom Dante alludes in the 11th of the Purgatorio.

In the glowing praise of Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Raphael Vasari is at his best, and students of the native literature will find copious extracts from these "Lives" in their compendiums. It is Vasari who preserved for us Giov. Battista Strozzi's lines on Michelangelo's Night:

"The Night, here wrapped in sleep so heavenly,
Was by an angel sculptured in this stone;

She sleeps, but is alive; this you will own,
For if you wake her, she will speak to thee."

And the reply ascribed to Michelangelo:

"Grateful to me is sleep: to be of stone still more,
While wrong and shame their wicked works devise;
To see not, not to feel is fortune's prize:
O wake me not; speak low, I do implore."

— a valuable revelation of the attitude of the great genius towards the tyrants who patronized him.

To gain an idea, however, of Vasari's magnanimous spirit it is necessary to turn to his chapter on Celebrated Women, where he says:

"It is a remarkable thing that in all those arts and exercises in which, in any age, women have wished to participate with any ardor, they have always reached the point of excellence and become more than famous; as with an infinity of examples it would be very easy to show.

"And certainly everyone knows how universally they excel in economic affairs, besides that in the things of war even one knows who was Camilla, Arpalice, Valasca, Tomyris, Penthesilea, Molpadia, Oritia, Antiope, Ippolita, Semiramide, Zenobia; who, finally, was Fulvia of Marcantonio, who, as says Dion, the historian, many times armed herself to defend her husband and herself. But in poetry still more they have been most marvelous, as relates Pausanias. Corinna was very celebrated in versifying; and Eustazio in the catalogue of the ships of Homer makes mention of Sappho, a most honored maiden (the same mentioned by Eusebius in the book of the Times), who although indeed she was a woman, was such an one that she was superior by a great deal to all the excellent writers of that age."

"But certainly in no other age is this better known than in ours; where women have won the greatest fame not only in the pursuit of literature, as have now the signora Vittoria Colonna, the signora Veronica Gambara, the signora Caterina Anguissola, la Schioppa, la Nuga-

rola, madonna Laura Battiferra and a hundred others, in their native tongue as well as in the Latin and Greek most learned, but even in all the other departments. Nor are they ashamed, to take from us the boast of superiority, to put their white hands in mechanical things and amid the roughness of marbles and the harshness of iron to execute their wishes and carry off fame, as did in our day Properzia de' Rossi of Bologna. All the men envied her. She was very beautiful and excelled in everything she undertook. By the caprice and versatility of her talent she began by carving the kernels of peaches. She then sculptured the ornamentation of the three doors of San Petronio in Bologna."

Then Vasari praises Sister Plautilla Nelli, who was living when he wrote, and tells us that we can see her painting of the Deposition in the Academy of Fine Arts in Florence. He also praises madonna Lucrezia Quistelli della Mirandola and Sofonisba Anguissola as great painters, and tells how Philip of Spain sent for the latter and kept her at his court, adding that there were sent to Duke Cosimo pictures from the hands of Sofonisba and Michelangelo at the same time.

Perhaps no name stands for the debasement and atrocity of the Renaissance more emphatically than that of *Benvenuto Cellini* (1500-1571). It is a common impression that he performed his devotions regularly and systematically while he boasted at the same time that there was no crime he had not committed. In the various capacities of gold-worker, sculptor, founder, médailleur and writer, this strange man has been pronounced by his art-loving and critical countrymen " eccellentissimo." We view his bronze group of " Perseus with the Head of Medusa " in the Loggia dei Lanzi of Florence, and his splendid shield in Windsor Castle with unbounded admiration. So that from many points of view we come to the reading of his pages with great expectations.

In telling the story of his own " Life," Cellini has no reservations, and pours out his confidences with a child's

spontaneity and delight. It is easy to see why the Italians were pleased with this sort of writing, for from the time of the sublime Dante they had known nothing of that naïveté, which invests anything in the form of self-revelation with a fascinating power. At this point we see how strikingly the Italians differ from the French. The French have always prized erudition; but it must conceal itself in the guise of natural power, charm, enthusiasm or taste. The Italians value only that which bears the marks of study, toil, polish, Art. With the French "it is the height of Art to conceal Art;" with the Italians everything of merit must speak in the language of Art. Cellini pleased his countrymen by defying them, by proving that he could entertain them in a new way, and by showing them that no attainment was beyond their reach.

To us his ruffianly confidences are somewhat atoned for by the vivid, realistic way in which he depicts his age. As gold-worker, founder and médailleur he was on a familiar footing with Clement VII, who, he often declares, "was in a bestial fury;" with Paul III, who absolved Cellini for a homicide, and turning to the apostolic notary, said: "You know men like Benvenuto, unique in their profession, are not obliged to obey the laws;" with Francis I of France, at whose court he received the same stipend given Leonardo da Vinci, and in whose halls of justice Cellini found an explanation of one of the most obscure and difficult passages of Dante; and with Cosimo I of Florence, for whom he made his statue of Perseus, and under whose protection, at the age of 58, he began to write this "Life."

Rambling on in his free and easy style Cellini tells us of his acquaintance with Bembo, of his quarrels with Vasari, of his friendship with Luigi Alamanni, of the beautiful letter written him in praise of his Perseus by the divine Michelangelo; of the sonnet written upon the rumor of his death by Varchi.

As to his moral character, Cellini seems to have possessed but the one virtue of physical courage. The com-

mon report that he performed regular devotions is utterly refuted by his book. On the occasion of a serious illness he did, indeed, turn his thoughts to religion, and towards the close of his life thought of wearing the tonsure as an expiation for his crimes. But he frankly describes himself as insensible to the refinements of morality.

Cellini's artistic temperament, his ecstasy over his work, the devotion, toil, patience and perseverance which he displayed in that work, all these have endeared him to lovers of art, and never has a moral delinquent been more fully forgiven. But there is so much that is repulsive, shocking and abominable in his book, that no modern Italian ever speaks of it without reprehension, even though valuing its enrichment of the Literature. For myself, I do not admire Cellini's careless writing, ungrammatical, slovenly and unpolished as it is. While he reminds us of Boccaccio and Bandello in his tastes, he deviates widely from them in his skill.

CHAPTER VII

THE RELIGIOUS POET OF THE RENAISSANCE

IN Vittoria Colonna we find the highest type of the advanced woman, the pioneer of her sex, who, mutatis mutandis, bears the same characteristics in every age. She bends her noblest energies to the development of her own best gifts, magnifies them and rejoices in them, that she may spur the world to holier living and happier abiding. Though a married woman, she never dreams of being merged in the individuality of another; though raised by her princely position above all need of work, she ceases not to toil day and night in the most exacting kind of labor; she follows no prescribed form of feminine occupation, but places herself on an equal footing with the most distinguished men of her age; above all, she is absolutely true to those diviner instincts which draw her Heavenward and bows in meekest adoration before the precepts of revealed religion.

Such is the portrait the Colonnese has unconsciously painted of herself in her beautiful Poems. It is a mistake to divide these into Secular Poems and Religious Poems. Poetry as a Fine Art has always occupied itself with all that man holds sacred, and lyric poetry takes the highest rank psychologically because it is the soul's revelation of itself, and needs no further witness.

He who knows nothing of the charms of poetry is poverty-stricken in mind and soul; but he who has not discovered that in poetry are treasured up the deepest truths of philosophy and religion must be doomed as a mental pauper to live on the charity of others. The noble Vit-

toria does indeed seize upon this means to show her power as an artist, and as a disciple of the Petrarchian school we could not expect her to show less delight in the technique of her art than was shown so universally by those who were less skilled. But she says (Sonnet XLVIII) "from her first years Heaven made her heart to noble works as soft wax to a solid seal, and her ardent breast the secret and trusted abode where her lofty spirit often divested itself of beautiful thoughts."

And though the Marquis of Pescara is the avowed subject of the whole body of Vittoria's miscellaneous poems, how decided is her divergence from the infatuated imitators of Petrarch who surround her. This love of hers is, itself, a large part of Vittoria's religion. She says "it drew her out of every worldly error;" it "inflamed her to avoid the ire and the deceptions of the world and to despise this mortal coil." In one of her most passionate effusions (Sonnet LXXVII) after asking "what rich gift, what holy and pious wish, what humble prayer with pure faith offered could show her husband's worth," she replies,

> "I have made my own heart sacred to you,
> Which has already suffered for you a thousand wounds.
> And still you see it naked and open,
> Soft with weeping and hot with desire."

All of these sonnets might be rightly called, "The praise of marriage as a Divine Institution." This is openly acknowledged by Pietro Bembo, who, in exchanging Sonnets with the Marchesana, tells her that her spouse "is happy, in that he sees from the bless'd kingdom how holy is her love," and that "she herself is noble because she has immortalized her chaste marital affection." The Sonnet (No. XXXVII) in which Vittoria "envies the fate of the parents of Francesco Molza, who die on the same day," is one of the most beautiful tributes to Christian Marriage that has ever been penned.

Never was the scriptural injunction "Be courteous"

more exquisitely exemplified than by this devout woman. She congratulates Bembo upon his "Asolani;" weeps with Molza on the death of his parents; writes an obituary sonnet on Jacopo Sannazzaro; thanks Paolo Giovio for his Life of Pescara; sets forth the merits of Guidiccioni, and praises her rival, Veronica Gambara, to the skies.

Long before she turns her attention exclusively to sacred themes, we find refreshing allusions to Bible narratives, as, for instance, in Sonnet XVII, where, sporting like a gymnast with her Petrarchian title for her husband — "il mio bel sole," she yet writes:

"When from my rocky isle I look around
And in the red dawn view the earth and sky,
Within my heart the mists mount up so high,
That vanished is the loveliness I found.

Thought rises with the sun; and I am bound
To mine, whose rays the heavenly ones outvie,
And from this other one, as time goes by,
He calls my soul with his own dulcet sound.

And like Elias in his fiery car,
Though with its golden one the amorous mind
Feigns him to come and burst the envious bar,

And change the fate that has been so unkind
To an eternal bliss; then not so far
The spirit feels the state for which it pined."

But elevated and charming as we find this portion of her work, it gives no intimation of the power and scope of that which is to follow. The Italians speak of her "stupendous thoughts," and when we remember that the delicate and difficult problems of a "new theology" had prostrated many of the finest intellects of that age, we are indeed astounded at the magnificent mental poise displayed by the Marchesana. It is through such writings as those of Vittoria Colonna that we make the glad discovery that there never has been, nor yet can be, a new theology. We use the term only to express a new intellectual aspect of spiritual truths; but the spiritual truths

themselves are the same " which were spoken by the mouth of the holy prophets, which have been since the world began." In proof of this let me adduce the 19th Sonnet of the Religious Poems:

" Ah! could I see by faith that burns and lives
How God created us in love alone,
How for our sins His sufferings did atone,
How man ungratefully that loves receives;

How He sustains us; and how freely gives
With bounteous hand His riches, pouring down
His treasures; for each caring as a son,
And most for one who loves Him and believes.

And how in His eternal blest abode,
He clothes it all afresh with joy's own light,
When a strong warrior He can prize and love;

But since through my own sin to such a height
My earth-born thoughts can never find the road,
How He can pardon I at least can prove."

The vast superiority of these sonnets to all those with which the world was then flooded favors the suggestion, as in the case of Dante, that " the human mind does not know how strong it can prove itself until it is consecrated to the truth."

But if we are carried up to heights of grandeur and sublimity in these Poems, and in the contemplation of objective truth feel the insignificance of earthly fate, we must acknowledge that our poet has placed us under a still greater weight of obligation in the revelation of her personal experience. In the exquisite tenderness with which she speaks to us heart to heart, we feel the quickening of our own devotional life, and we breathe out our prayers in her lines.

The great era of the Reformation is brought before us in these celebrated sonnets, and we see that though revealed truth is perceived to be the same in every age, questions of ecclesiastical procedure may agitate the strongest minds. Vittoria reflects this agitation, but shows her-

self calm and unperturbed by the din around her. What repose, serenity and peace we find in Sonnet XLIX!

"The eye Divine of the eternal sphere,
Which sees whate'er in the wide world takes place,
Lifts from the loving spirit by His grace,
The frigid doubtings of a servile fear;

The thoughts, the words, the faiths of all appear
Plainly before His omnipresent face;
No power will He suffer, nor a base
Deceit to keep prayer from His listening ear.

'Neath His just empire and sweet rule secure
We should not, like our parents in the garden,
Blame others with our errors dark and dim;

But with hope kindled and repentance pure,
Passing beyond the priest's robe and his pardon,
We should lay open all our faults to Him."

In the biographical sketch we noticed Vittoria's friendship for Bernardino Ochino. None the less remarkable was her loyalty to the Church of her birth and the great dignitaries who adorned it. Her sonnets to Pope Paul III and to the Cardinals, Pole, Bembo, Colonna and Contarini, give us one of the few examples of a person in power subordinating everything to personal holiness. Too often have the rich, the great, the powerful given us reason to associate them with mere material gratification and earthly pleasure. But here we find that a princess, who receives constant adulation, and lives her whole life in ease, can find in life an ideal basis and prove that she is nobly planned

"To warn, to comfort and command."

In her sonnet to the Cardinal Gaspare Contarini she likens the Gaspar, who, as one of the Magi, followed the star in the East, to her noble friend and says:

"When upon earth the great sun from the skies
Came down, he chose wise Gaspar to convey
The wondrous tidings and to rend away
The veil of ignorance from mortal eyes.
Swift to behold Him, with hot zeal he flies.

And his example teaches us to stay
Our eyes, too, on that bright star's burning ray,
Which melts the ice that round our hard hearts lies.
Now that He's born again in us, again
A Gaspar He selects, to show that we
In Him alone perfection can attain.
One saw Him mortal, but in Heaven's domain
The other sees Him, God, and on bent knee
Adores with rapturous love of heart and brain.[1]

And thus the poet shows us that in the devout personal piety of such men as Contarini the Roman Church rolled back the mighty wave of Protestantism, and again made good the Divine promise: "I will not destroy it for the ten's sake."

Finally, literary fame and public praise do not extinguish the domestic affections in this celebrated woman. There is no relation in life of which she does not embalm some tender memory in her verses. Forsaken, crushed and lonely as her own heart is, she pours the oil of joy upon the wounds of others; and for a remote age and distant lands she has a message of wisdom, words of consolation, thoughts that bring peace.

[1] The translation of this sonnet is kindly contributed by my father, Charles E. Trail.

The first two translations are my own; but in the one following these my labors were lightened by a quaint little volume entitled "The In Memoriam of Italy" and published anonymously.

CHAPTER VIII

A STUDY OF ARIOSTO

EVERYONE who reads is familiar with the name of Ariosto. Everyone knows that it stands no longer for a man, but for a literary masterpiece; that it constitutes one of Italy's claims to greatness and epitomizes a brilliant period of European History. Ariosto, himself, defines this species of impersonal immortality when he speaks (Canto XXXII, 1, 2,) of the illustrious painters, Parrhasius, Apollodorus, Zeuxis and Apelles, and reminds us that though their works have perished, their genius will be perpetuated forever simply by the number and renown of the writers who allude to them.

But unlike the works of the Greek painters, that of Ariosto has not perished. It not only exists, but challenges us to discover for ourselves why his name rounds a rhetorical period with so much force, and how it has come to pass that a mere mention of it obliterates his contemporaries in such literary lands as France and England.

And if we take the trouble to study the "Orlando Furioso" we shall soon see that we must search in vain for anything to take the place of this great masterpiece; — a charming romance of chivalry; a drama abounding in exquisite situations; a poem in which beauty of language vies with beauty of sentiment; an epic in which the wealth of incident suggests thoughts of infinity; a work, finally, in which the wit, the faith, the learning, the philosophy of the Renaissance itself are embodied.

The story opens with preparations for the great battle

which is to take place between the French and the Saracens, as an explanation of the situation of the beautiful Angelica, loved both by Count Orlando and his scarcely less distinguished cousin, Rinaldo. Angelica is evidently a prisoner of war and is held by Charlemagne as a prize to be given to the knight who on this eventful day shall

"Render most effective aid to the lilies of gold."

We shall follow the fortunes of the hapless girl who seems thus to be the sport of war with the greater interest, perhaps, because her previous history is as shrouded in mystery as her future fate.

The cousins, Orlando, Signor d'Anglante, and Rinaldo, Signor di Montalbano, are not less aspirants for her hand than the pagans Ferraù, the proud Spaniard, and Sacripante, king of Circassia. When, then, the French are defeated, Angelica seizes Rinaldo's horse and dashes off into the forest. Of course Rinaldo attempts to follow, but is delayed by a sharp contest with Ferraù, and meanwhile Angelica meets Sacripante and resolves to travel under his protecting care.

The keynote of the Poem, however, is struck in interweaving the name of Ruggiero with the House of Este, and we are compelled to follow the fortunes of this redoubtable champion and his betrothed bride, Bradamante, with as much ardor as we bestow upon the others. In her search for her lost lover Bradamante visits the enchantress, Melissa, and receives instructions about the magic ring, which when on the finger renders enchantments vain, and held in the mouth makes its possessor invisible. After innumerable adventures, Bradamante finds Ruggiero in Atlante's castle, and just as she is compelling him to free his prisoners, the wily villain makes Ruggiero mount his hippogriffe, and away he goes through the air and is lost to sight and sound.

At this point Ariosto takes up that wand which has made him the prince of wizards, and we do not know

whether we are laughing at him or he at us. Such drollery, such broad, farcical merriment has never been made before or since. In the driest, soberest style he tells us there are so many enchantments in this world, so many spells at work, so many unaccountable things and people; and then as his story develops he seems to say: "Now don't you see? How can such and such a thing be accounted for on any other hypothesis?"

But what has become of Angelica? At last we learn that she has been found by the corsairs of Ebuda and is now exposed to the Orcus, the fabled sea-monster of the Dark Ages, to be devoured. By the mysterious bond of sympathy, Orlando, who is with his Uncle Charlemagne in Paris, knows and feels that his "sweet life" is in some imminent peril.

"And now in every place the wearied frame
Repose unto the labored soul decrees,
To those on beds and those whom hard rocks maim,
Those on the grass 'neath beech and myrtle trees:
Thine eyelids, my Orlando, feel sleep's claim,
But grievous thoughts have tak'n away thy ease,
And not ev'n this — a brief and fleeting sleep —
Can they in joy and peace now let thee keep.

Orlando seems to see on a green sward,
Coloured by flowers of the sweetest scent,
That wondrous ivory, that crimson poured
By Love, — the tint when he his own hand lent.
And the two lovely stars so clear, where soared
Souls caught in nets spread with Love's own intent.
I speak about her eyes, her face so fair.
From out his breast his very heart they tear.

He feels the greatest pleasure, greatest joy
That any happy lover ever felt:
But lo! a tempest issues to destroy.
Upon the flowers and plants hard blows are dealt.
Not forces like to these do winds employ
When North and South and East together tilt.
Some covering to find he seems to seek.
Wand'ring in vain thro' deserts bare and bleak.

Meanwhile the unhappy one (he knows not how)
Loses his lady thro' the dusky air;
With his own name on this side, on that now,
The fields and woods resound, awakening fear.

And while he speaks — his misery to avow —
And asks who changed his rapture to despair,
He hears his lady plaintively demand
His aid, and to him then herself commend.

Whither that call has summoned there he speeds,
Hither and thither laboring to move, —
O harsh and bitter grief when now recedes
That ray of light, barring him from his love!
Behold elsewhere a voice, while his heart bleeds
He hears: "Hope not for her where'er thou 'dst rove!"
And wakened by this agony of fears,
He finds himself bathed in a flood of tears.

Not thinking his imaginings all vain, —
His dreams created by desires or fears,
Only his loved one he must needs regain,
Whom he now deems a prey to shame or tears.
And from his bed he leaps, cursing such pain.
With plate and mail — all that a brave knight wears —
He clothes himself and Brigliadoro takes,
Nor least request of any esquire makes.

At midnight hour he silently departs,
Nor to his Uncle any mention makes:
To speak the word adieu, tho' close their hearts,
Not ev'n his Brandimarte he awakes.
But when the sun with scattered golden darts
Its gorgeous dwelling plainly now forsakes,
And drives the dusky shadows from their lair,
The king knows then the knight is no more there."

But Orlando is not destined to rescue Angelica. He is only the hero of the people. He is French, and not Italian. Cardinal Ippolito and Ariosto know very well that the real hero is Ruggiero — on the hippogriffe, accompanied, if you will, by what we even yet call *luck* and as such a hero worth immortalizing.

Ruggiero overcomes the monster by blinding him with an enchanted shield, and, giving the magic ring to Angelica, she immediately puts it in her mouth, becomes invisible and wanders off at her own sweet will. As the poet says,

"But turn we to Angelica a while,
Who bears with her the ring of wondrous charm,
Which on her finger saves from mortal guile,
And in her mouth blinds all who'd save or harm.

Now having in a mountain cave erewhile
Found food and horse and dress, — all that would arm
For painful journey, — she designed to roam
Towards India and her own beloved home.

Gladly Orlando would she fain enlist,
Or Sacripante, for companion now,
Not that she held one of them dear, she wist
She was rebellious to the binding vow.
But trav'ling to the Levant 'twould assist
In passing towns and beetling castle's brow,
To have a friend and helper at her side,
Nor could she trust as much another guide.

One or the other long time then she sought,
Ere indication or a hope appeared;
Sometimes in towns and now in cities' mart,
Now in deep woods, anon the highways neared.
Orlando's haunt now kindly fortune taught,
Where Sacripante and Ferraù steered,
With brave Ruggiero, Gradasso and those
Whom old Atlante wrapped in magic's close.

She enters there, th'enchanter sees her not,
And searches all, concealed still by the ring,
And finds Orlando's, Sacripante's lot
To search for her — in vain — still on the wing.
She sees how feigning her, Atlante's plot
Involves for all fraud and deception's sting.
And much she ponders, studying in her heart
Whom she shall turn from the magician's art."

But Angelica concludes to go on her way alone, and the next incident of importance is the Moors' assault on Paris and the death of their king, Dardinello. The touching episode of "faithful and pleasing Medoro, who has loved his lord in life and in death," and who in penetrating the Christian camp to obtain his lord's lifeless body, is grievously wounded, stirs our deepest interest, as it does that of Angelica, passing by this way.

Angelica gives her heart and her hand to Medoro, and then the deep minor strain of the Poem manifests itself in episodes which lead up to the revelation of Orlando's madness. The most striking of these is the beautiful love story of Isabella and Zerbino.

It is soon after Orlando has restored Isabella to Zer-

bino that he arrives at the spot where Angelica and Medoro were married and where they have left all sorts of words, sentences and inscriptions testifying to the fact. Orlando's heart sinks within him at sight of the first of these, but the increasing number of the statements presses home the certainty of his irrevocable loss, and overwhelming grief drives reason from its throne. The celebrated stanzas describing his unhappy condition may be found in Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe."

It is his devoted friend, Oliver (or Oliviero), who at length rescues the wretched Orlando, and this is for the purpose of rejoicing over the conversion of Ruggiero, with whom and the renowned Bradamante every episode in this labyrinthine tale is in some way connected. The story of course ends with their happy marriage and final conquest over every enemy. We do not expect to remember all that has happened, but we cannot forget the Amazon, Marfisa, the heroine above all others peculiar to chivalry, and the prototype of Spenser's Britomart and Tasso's Clorinda. Ariosto's admiration for the fair sex admirably qualified him to be the poet of Chivalry. He often alludes to the great women of antiquity and by name to Sappho, Corinna, Arpalice, Camilla, Tomyris, Zenobia and Dido. Several exquisite stanzas are devoted to a eulogy of Vittoria Colonna, and flattering allusions are made to Lucrezia Borgia, Isabella of Ferrara, Lucrezia Bentivoglio and other celebrated women of the 16th century.

The Poem embraces descriptions of famous sculptures, references to the renowned warriors of the age, mention of illustrious painters, and praise of fellow-writers. Claiming to be the work of an improvisator, hurrying us on in its sudden transitions, its laughable explanations with a gaiety, a brilliancy, a vivacity found nowhere else in all Literature, it is really the work of an accomplished scholar, carrying us through the great social revolution embodied in Chivalry and bringing us out into the open day of Modern History. And when we find that in view

of the end intended the charms of language have never been carried to greater perfection, we understand why the "Orlando Furioso" must ever be numbered among the glories of Italy and the treasures of the world.

CHAPTER IX

MACCHIAVELLI AND HIS "PRINCE"

BEFORE attempting a discussion of this celebrated treatise, it may be well to transcribe such passages as constitute its distinctive character.

In Chapter III under the subject of mixed principalities we read:

"Either make a man your friend, or put it out of his power to be your enemy. He may revenge a slight injury, but a great one deprives him of his power to avenge. Hence the injury should be of such magnitude that the prince shall have nothing to dread from his vengeance."

Chapter V treats of newly conquered countries and we are told that the safest way to treat them is to ruin them. For otherwise "whoever becomes master of a free State and does not destroy it, may expect to be ruined by it himself."

Chapter VII gives us a highly laudatory account of Cæsar Borgia, commonly called Duke Valentino, who humbled the powerful family of the Colonne at Rome by corrupting all the persons of distinction who adhered to them either by bribes, appointments or commands; who gained over one member of the Orsini family by rich presents and friendly offices so that the others were prevailed on to attend the Duke at an interview at Sinigaglia, where they were all treacherously murdered; who subjugated Romagna by appointing Ramiro d'Orco, a cruel, brutal man, as governor, and causing him to be massacred and publicly exposed upon a gibbet as soon as he had satisfied the Duke's ferocity.

"Upon a thorough review of the Duke's conduct and actions," says Macchiavelli, "I cannot reproach him with having omitted any precaution; and I feel that he merits being proposed as a model to all who by fortune or foregin arms succeed in acquiring sovereignty."

It is not, however, until we reach Chapter XV that we come upon the frank avowal of the author's policy. "As I write," he says, "only for those who possess sound judgment, I thought it better to treat this subject as it really is, in fact, than to amuse the imagination with visionary models of republics and governments which have never existed. For the manner in which men now live is so different from the manner in which they ought to live, that he who deviates from the common course of practice, and endeavors to act as duty dictates, necessarily ensures his own destruction."

This, of course, is the turning-point of the whole book. We are not, then, so surprised to find its inculcations growing more and more revolting.

"A prudent prince," we are told, "cannot and ought not to keep his word."

"It is necessary thoroughly to understand the art of feigning and dissembling: and men are generally so simple and so weak, that he who wishes to deceive easily finds dupes."

"I maintain that a prince, and especially a new prince, cannot with impunity exercise all the virtues, because his own self-preservation will often compel him to violate the laws of charity, religion and humanity."

It seems that all analyses of the "Prince" are supplemented by references to the "Discourses on Livy," whose maxims are of the same atrocious character, such as:

"To rise from a middling station to splendid fortune, cunning is more availing than force."

Again: "He makes the fewest mistakes and has the best fortune who always adapts himself to the age he lives in and never proceeds as nature dictates," &c. &c.

These strengthen and verify the author's position in

the "Prince," and account for the strong language which the critics use towards it.

It is difficult for us, by the utmost stretch of the imagination, to picture to ourselves the awe-inspiring effect of this little book when first published. We live in an age when one person's opinion is deemed as good as another's. But it was not so when the "Prince" issued from the printing-press. The book has the tone of authority which belongs to genius, and in that age men bowed before it not only because it was a *book*, but also as the work of a preëminently powerful, subtle, masterful intellect. The history of this book forms a separate chapter in the history of Nations. Its influence upon the Reformation in England has been regarded as supreme. Evidence exists that Cromwell under Henry VIII and Burleigh under Elizabeth guided the State by the principles laid down in the "Prince." The monarchs of continental Europe indignantly denounced it — as it unveiled the very means and methods which they had often used. And from another point of view the crimes of the Sixteenth Century (culminating in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew) were traced to this little treatise as their instigator. Our part is to pronounce upon its literary, rather than its political, significance.

As an open inculcation of perfidy, corruption, immorality and irreligion the "Prince" as a work of genius stands alone. The great question before the world has always been, "What did Macchiavelli mean by it?" Was he in earnest or in jest? Is the book a mere statement of the despotism and misrule which then prevailed in Italy, or is it, as Victor Hugo thought, an exaggeration in order to create revolt?

A lower order of talent may occupy itself with wickedness, but genius has never yet found it a congenial theme. The explanation of the great Italian's work can only be found in a study of the Italian genius. That we are finding out is on a scale of overpowering magnificence. With the Italians everything must have artistic effect. Mac-

chiavelli is a magnificent logician. He can abstract the one element of governing from the many elements that go to make up life, concentrate the whole attention of a powerful intellect upon it and pursue it to definite and remorseless conclusions. Like the eagle he can face the sun. But men of feebler intellect cannot keep up with him. To say that Macchiavelli admired the whole character of Cæsar Borgia because he admired his one ability to take the means to secure his end is absurd. Such was the universal culture in Italy, that Macchiavelli, in writing upon the very skeleton of a subject, must needs make a work of Art.

But why should we omit his own solution of his riddle? For few nobler things have ever been written than the closing pages of the "Prince." To deliver his beloved Italy from the foreign powers was the object of all his striving. His bitterest critics have to acknowledge that his patriotism glows throughout his writings, and he wins all hearts by closing with Petrarch's fervid lines:

> "Lo, valour against rage
> Shall take up arms, nor shall the fight be long;
> For that old heritage
> Of courage in Italian hearts is stout and strong."

Is it indeed not a mere affectation to pretend that statesmen have *not* acted upon false and faithless principles without any instruction from Macchiavelli? Given the morality which then prevailed in Italy, and all that Macchiavelli's inculcations amount to is, "While you are doing this dirty work, do it like an artist; be thorough, be effective." After the lapse of nearly four hundred years, while I am writing this article, the latest issues of two leading magazines are pointed out to me as containing discussions of this very subject. And the name of Macchiavelli is brought forward to show that the question whether the State *ought* to have a conscience is not yet settled. Indeed when Gladstone made his political début with the assertion that the State must have both

a conscience and a heart, he was regarded as "exquisitely ridiculous" by Lord Melbourne and Lord Palmerston.

The great principle and turning point of Macchiavelli's treatise is that he "treats the subject as it really is." That the English learned this from the astute Italian may or may not be true; but they, more than any people on earth, have treated all subjects as they really are. That has been the secret of their political success, and it is a principle which is well worth pondering. High-flown, visionary sentimentality has wrecked many a social enterprise, and while each one of us is bound to work out an individual ideal which is superior to the ideal of our age, we may not tamper with the rights and wrongs of men in general except we stand firmly upon the solid ground of indisputable reality.

As critics, the English stand first in their open admiration of Macchiavelli. The incomparable Hallam is never more eloquent than when on this subject. Indeed he rises to the moral sublime when he says: "Macchiavelli's crime in the eyes of the world, and it was truly a crime, was to have cast away the veil of hypocrisy, the profession of a religious adherence to maxims, which at the same moment were violated." Macaulay is the apologist, extenuator and vindicator of the subtle Macchiavelli, even embellishing side issues in order to produce an effect of perfect harmony. The English translator for the Bell Publishers is dignified, but enthusiastic; calm, but partial to the point of being untruthful. On the other hand, the Italians never indulge in any immoderate expressions of approbation for the author of the "Prince." Cantù is bitterly depreciative and openly hostile to him. Ambrosoli is deprecatory, restrained and timid. Tiraboschi is fair and impartial, but not laudatory.

But while the "Prince" will always stand as an unimpeachable witness to the depravity and atrocity of the Renaissance, its author is no longer regarded as the inventor of this state of affairs, or as the sanctioner of political crimes. He is known to have replied to his ac-

cusers, "If I taught princes how to tyrannize, I also taught the people how to destroy them." His own life was devoted to republican principles and he sought what he believed to be his country's welfare. Dante believed that Italy could only be saved by submitting to a foreign yoke. In spirit and essence Macchiavelli's burning patriotism reminds us forcibly of Dante's; but the clairvoyance of the statesman enabled Macchiavelli to see further than Dante, and on fame's eternal bead-roll no name stands higher than his in being identified with the splendid hope of a free and a United Italy.

CHAPTER X

WRITERS OF THE RENAISSANCE

The Afterglow. — 1550-1625

THE Academy Della Crusca. This would seem to be the place to refer to the influence of the literary societies, known as Academies, which flourished in every city of Italy. The idea originated at a convivial gathering held in Florence in 1541. Sobriquets suggested by the banquet were conferred on individuals, and, later, upon the societies into which they grouped themselves. They were the "Vinedressers," the "Etherials," the "Inflamed," the "Lynxes," &c. By far the most famous of these societies was that of the "Sifters" of Florence, or the Academy of the Sieve, known throughout Europe as the Crusca, as its fame, second in the history of such societies only to that of the great French Academy, did not permit the word to be translated. The Crusca was formally organized in 1582, and among other interesting facts we find that a comedy written by Lorenzino dei Medici, entitled "L'Aridosio," was selected as a model of the Tuscan tongue. The office of First-Consul of the Crusca was held by the nephew of the great Michaelangelo, who was called Buonarroti Michaelangelo and, in devoting his talents to the enrichment of the language, he wrote two comedies, "La Tancia," and "La Fiera" (The Fair), which were used as standards in the compilation of the great Vocabolario. This important work was given to the world in 1612 and would, alone, immortalize and justify the labors of the Crusca. But like all such societies, it began very early to cultivate criticism

at the expense of originality, and when it undertook to place Ariosto above Tasso, it not only did much to embitter the unfortunate Tasso, who was then living, but, inasmuch as Ariosto was dead and Tasso living, it gave a death-blow to the creative imagination of the nation.

The Censorship of the Inquisition. Another institution which exercised a pronounced influence upon the period we are now to consider was that of the Holy Office, or the Italian Inquisition, founded by Pope Paul III, by a bull dated April 1st, 1543. Of the Academies that of Modena was the most celebrated for its ecclesiastical discussions. Marcantonio Flaminio, Sadoleto, Sigonio, the famous antiquary, and Castelvetro were citizens of Modena. Not only was Castelvetro singled out by the Holy Office for persecution, but the whole Academy of Modena was scattered and suppressed. It was all under cover of a literary discussion, but the rumor that the Society had accepted the reformed doctrines was the real cause of the ecclesiastical prosecution. For at this time it was a well ascertained fact that Luther's and Melancthon's writings were read with avidity in Italy, and the cultivated class sympathized with the Reformers. This action of the Church, therefore, put an end to free inquiry throughout the length and breadth of the land, and a negative, passive mental attitude was the result. The strongest person on the side of freedom was the learned Olympia Morata, the ornament and idol of Ferrara. In full sympathy with the celebrated Duchess Renée, these two brave women strengthened the faith of all who protested against religious tyranny, until they, too, were obliged to flee for their lives, — Renée into France, and Olympia into Germany. In 1559 the first list of books prohibited by the Church was set forth by Pope Paul IV. Sixty-one printers were put under a general ban and Dante's treatise, "De Monarchia," was placed in the Index Expurgatorius. This deadly wounding of the literary heart was received in sullen silence. The nation realized that centuries must pass before it could recover its elasticity.

There is a great diversity of opinion as to the period in which Tasso should be placed. The religious character of his Poem separates him widely from the mocking cinquecentists. But as a creative genius the glamor of the Renaissance surrounds him, and I have taken it upon myself to make a Chapter which shall include him with his rival Guarini and the scientific geniuses who made these last years of the 16th century so great and glorious.

Torquato Tasso (1544-1594) was born at Sorrento, inheriting from his father literary taste and poetical ability. Having received as fine an education as this wonderful age could give, his genius attracted him to poetry at the age of seventeen. No romance of the imagination has ever equaled the romance of his life, and his misfortunes constitute a separate chapter in the history of the human mind.

At the age of twenty-one, in 1565, he came to the Ducal Court of Ferrara, one of the most brilliant in Italy, and was warmly received by Alphonso d'Este, the Duke, and his sisters, Leonora, and Lucretia, afterwards the Duchess of Urbino, — for the fame of his "Rinaldo" had traveled all over the country. Many beautiful sonnets and madrigals at this time attest his growing passion for Leonora d'Este, and when Leonora San Vitale, Countess of Scandiano, came to the court, his poems seem to indicate that he paid court to *her* and wrote poetry to *her* in order to veil his love for the princess. Thus we find him saying,

"I am not faithless! No! — oh, no.
But with too fond belief,
And heart too humble, and too low
False I appear, — with grief:
Pity me, lady! — and because
My stars will have me now
But the mere ghost of what I was,
To my poor shade allow
Seeming another's, by each sign,
Only to be more truly thine."

TOM. II. MAD. CCCLXXVI.
Trans. by R. H. WILDE.

And though internal evidence seems to suggest that this was by the advice of the princess, she herself, could not endure the test. For many things go to prove that she returned Tasso's love.

About this time he published his "Amynta," a pastoral drama of exquisite taste, which was acted before the Court of Ferrara. Its great success stirred up the greatest jealousy and envy in his literary contemporaries, especially in Guarini and Pigna. Their literary warfare makes very enjoyable reading, especially when Tasso answers his accusers in such lines as,

> "Yes! at my will I freeze or glow,
> Loyal — not lost to shame,
> A lover and no foe.
> Thy light thoughts may disclaim
> Alike my fire and snow, —
> But scorned by Love, and Hate and Fame
> Thy senseless proud words go."
>
> MAD. CCLXXXVI.
> Trans. by R. H. WILDE.

In 1573 Tasso went with the Cardinal Luigi d'Este to France to visit the Court of Charles IX, and it was there that he made the promise of writing the "Jerusalem Delivered," which was finished in 1575. In 1576 he went to visit the Duchess of Urbino, because he had had an open quarrel and fight with a man named Madalo, who had stolen his private papers out of a locked box in the poet's room, having compelled a locksmith to make him a key. And while Tasso was at Pesaro with the Duchess of Urbino, he was arrested for drawing a knife upon one of the servants in her presence. Alphonso ordered his imprisonment in the convent of San Francesco. But after a few months he escaped from Ferrara, and, after a period of sad wanderings, finally reached his sister Cornelia at Sorrento. This touching event is beautifully set forth in the lines of Mrs. Hemans.

Now it is supposed that in the stolen letters and poems Tasso's love for Leonora d'Este was revealed. Under the

prevailing manners and customs the Duke had a perfect right to kill him for such temerity, but rather than do this Alphonso persuaded him to act the madman, and Tasso was so passionately in love with Leonora, that he was willing to sacrifice his dignity, and his very humanity, in the vain hope of being allowed at last to be with her.

A thorough explanation of this strange story has been given in that able study, "Conjectures concerning the Love, Madness and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso," by Richard Henry Wilde, one of the few Americans who have made a thorough study of a chapter of Italian Literature, and his work is founded on that of P. A. Serassi, 1721-1791.

Tasso was indeed subject to melancholy; and his literary enemies, his religious doubts, his friends' treachery, the loss of his position at court, Alphonso's requirements and, above all, his hopeless love did, indeed, almost madden him. He left Sorrento and came back to Ferrara, but was received so coldly, that in April, 1578, he took a formal departure, after thirteen years' servitude, and wandered to Padua, Mantua, Venice, and then to Urbino, under the protection of the Duke, who was now separated from Lucretia d'Este.

From Urbino he went to Turin; but the longing to return to Ferrara could not be subdued, and for the third time he appeared in this fatal place. Being refused audience by the Duke and Princesses, Tasso broke out in the greatest rage and abused everybody: whereupon the Duke gave orders that he should be confined in the Hospital of Sant'Anna, an asylum for the indigent sick and insane. This was in March 1579, and for seven years he languished there in indescribable misery.

The letters to crowned heads, the madrigals, sonnets, and lyrics, prose essays and discourses which issued from his prison evinced not only a perfectly sound intellect, but contain bursts of impassioned eloquence, arguments sustained by keenest reasoning, and many proofs of consummate genius.

In 1581 Leonora d'Este died, the single line which chronicles the event in the Ducal archives of Ferrara simply adding that she preferred a life of celibacy. Tasso's verse has made her name familiar to the world. He had written,

> To Scythia and to Lybia's sands thy name
> Shall fly, in triumph borne, upon my lays;
> And arms, and wars, and heroes find their fame
> Rivalled by Modesty and Beauty's praise."

As R. H. Wilde says, "this noble confidence in his own power was not unfounded." Everlasting renown has been the gift of his love and genius.

Not the slightest reference to Leonora's death is to be found in any of the letters, poems or papers of Tasso.

A volume of poetry commemorated the event, and Tasso's is the only name among contemporaneous poets which is wanting. But not many months after this, in October 1581, his health was much broken down, and he had apparitions and believed himself to be bewitched. Modern science has established the fact that such hallucinations are the result of physical malady and leave the mind itself entirely unimpaired.

At length, in 1586 Alphonso consented to the release of Tasso and gave him up to Vincenzo Gonzaga, the Duke of Mantua, on condition that he would not leave Mantua. Tasso lived nine years longer, was offered a professorship in Genoa, and was treated by everyone not only as sane, but wise. He had been cruelly deprived of the pecuniary profits of his literary work by direct robbery on the part of his publishers. But all Italy had always believed in his genius, and the time had now arrived when his friends could procure for him the honors of a coronation in the capitol of Rome. He had already taken refuge in the convent of San Onofrio, feeling that his health was failing, and on the eve of the day appointed for the coronation his spirit passed beyond the reach of human judgment and reward.

But if ungrateful Italy delayed her honors and adverse fortune refused to relent during the life of Tasso, all was changed after his death. Since then Italy has pronounced him her most perfect writer, for if Tasso never reaches the facility and magnificence of Ariosto, the lovely languor of his verse is, nevertheless, always in keeping with his sad and pensive themes. No one has ever received more splendid homage from foreigners. Mrs. Hemans, Byron and Mme. de Staël have placed imperishable laurels on his grave, and no poet has ever paid another such a magnificent tribute as Goethe paid the unfortunate Italian in his lyric drama entitled "Torquato Tasso."

Battista Guarini (1539-1612), as the literary member of a family which had been distinguished for learning for 200 years, as Tasso's rival, and as the greatest of the "Arcadians," deserves the attention of every student of Italian Literature. No single verdict could pass muster against that of the world which called for 40 editions of Guarini's Poem during his life-time, and translated it into almost every civilized language, including Latin, Greek and Hebrew.

For ten years after attaining manhood — from 1557 to 1567 — Guarini occupied the chair of learning in the University of Ferrara, which had been made illustrious by his ancestors, and these were years of tranquillity and content. But in an evil hour the aspirant for fame allowed himself to break away from his professorship and accept the post of "Courtier" to Alphonso II, the petty prince of Ferrara, who, according to the Italian practice, must needs have a literary man for his embassies. Poor Guarini groaned over the long journeys to Germany and Poland, the barbarism of the northern manners and customs as compared with Italian refinement, the inadequate remuneration he received, and the ill-treatment of his foreign friends. In short, the extreme sensitiveness of the poet began to manifest itself, and after 14 years of misery as a Courtier, Guarini gave it up in despair and resolved to retire to Padua.

But the greatest of all his worries was the increasing celebrity of his compatriot and fellow-courtier, Torquato Tasso, who superseded him in the esteem of Leonora San Vitale, as well as in that of the literati. And in these years of retirement from court, Guarini summoned all his strength to the production of a work which should eclipse Tasso's "Aminta." The result was the "Pastor Fido," by far the most successful of the many pastoral poems put forth by the Italians. It was represented at Turin in 1585 and printed at Venice in 1590.

It did not bring rest and peace, however, to the haughty, capricious temper of the poet. For again he was allured to court with the position of Secretary of State. After two years of life in this capacity Guarini became so disgusted with the Duke of Ferrara that he dismissed himself from the Duke's service, walking off calmly and deliberately, and thereby evoking the disapproval of all Italy, for the Italians despise those who injure themselves.

Wanderings in Savoy, Venice, Mantua and Florence followed, and all this time the poet was having great trouble with his many children, — quarrels and lawsuits innumerable. The saddest of his afflictions was the murder of his favorite daughter, Anna, who was killed by her jealous husband, Count Ercole Trotti, in 1598. The last years of Guarini's life were spent in the fierce literary controversies to which the publication of the "Pastor Fido" gave rise; so that in laying down the budren of life at the age of 75, he must have felt that Death was the very best friend he ever had.

Giordano Bruno (1548-1600), the precursor of the school of modern Pantheistic philosophers, was born at Nola, near Naples. He entered the Dominican order of monks at the age of fifteen, but the writings of Cusano, Lulli and Telesio having fallen into his hands, he soon began to think for himself and embark upon the career of intellectual martyr. Doubts in regard to the doctrines of Transubstantiation and the Immaculate Conception

compelled him to flee from his convent. Taking refuge in Geneva, his bold, restless spirit could not endure the dogmatism of the strict Calvinists. The University of Paris became his shelter for a period, but disputes with bigoted Aristotelians sent him flying across the channel to more liberal England. Here at last he found tranquillity, and in the enjoyment of the friendship of Sir Philip Sidney spent the only happy years of his life.

But men like Bruno are not born for happiness, — but for that saddest of destinies in which the intellect "brings to the birth, but has not strength to bring forth." The love of controversy, undying aspiration, longings for light drew Bruno to Germany, and his Protestant friends were delighted when, upon leaving Wittenberg, he pronounced an impassioned panegyric upon Luther. Journeying from Wittenberg to Prague, from Helmstaedt to Frankfort, the desire to return to Italy and fix his residence in learned Padua gave him no peace. He had written two Satires; the "Spaccio della bestia trionfante" (Expulsion of the Triumphant Beast) which some thought a boast of atheism and others an attack on the Roman Church, but which turns out to be a general moral satire in allegorical form; and the "Cabala del cavallo Pagaseo coll'aggiunta dell'asino Cillenico," a satirical eulogy of Ignorance: the "Cena delle Ceneri" (Table-Talk on Ash-Wednesday), a spirited dialogue in defense of the Copernican theory; and the treatises in which he developed his metaphysical philosophy, — "Della Causa, Principio ed Uno," "Dell'Infinito Universo," and the Latin treatise "De Monade, Numero et Figura;" and he must have known that these writings rendered him neither safe nor welcome in his native land. But perhaps in a spirit of rash provocation he traveled South, and reached Venice. He was immediately arrested by the Officers of the Inquisition and taken to Rome, where he was imprisoned for 7 years. He was tried, degraded, excommunicated, and finally handed over to the *civil* power, by which he was sentenced to death and burned at the stake.

Bruno appears as a meteor in speculative philosophy, — but a meteor which has left its track. The eminent German philosophers of modern times, Schelling, Hegel and Fichte, Brucker and Buhle, have republished Bruno's works and acknowledged their own indebtedness to him. It is now evident that the vague and inconsistent speculations of the Pantheists have prepared the way for the most practical work ever undertaken by metaphysicians. That we live in a *universe* and that philosophy is concerned with the unification of all things — once the enormous offences and capital crimes of the subtle, but Heaven-endowed Giordano Bruno — has bound the sciences of Ontology, Cosmology and Psychology into a three-fold cord which shall not easily be broken. Bruno's inability to formulate anything like a system of philosophy exposed him to the contempt of his contemporaries, but the lesson of his life reveals the efficacy of Thought, and proves that "no Truth realized by man ever dies or *can* die."

If you have ever stood in the quaint old Duomo of Pisa, you have, perhaps, been more moved by the fact that your eyes rested on the hanging lamp which suggested to Galileo the measurement of time by means of a pendulum than by all the great works of Art which cover its walls. *Galileo Galilei* (1564-1642), who was born in Pisa and died at Arcetri, outside of Florence, was endowed with such sublime mental power, that he towers like a giant above a world of pigmies. Every child knows of his most notable invention of the telescope and of his place in the development of the heliocentric system. The years of his studious boyhood and his Mathematical Professorships in Pisa and Padua are generally passed over hurriedly, that we may follow the thrilling period of his life, when, as a true mystagogue to the sanctuaries of nature, he defies ecclesiastical rationalism and infidelity and stands alone against the world.

But it was 16 years after the promulgation of his Copernican views, upon the publication of a series of Dia-

logues on the Two Great Systems, that he was called to Rome and held a prisoner in the palace of the Inquisition. Now it happened that the reigning Pope, Urban VIII, was very ambitious of literary glory, and it was rumored that Galileo had represented him in his Dialogues in the person of Simplicio, thus exposing him to ridicule and contempt. Thus we find that it was not the Church in arms, but a petty personal envy which exerted itself to arrest the progress of Science and foil the search for Truth. That was bad enough; and it is enough to account for the undying interest in

"The starry Galileo and his woes."

When called upon by the Inquisitors to abjure, curse and detest his theory of the earth's motion, Galileo complied, beating the earth with his foot and exclaiming under his breath; "Nevertheless, it moves;" giving us one of the most striking instances ever placed on record of the inadequacy of Science to inspire a deliberate choice of martyrdom, and throwing into high relief the power of true Religion.

The Inquisitors were not deceived by Galileo's formal recantation. It is by no means an authenticated fact that he was thrown into the horrid dungeons of the Inquisition or subjected to the torture; but it is certain that he was never again a free man. The Holy Office kept its eye on him; after a sojourn in its palace, Galileo was permitted to live in the garden of the Trinità dei Monti, near the ambassador of Tuscany, then to be transferred to the house of the Archbishop Piccolomini in Siena, and finally to dwell in his own villa at Arcetri, outside of Florence, on the condition that he never entered the city.

Galileo's splendid additions to the domain of human knowledge must always interest us in every detail of his life and personality. It may almost be said that he created the sciences of Astronomy, Dynamics, Statics and Pneumatics; and unlike other great physicists he brought the mind of a true philosopher to bear upon every ques-

tion he considered. His literary style is elegant, clear and simple, so that it is impossible not to follow him with interest, whether he writes about the motion of projectiles, the fact that logicians do not necessarily make good reasoners; the mutability of the earth compatible with its perfection; the aid of the lance to the rope dancer; the principles of respiration in swimming; or whether we read his familiar Letters to his friends. Galileo wins our passionate admiration in the completeness of his mental life. He loved Literature and was thoroughly acquainted with Virgil, Horace, Seneca, Petrarch, Berni and Ariosto. He had time for his friends, many of whom were eminent Churchmen, and welcomed needy and aspiring students to his house, thereby aiding and furthering the labors of the great Evangelista Torricelli, his most celebrated disciple. Old and blind, Galileo continued his sublime labors up to the day of his death, and is ever to be numbered among those elect few, in the contemplation of whom we are tempted to exclaim; "The gods have come down to us in the likeness of men!"

In Weber's masterly modern "History of Philosophy," we find *Lucilio Vanini* (1584-1619) ranked among the liberal Peripatetics, — the philosophers who undermined the authoritative system of the Church by laying bare the heresies of Aristotle, whom the Church had declared infallible. Vanini belongs therefore to the old order of things and has little or no part in the religious and scientific movements which were to revolutionize the world.

Born near Naples and burnt alive by the Inquisition at Toulouse on the 9th of February, 1619, after having had his tongue cut out, the short passage of Lucilio Vanini upon earth, nevertheless, left its trace. He is characterized by someone as "a restless and extremely vain soul, who was burnt by the Inquisition because of his declaration that he would state his opinions concerning the immortality of the soul only in case he were old, rich and a German." Such a characterization is far from sympathetic, but perhaps no other could express so succinctly

the fearless freedom, the strong intrenchment of individuality in which Vanini lived.

His first great work, which Hallam briefly translates, "A Vindication of the Being and Providence of God," was published in Paris in 1615 and seemed to be sufficiently orthodox; but his only other published work, called "Dialogues on Nature," by Cousin, given to the world in 1616, completely refuted the first one and exposed its hapless author to the wrath of the Sorbonne and the Inquisition. The savage sentence of the latter was executed after a harsh imprisonment and a prolonged trial, as we have noted above.

Of course no one nowadays reads a line of Vanini. He is simply a striking illustration of a system perverting itself, his intellectual light was one that failed; but the protest of his life, his soul, his entire being, however flippant, godless and unprincipled it may have seemed in his own day, has helped the world to swing out of the orbit of intolerance into the religious liberty of modern times.

It is cause for world-wide congratulation that a monument has recently been erected in Venice which will perpetuate historic events of perennial significance. It represents the stern, austere figure of a monk, and every passer-by must be affected by its noble simplicity, its quiet, unassuming grandeur. But to the thoughtful it unrolls History of the utmost value, truth of the profoundest importance: for *Fra Paolo Sarpi* (1552-1623) was the greatest man Venice ever produced.

Sarpi was destined to the Church from infancy. In early boyhood, even, his genius reminds us of that of Leonardo da Vinci, being boundless, universal and preternatural in its character. Starting out as a friar of the Servite order of monks, Sarpi's wonderful memory, judgment and eloquence at once elevated him to the career of a public disputant, and at the age of eighteen he became the orator of Mantua. But being recalled to Venice, he gave himself up to scientific and philosophical studies and in an incredibly short time made the discovery of the

valves of the veins, of the circulation of the blood, with Galileo constructing the telescope and inventing the thermometer. His contributions to Optics, Pneumatics, Hydrostatics, Mathematics and Chemistry entitled him to be called "the ornament of the world," the "greatest genius of his time," the "miracle of the century."

These services to the world were interrupted by a call of special service to Venice. In the Constitution of the Republic there were three Counselors of Law, whose duties were to instruct the Doge and Senate upon the legal bearings of any dispute in which the Republic was involved. But now all these duties were handed over to Sarpi, and he became Sole Counselor of State. He had always been an independent thinker and a devout student of the Bible. In the capacity of statesman he humbled the power of the Pope, as no one before or since has ever humbled it. His refusal to let the Pope control the affairs of Venice was the first step in the emancipation of Italy. Sarpi was as true a Protestant as was Luther, and as a Theologian paved the way for the party of Old Catholics in Europe.

Pope Paul V gave orders for the assassination of Sarpi, but in spite of the attempt and the proofs of 15 stiletto thrusts, he was rescued by his adoring friends, and lived to leave a vast amount of literature to the world. The most celebrated of his works is "The History of the Council of Trent," which by many eminent scholars is considered the greatest work of its kind that has ever been produced. By a perfectly fair mind it must be contrasted with the History of the same Council written by the gifted Cardinal Sforza Pallavicino, a zealous Romanist, but a most lovable man and a master of Italian eloquence.

Fra Paolo died in peace and happiness at the age of 71, but the hatred of Rome was so great that his body was torn from its resting-place ten times, and each time rescued by his faithful friends, who finally deposited it on the island of San Michele. The Venetian Senate issued a decree for the erection of a public monument to Sarpi in

1623. But the undying enmity of Rome did not permit this decree to be carried out until 1892. Thus after nearly 300 years we rejoice in the triumph of truth and justice, and in this bonding of History see both a commemoration and a prophecy. The student is directed not only to Hallam and Gibbon for the achievements of Sarpi, but to a charming monograph just published by the Rev. Alexander Robertson.

The life of *Tommaso Campanella* (1568-1639) immediately brings to mind the lovely lines of Lovelace:

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage:
> Minds innocent and quiet take
> That for an hermitage."

Born at Cosenza and, like Bruno, a Dominican friar in early youth, Campanella was accused of a conspiracy against the Spanish government of his country, and languished for 27 years in a Neapolitan dungeon. But, debarred from human intercourse and cut off from natural enjoyments, he abandoned himself to a delight in his own genius, and with his indefatigable pen gave the world ample proofs of it. Had he written nothing of value, this sublime faith in his own mind, this noble occupation of his dark days would win our ardent admiration. But his daring speculations, his bold flights of imagination, his impressive eloquence have influenced many of the finest minds the world has ever known. If Campanella failed to formulate any system of philosophy, it was because of the superabundance of his resources, rather than because of any lack. Never was the poetic genius more closely allied to the scientific than in this strange man.

In his "Compendium de Rerum Natura pro Philosophia humana," in which he lays down the fundamental principle that the perfectly wise and good Being has created certain types and signs of Himself in nature and natural objects, we find an idea which has been elaborately

set forth in the modern Science of Æsthetics. In his treatise "De Sensu Rerum" he maintains that all things feel, and applies this dictum to the stones, the sea, the sky, the stars, descanting thereon with an eloquence that is likened to Shakespeare's. In his "Politics" we find large views and acute and brilliant generalizations, which have stimulated and enriched the minds of his readers to deeper reflections upon History. In his "City of the Sun" (modeled after the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More) we have a system of Socialism strikingly like that which is now engrossing public attention.

Thus we find a certain all-embracing spirituality to be the grand characteristic of Campanella's philosophy: it rings with an independence that is simply enchanting to lovers of liberty.

Campanella emerged from his prison in 1629, and turned his steps towards France, where he was kindly received by that noble scholar, Nicolas Peiresc, patronized by Richelieu and befriended by Gassendi. Campanella was also fortunate in having an enthusiastic disciple to propagate his views. This was Tobias Adami, who edited the prisoner's works, contributed prefaces of his own writing and traveled extensively on behalf of his Master.

The last of the dogmatists in philosophy, Campanella is to be ranked in the group with Bruno and Vanini, in sharp distinction from that of Galileo and Sarpi; that is, with men who have thrown out hints and suggestions, rather than with those who have revolutionized the world.

CHAPTER XI

THE CLAIMS OF TASSO

TASSO'S life lends a lustre to the immortal pages of his great Poem. The dark and tragic destiny of the writer invests his work with a sublime pathos. While he sings the praises of the Crusaders and the glory of "Jerusalem Delivered," — that is, while he depicts unrivaled heroism and unfaltering faith, — he tears the veil from his own heart, and his eloquence as a poet is irresistible, because he pleads with us as a man, face to face, for his own ideals, his own indestructible beliefs, his own profound experiences of grief and sorrow.

The "Jerusalem Delivered" can hardly be said to have a plot, so distinct and well defined are the various episodes of which it consists. In compactness and simplicity it is vastly superior to the "Orlando Furioso," and if Ariosto is the perfect artist in completely veiling his own personality, Tasso more than rivals him in the directness of his aims and methods. Every episode of Tasso's is a finished picture. The critic can ascertain the author's views upon a given subject. There is an end to be attained by his "mellifluous numbers," and there is an incomparable dignity imparted by this aim.

As the champion of ecclesiasticism in a time of doubt and danger, Tasso chooses for his subject the mighty undertaking of the First Crusade, 1095-99, and points to the sure and certain victory that awaits the faithful. His poem is nothing if it is not a deeply religious poem, a very manual of devotion in its pure and positive instruc-

tions. He truly sings, as he avows, the praises of the pious Godfrey de Bouillon, keeping him always before us as the true hero of his poem; for if Tancred is the portrait of himself, and Rinaldo the progenitor of Alphonso d'Este, none the less are they pitied for their weaknesses, and Godfrey alone is the immaculate knight, the deliverer of Jerusalem.

Assembled on the plains of Syria, after six long years the Christian warriors find themselves almost in sight of the sacred city. It is here that Godfrey is elected leader by direct Divine interposition, and his review of the army acquaints us with the hosts and their leaders. They are all there, — Baldwin of Bouillon, Godfrey's ambitious brother, afterwards Prince of Edessa; Tancred, descended from William of Normandy, now Prince of Apulia, the very embodiment of chivalry and romance, glorying in the strictest code of honor, and ready always to die for the sacred cause; Bohemond, Prince of Tarentum, the proud and haughty lover of power; Guelf of Suevia; Hugh of Vermandois, brother of Philip I of France; Robert of Normandy; Robert II, Count of Flanders; Raymond of Toulouse; Stephen of Blois; the youthful Eustace de Bouillon; Rinaldo, an imaginary character to glorify the House of Este; Peter the Hermit, and the bishops, William of Orange and Adhemar of Puy; and many others of less celebrity and power.

Chafing and burning to reach the goal of their desires, the armed host can hardly be held back long enough to hear the ambassadors from Egypt, who come to offer peace and truce if the French will abandon Syria. Godfrey tells them that they "have been preserved on land and sea, in storm and sunshine, only in order that a path might be opened to the venerable walls. — God has them in His keeping," and then he adds:

> "But if blind judgments, errors, now abound,
> Depriving us of aid Above, around,
> Who of us will refuse to be entombed
> Where God's own body sacred burial found?

Yes, we will die, — to live no longer doomed;
Not unavenged our mortal throes resound:
No mocking smile has Asia for our fate,
No weeping for the death of the elate."

And then, hardly has the night passed and "Aurora bound her golden head with flowers gathered in Paradise," when the wise Captain gives the command to march, and

"At every foot are wings, all hearts are light,
Their going is too swift for mortal ken:
But when the Sun the arid plains can smite
With rays which burn and shine o'er field and fen,
Behold Jerusalem unveiled to sight,
Behold Jerusalem ye long-tried men;
And from a thousand voices hear, O earth,
The salutation loud and deep break forth.

Thus do audacious navigators hie
A foreign shore to seek and new lands woo,
In doubtful seas and under unknown sky
Find the waves treach'rous and the winds untrue;
When lo! at last goes up the joyful cry,
The shore so sought, so longed for, is in view;
And in the common joy and eager shout
The troubles of the past are all wiped out.

To the great pleasure which this first dear tryst
Had sweetly breathed into the warriors' breasts,
A deep contrition follows, to insist
On timorous and lowly love's behests.
For on the city, chosen place of Christ,
It is not seemly that the eye now rests.
For there He died, there in the tomb He lay;
There took the form unmarred by death's decay."

Hardly have they reached this point when the Mahometans issue from the city and give them battle. Dudone's death here gives rise to Godfrey's beautiful apostrophe:

Not now the tribute thine of grief or tears,
Dead in the world to be reborn in Heaven;
Where human power despoiled thee of thy years
Deep guarantees of glory thou hast given,
For thou didst live in Christian faith and fears,
In such thou'rt gone; now all for which thou'st striven, —
To feed thine eyes on God, O happy soul,
Is crown and guerdon of thy labor's goal.

Live happy still; 'tis our own gloomy fate
That calls for tears, not thy lamented sleeping,
Since in thy going thou hast taken so great
And strong a force from out our cherished keeping.
If what the world calls Death will not abate
Our earthly longing for thy valor's reaping,
Celestial aid we know thou canst obtain,
For thou art numbered in the holy train.

And as in our behalf we once have known
That thou didst use the weapons of a mortal,
So we ere long shall hope to see thee own
The fatal arms in use within Heaven's portal.
Be near to aid us for our ills t'atone,
Receive the vows we bring to thee, immortal!
First-fruits of victory, to thee we swear
That soon fulfilled shall be our ev'ry prayer."

Equally devout and beautiful is the description later on of the dead Sweyn, the Danish Prince. News of the slaughter of his whole army is brought to Godfrey by a messenger. Betrayed by the perfidious Greeks on the plains of Philomelium and overpowered by the Turks in numbers, extinction is inevitable, and this humble knight alone survives to tell the tale which ends with the noble lines:

"Yes, there he lay, not prone, but so was turning
As his desires, forever to the stars:
And up to Heaven now his face was yearning,
As one who longed to be within its bars.
And in his closed right hand with zeal e'en burning
He grasped the sword, to strike in earth's dire wars;
The other on his pious breast abode,
And seemed to ask the mercy of his God."

Supernatural agents, both good and evil, are employed by the poet in the telling of his story. The description of St. Michael when he disperses the infernal hosts in the nocturnal battle is one of the finest things in all Art:

"He came, making the awful darkness bright
With rustling of those mighty plumes divine:
And suddenly all gilded was the night,
With scintillations from that face benign.

So thro' the clouds the sun's own heavenly light
In radiant colors still displays its sign;
So breaks a star from out the vaulted choir,
To lose in earth's deep bosom all its fire."

The challenge to single combat of the pagan Argante, and its acceptance by Tancred; the arrival of the enchantress Armida, who bewitches the Christian warriors and draws off a number of them in her train; the whole long story of Rinaldo and Armida (which is often published as a separate poem); the account of the enchanted forest, rendering vain all efforts to secure material for instruments of war; the vivid description of the dreadful drought, and the love episodes between Olindo and Sofronia, Tancred and Clorinda, and Tancred and Erminia constitute the chief incidents of the narrative.

Tasso's own unhappy fate is reflected in all that he writes of love. He cannot conceive of peace and joy in loving; rather is he haunted constantly by anticipations of torment. There is no instance in his epic of reciprocated affection; nothing but punishment is meted out to the rash devotees of Venus; a dark and sinister fatality is all that can explain their fatuity. All of his biographers agree in believing that the story of Olindo and Sofronia was designed to represent himself and Leonora. It is certainly most affecting and well worth consideration.

While the Christian warriors are bestirring themselves to march upon the city, we are allowed a glimpse of affairs within the walls. The Mahometan governor of Jerusalem at this time Tasso calls Aladin, tho' his real name was Ducat, and we are led to believe that he is in league with all the powers of darkness. Aladin, inspired by the magician Ismeno, steals an image of the Virgin from a Christian Church, carries it to his mosque and believes to have in it a palladium, at the same time accusing the Christians of the theft, and threatening to exterminate their entire body should the individual thief attempt to conceal himself. A young Christian girl, Sofronia, comes forward and, willing to sacrifice herself for her people, avows her-

self the criminal, and is led to the funeral pyre. But though she has lived in strictest seclusion, she has long been loved by Olindo, who rushes upon the ministers of justice and insists that Sofronia is mad, for he, himself, stole the image. The king is enraged with both and commands that both shall be burned. The tender upbraidings of the lover and the lofty self-forgetfulness of the girl, as they stand bound back to back, constitute one of Tasso's most characteristic pictures. For though Clorinda, the woman warrior of invincible power, arrives upon the scene and compels the king to liberate the prisoners, a profound melancholy attaches itself to the story of Olindo and Sofronia. He has generously desired to die with her and she cannot refuse him the privilege of living with her, but she is impenetrable to softer feeling, and as they pass out of sight we have the sad assurance that " she does not love him as a lover."

To my own mind, however, the story of Tancred and Clorinda much more strikingly represents that of the Poet and the Princess. Clorinda is Tasso's heroine *par excellence*, modeled as she is after the Marfisa of Ariosto. Where either of these poets got the idea of these oriental amazons is a mystery to Historians, for not only do Mussulman chronicles offer us nothing whatever of the kind, but even the western world knew little of such a type. Clorinda " despised feminine talents and occupations, and did not deign to put her proud hand to the labors of Arachne, the distaff or the spinning-wheel." " Fleeing from luxurious living and safe seclusion, she kept herself pure in martial camps and armed her countenance with pride." Even as a child she had tightened and slackened the bit of fiery steeds, wielded the lance and sword, and reveled in the pastime of the chase. Thus she is the personification of Freedom, a kind of modern Diana, living the life she lives from choice, as strong as she is beautiful, and thoroughly sufficient unto herself. When Tancred is introduced to our notice among the Christian host, Tasso says " nothing cast a shadow on his great merits

except his folly in loving;" "for," he continues, "this love only lived on anguish, and gained in strength thereby." He had met Clorinda at a beautiful fountain in the deep, cool shade, where each of these ardent warriors had sought refreshment after a sharp skirmish between the contending armies. Another meeting records a personal contest between them, and Tancred yields and declares his love, but they are suddenly separated by the intervention of a band of fugitives. Both Clorinda and Tancred appear often in the course of the story, and it is Clorinda (who seems to be loved also by the proud Argante, Tancred's bitterest foe) who suggests the burning of the Christian towers or battering-rams. It is on returning from this dreadful feat, when she is accidentally shut out of the city by the keepers of the gate, that Tancred discovers her, believes her to be a man and challenges her to single combat. They fight on foot and many stanzas are devoted to the terrific fury of their struggle. When they stop for a minute to take breath Tancred begs his foe to tell him his name, "that conquered or conquering he may know who honors his death or victory." She replies that the only thing he can know of her is that she burned the Christian towers. This makes his wrath break forth afresh, and on and on they go with their warfare. He sees her strength giving out, but never dreaming who it is, follows up his advantage, and when she falls, presses her down beneath his foot. But as her spirit is about to depart, "God pours into it new life," and she breaks forth with:

> "'Friend, thou hast conquered: I my pardon give:
> Thine I entreat: naught for my body crave,
> My soul, Ah! yes; for it I still must live;
> Give Baptism now, my guilt away to lave.'
> Her languid words with mortal weakness strive,
> So gentle and so sweet a sound they have
> That from his heart they draw forth heavy sighs,
> And force the burning tears into his eyes.
>
> Not far within the bosom of the mountain
> A little brook ran murmuring on its way,

He runs and fills his helmet at the fountain,
And makes for pious office no delay.
The trembling of his hand he well might count on
While, still unknown, the visor's tak'n away,
But when he sees and knows, his heart stands still.
Ah sight! Ah knowledge of the direst ill!

She is not gone; since all her mortal strength
Is gathered for this act and this alone:
And, pressing back his grief, he turns at length
That life with water may for death atone.
While he the sound of sacred words pours forth,
With joy transmuted is the dying one;
So that she seems by her bright, blissful face
To say: 'Heaven opens, and I go in peace.'"

Now when we remember that Leonora's health began to fail a few months after Tasso was imprisoned, that she actually died in two years' time, only reaching middle life, that it is more than probable she had assured Tasso his disclosures of their mutual love would kill her, and, finally, that he revised and almost rewrote his "Jerusalem" in prison, we see many striking reasons for the identification of the two stories. And the passionate self-reproaches put into the mouth of Tancred strengthen this perception; while, not content with this one means of humiliation, the voice of the Church is called in aid and "the venerable Peter, who cares for him as a good shepherd for a weak lamb," with gravest words reproves his ravings and says:

"O Tancred, Tancred, thou hast fall'n indeed
Too far from the estate of youthful years,
Who is it that has dulled thine ear to heed?
What cloud so thick has made thee blind with tears?
A messenger from God comes in thy need;
Dost thou not see? This is by Him decreed
To chasten and to call thee back in wrath,
For thou hast wandered from the holy path.

To acts more worthy and to office holy
Of Christian cavalier He would reclaim,
Which thou didst leave to be (Ah, wondrous folly!)
The lover of a rebel to His name.
Adversity befits thy fate and slowly
Descends its flagellation on thy fame,
And of thy safety makes thyself the scourge,
— A minister who well his claims may urge."

Nor is it only in dramatic situations that the autobiographical character of the poem presents itself. In the lightest and most delicate touches it is suggested. The word *Forsennato*, so musical and lovely in mere sound, so frequently and forcibly is used, that Rinaldo, Tancred, Armida and Argante, successively and simultaneously may be described by this epithet. Again, no one who had not known prolonged mental suffering could write so beautifully of *Sleep*. Our author calls it "the soul's leisure, the forgetfulness of evils, fondly it soothes our cares and senses;" breaking out still further with:

> "'Twas night, when deep and blest repose is given
> The waves, the winds, and silent is the earth,
> The weary beasts, all creatures under Heaven,
> All dwellers that the liquid lakes bring forth,
> Those which in dens and caves concealed have striven,
> And gorgeous birds, forgetful in their mirth,
> Under the silence which the gloom imparts
> Breathe out their woes and calm their saddened hearts."

Of course it goes without saying that the melancholy which pervades the whole poem is Torquato's own;—tender, thoughtful, self-indulgent, and anon, desperate. Tancred does indeed appear in History as the embodiment of Chivalry, but no one but Tasso has ever told just in what that chivalry consisted, for he found its portrait, says Foscolo, in his own heart. Nor are the censures of the Inquisition forgotten in the reading of "Jerusalem." There are passages of impurity, which, coming from one "who made a profession of chastity," as the Italians say, can only be ascribed to that morbidness of nature which wrecked their author's life.

I would not convey the impression that Tasso's genius was bounded by his own experience. Nothing could be further from the truth. He excels in descriptions of battles, not excepting the frightful carnage of the one in which Jerusalem was taken, and the character of the harsh and cruel Soliman, Sultan of Nicea (with which his own could have had nothing in common), is one of the

most carefully drawn in the whole poem. In purely objective writing he is equal to the greatest poets. Descriptions of nature in all her aspects, especially in the storms of the Apennines; the journey in search of Rinaldo, in which charming allusions are made to all the celebrated cities bordering on the Mediterranean, — that sea whose shores have made the history of the world; the homage paid the House of Este and the glories of the Renaissance; the delight in classical learning, the setting forth of the Crusade as a glorious event in History, all go to prove that he was an artist who lost all thought of self in devotion to his Art.

All this cannot obscure the fact that it is his own sublime mind which gives its character to his every line. Tasso's genius fitted him to write the one heroic poem in the language; and to be named with Dante and Milton in pursuing studies which alleviate the sum of human misery. Their glory is that they burn with *moral* indignation, and they cast their crowns only at the feet of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER XII

GUARINI'S DRAMATIC PASTORAL

IT is said that Tasso, on hearing of Guarini's success, flew into a rage and exclaimed, "If he had not seen my 'Aminta,' he had not excelled it."

The "Pastor Fido," therefore, comes down to us with a two-fold claim, — as a very clever little Drama in itself, and as a work to be named with one of Tasso's, the verdict of all Italy having pronounced it the superior.

It is well to rescue it from oblivion for several reasons. We cannot really appreciate the best works of any Literature until we have compared them with the second-best. Again, the sentiments of a second-class Play reveal the manners and customs of the Age better than those of a superior style, neither audience nor playwright professing here to walk on stilts. And, finally, Guarini's influence in English Literature is too marked to be passed over in silence. Marlowe in the "Passionate Shepherd," Ben Jonson in "The Sad Shepherd," Fletcher in his "Faithful Shepherdess" and Sir Philip Sidney's celebrated "Arcadia" all point to the prestige of the Italian.

The Pastor Fido was written for the festivities following the marriage of Charles Emmanuel of Savoy and Caterina of Spain in 1584, and may be pronounced the ne plus ultra of an erotic poem. Dealing as it does with Greek myths, times, scenery, character and faith, it is, yet, not in the least Greek, but intensely and openly Italian.

Scene I consists of a dialogue between Silvio, son of the priest Montano, and Linco, an old and faithful retainer

of the family; Linco upbraiding his young master for his indifference to the lovely Amarillis.

Silvio is a huntsman, and his passion for the chase is well expressed in the lines so ably translated by Sir Richard Fanshaw, when he is made to say:

> "Go you that lodged the monster, as y'are wont,
> Among the neighboring sheepcoats raise the hunt.
> Rouse eyes and hearts with your shrill voice and horn
> If ever in Arcadia there was born
> A shepherd who did follow Cynthia's court,
> As a true lover of her rural sport.
>
> And do not only with your early horn
> Anticipate, *but wake the drowsy morn.*"

— lines which have been boldly incorporated into English verse.

But in Scene II we find from a talk between the young men, Ergasto and Mirtillo, that Mirtillo loves Amarillis, notwithstanding the fact that she has been betrothed to Silvio, in virtue of an oracle which had declared that the woes of Arcadia could only be ended by the union of two persons of divine race. These woes had been brought about in the first place by a faithless shepherdess, and they can only be atoned for by a faithful shepherd. A very flippant young nymph, in the person of Corisca, tells us in Scene III of *her* love for Mirtillo and how she detests that state of affairs which permits him to call himself another's. Meanwhile a new train of thought is awakened (Scene IV) by the appearance of the priest, Montano, and Titiro, the father of Amarillis, the respective parents bewailing the strange conduct of their recalcitrant children; for Silvio has openly inveighed against love, and no one can discover whether Amarillis loves or not. Her father says when a young virgin does receive love's dart,

> "Then if by fear, or else by maiden shame
> She be withheld from showing of her flame,
> (Poor soul!) Concealment like a worm i' th' bud
> Lies in her damask cheek sucking the blood."

— the translation by Sir Richard Fanshaw indirectly vouching for Guarini's influence over no less a personage than Shakespeare. The lamentation of Titiro over Amarillis is relieved by Montano's relation of a strange dream, of the restoration of his son who was drowned when an infant, many years ago. Titiro cautiously exclaims:

"Indeed, though, dreams are often
Of hopes by us long cherished
No presage of the future,
But ghosts of what has perished,
And images of day
Deprived of all delight
By shadows of the night."

But Montano replies:

"Not always with the senses
The mind in sleep is lulled,
Rather is it then more awake
When left by care undulled,
When fleeting forms of sense
By sleep are banished hence." [1]

Act II hurries us through scenes which show us that Ergasto has confided Mirtillo's loves and woes to the sprightly Corisca; that a certain maiden named Dorinda is very desperately enamored of Silvio, and that Corisca is prospering in her investigations concerning Amarillis.

With everything thus at cross purposes we are taken completely by surprise when, after a spirited encounter between Mirtillo and Amarillis, — the lover having unfairly intruded into the maidens' games, caught his sweetheart when blindfolded, and been harshly reproved for the same — we learn in a soliloquy from Amarillis (Act III. s. IV) that she is just as much in love with Mirtillo as he is with her. But she is pledged to Silvio and resolves to make a sacrifice of her love; — Guarini here proving himself a worthy expositor of the Beautiful, for sacrifice in life corresponds to the dramatic element of contrast, in

[1] My own translation, imitating as closely as possible the Italian metre and rhyme.

Art. Amarillis is capable of the sacrifice because she is capable of the love. In her ideal picture of what life might be, she sees the simple shepherdess

> "Feed with fresh grass
> The flocks to her committed,
> And with her lovely eyes the shepherd swain,
> Not one allotted her
> By men or by the stars,
> But as Love shall ordain."

Corisca has been in hiding and now comes out and tempts Amarillis to give up her honesty, for Silvio is in love with Lisetta, and she makes Amarillis promise to come upon the two, then accuse Silvio of unfaithfulness and so free herself from the vow. But this is a double plot, since all the while Corisca is planning to have Mirtillo for herself, and she resolves to send her lover, Coridone, to the trysting-place, a cave, then get the priest of Cynthia to find Amarillis there with him, accuse *her* and condemn her to death.

We follow, then, with deep interest the unfolding of this plot; we see Corisca (now recognized as the evil genius of the Play) attempting to break down the fortitude of the mild Mirtillo; we find, finally, after various episodes of minor importance, that the priest of Cynthia has found Mirtillo and Amarillis in the cave; and we are brought to the crisis when Amarillis in the temple with the priest, Nicandro, pleads for her life. Her protests of innocence are noble and striking, even going so far as,

> "Both men and gods have sinned 'gainst me,
> If true it is that from above
> Our every fate's derived,
> What else but destiny could will
> To punish for another's ill?"

But the wrong was in going to the cave, and Nicandro rightly answers:

> "What say'st thou, nymph? Check, check such speech,
> And rein the mantling, mighty wrath
> Transporting thee beyond the bounds
> A mind devout can go;

Do not accuse the heavenly spheres,
Since we alone are arbiters
And builders of our woe."

The first scene of Act V introduces us to Carino, Mirtillo's reputed father, who is a poet, and as it is in this character that Guarini represents himself and sets forth his own sentiments, we are touched when he says:

"My friend, if on the day
I passed from Elis into Argos,
I had had such ease to sing,
As I had cause to weep,
In so sublime a style I might have sung
The honor and the arms of my Signor,
That of Mæonian trump he'd have
No cause to envy Achilles; my land,
Mother of swans unfortunate, might be
Crowned with a second wreath,
But now the art of poetry
(O age debased!) is made too vile."

But now (s. II) a messenger comes to tell Titiro all about the trial of Amarillis in the temple, and how Mirtillo cried out that he would be the victim. Hastening hither, the terrified Titiro finds Mirtillo being conducted to the altar to be sacrificed. But just as Montano is about to kill him, Carino, the stranger-poet, comes up and asks the meaning of this human sacrifice. He reveals himself as Mirtillo's reputed father, and his tender entreaties cause Mirtillo to break his vow of silence. But this renders it impossible to perform the sacrifice that evening.

Carino takes advantage of the delay, and hastens to tell Montano how Mirtillo had been found as an infant, caught in a thicket, and so rescued from the flood of twenty years ago; and of course Montano cannot fail to recognize him as his own long-lost son.

Since then Mirtillo is of divine lineage, and in love with Amarillis, the old blind diviner, Tirenio, declares that the oracle ending Arcadia's woes is now fulfilled.

Silvio marries the love-sick Dorinda and the overflowing happiness of Amarillis and Mirtillo grants a full, free

pardon to Corisca; while the chorus bows itself off the stage with:

> "Every joy is not a gain,
> Every evil not a pain,
> But joy its own true form here wears,
> Which virtue after suffering bears."

With a masterly plot, with exquisite language, and with adages and inculcations of morality, we yet find the tone of this drama low and enervating. It does not profess to be anything more than a love-drama, but it deals with a very poor kind of love, a sensual, animal-like form of this great passion. Everyone feels that such love is soon exhausted, and the mind finds nothing to carry it on to higher contemplations. In an age of universal coarseness, we are prepared for vulgar words and thoughts (such as we find everywhere in Shakespeare), but Guarini sins against innocence itself in veiling obscenity under pleasing and attractive forms of expression. We see, then, why such a work must be relegated to obscurity: beautiful poetry, a skilful plot, moral sentiments will not save it. If it has a mission in Literature, that mission is to reveal a self-indulgent, luxury-loving age, brilliant, but hollow; fair, but false. Indirectly, then, this must lead to an investigation of the criteria of true progress, and as an aid of this kind it is given space here.

CHAPTER XIII

THE EMPIRICS — 1625-1700

"THE melancholy soul of Tasso having departed in peace," says Cantù, "the scene was left to the great charlatan:" — for so he designates *Giambattista Marini* (1569-1625), a writer powerful enough to inaugurate a new school of poetry.

With Marini Italian Literature enters upon its third period of imitation and artificiality. It began by imitating the Provençals; then came the splendid triumvirate of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, followed by the hundred years devoted to the Greeks and Latins. But no sooner was the Italian restored than the whole nation went mad after Petrarch; and Ariosto and Tasso only completed the unfinished cycle of Chivalry begun by Pulci and Boiardo in imitation of the French.

Now Marini, whose name is never mentioned by the critics without execration, comes forward to fuse the Greek mythology, the effeminacy of the Cruscans and the pedantry he acquired at the Hotel Rambouillet into a species of poetry totally unlike anything that had ever been seen before and at the same time the most artificial thing imaginable.

For all this, I venture to pronounce Marini very interesting. He could scarcely be blamed for repairing to France, for the story runs thus: Born in Naples in 1569 and destined to the Law, Marini early chose the career of poet and worked his way by making verses for the pleasure of the great up to Rome. There having gained the patronage of Cardinal Aldobrandini, he accompanied him to Turin. Exchanging lively, but scurrilous, sonnets with

a man named Murtola, Marini went so far that Murtola waylaid him and fired a pistol at him. The shot killed a courtier of the Duke of Savoy who was walking with Marini. Murtola was, of course, arrested and imprisoned, but Marini obtained a pardon for him. The ungrateful Murtola, however, afterwards discovered some lines by Marini which reflected upon the Duke, and took good care that they should come under the Duke's notice. It seems very natural, then, that Marini should step across the border, — from Turin to Paris.

He arrived at the right hour. The Hotel Rambouillet was presided over by an Italian woman, Caterina de Vivonna, and the Queen, Marie de Medici, surrounded by a Florentine Court. Marini became the idol of the day, for the conventional language and the pedantic ingenuity after which the French were toiling were his birthright. We may laugh at their absurdity or condemn their frivolity, but we cannot help enjoying the social fun they must have had.

When Marini returned to Turin and published his lengthy epic, the "Adone," his countrymen could not contain their delight. He was pronounced the greatest poet that ever lived, and probably no writer ever received more homage in his life-time. Turin and Rome caressed and fêted him, and he ended his days in Naples under the most favorable circumstances.

Of course the very title of Marini's poem, the loves of Venus and Adonis, explains the world's utter indifference to it. It was indeed "born but for one brief day." It presents no human interest, no patriotic fire, no religious inspiration. But the strength that turns things in a deplorable direction is still strength, and Marini is the soul of the 17th century. His conceits, antitheses, paradoxes became the model of all good writing. He did not touch the spirit of literature, but he metamorphosed its form. He is a master of words and was providentially permitted to do a great work in polishing the instrument which was to serve such a noble purpose in the following century.

This is his description of a bird, which, in spite of its artificiality, is exceedingly pretty:

"Who would believe that such a spark of life
Could grasp and wield a power so all-abounding,
Between the veins, within the bones be rife
With sweetness, a mere atom this of sounding?
Or that it's not a breeze with air at strife,
A wingèd voice, a melody rebounding,
A living breath in pinions bright and strong,
A feather harmonized, a soaring song?"

The opening stanza of the 7th Canto of the "Adone" has this lovely tribute:

"Music and Poetry, twin sisters, come
To bring relief to an afflicted race,
To calm the storms of passion they assume,
And of dark tempers drive away all trace;
The world the Beautiful in them sees loom,
And banishes soul-sickness from its face,
And barb'rous lands have not a heart so wrong,
If not the tiger's, that's not soothed by song."

An apostrophe to a pair of beautiful eyes, if strained and affected, at least brings us nearer to the dawn of modern lyric poetry:

"Eyes fond and loving; eyes so soft and bright,
Eyes of my restless thoughts both ports and poles,
Eyes sweet, serene; eyes making all things light,
Eyes mirrors, suns of my desires and goals;
Windows of dawn and exits of the day,
Into my darkest night ye send your ray!
Flame of this heart, sun of my eyes ye seem,
Life of my life, soul of my soul, I claim;
Know that a single ray your beauty throws
Can marbles break and diamond's dust disclose."

The great masterpieces of Italian Art which awake our deepest veneration were then making their first impressions upon susceptible souls; and we are delighted to find in Marini's lines this beautiful description of the Pietà of Michael Angelo in St. Peter's:

"She is not made of stone
Who her dead Son, as cold as ice, is holding,
And in her arms and tenderest pity folding,
Thou art of rock alone
Who weepest not for pity of her moan.
Yes, more than stone thou art,
Since water from the stone its way can make,
And at His dying rocks, themselves, did break."

The name of *Alessandro Tassoni* (1565-1635) stands out conspicuously in this period as that of a bold innovator and poet of no mean order. In early life he was fortunate in obtaining the patronage of Cardinal Colonna, and feeling within him the stirrings of original talent, Tassoni made his débût in Literature in a little volume entitled "Considerations on the Poetry of Petrarch." And though he could not put a stop to the eternal poetizing of the Italians, he did achieve the signal triumph of giving a death-blow to the sonnet. Of course we shall encounter a few sonnets all the way on through the ages, but the Petrarchian sonnet after this ceases to be cultivated.

While this attack upon the national idol gave rise to a vehement controversy, Tassoni proceeded calmly to publish a second book of "Various Thoughts," in which he undertook to dethrone Aristotle. We have seen that in the Revival of Learning the scholars of Europe only got as far as the recognition of Plato as an authority of at least equal value with Aristotle. Tassoni's labors were not directed against Aristotle as the antagonist of Plato, but against the slavish spirit which then prevailed in Philosophy.

Of course his countrymen rose in arms against Tassoni, and imprisonments and litigations were the consequences of his zeal. But while they could not divine the scope of his work, that work was sufficiently aggressive to merit their protest. It was nothing less than the introduction of a new method of literary criticism. The rapidity with which Tassoni's suggestions were elaborated and developed by those who came after him has thrown his work

into oblivion, but in the eyes of those who respect origins this only testifies to its supreme importance.

But Tassoni's fame as an Italian of course rests upon a poetical work, and this time it is upon a style of which he boasted himself the inventor. This was the mock-heroic poem entitled "La Secchia Rapita," or, "The Stolen Bucket." The story is founded upon one of the frivolous wars between the republics of Bologna and Modena, and turns upon the fact that Enzo, son of the Emperor Frederick II of Sicily, fought for Modena and was taken prisoner all because of the theft of a bucket in Bologna by the Modenese. This is an anachronism, for the imprisonment of Enzo happened in 1249, at the battle of Fossalto, and the theft of the bucket in 1325 at the rout of Zappolino. The tradition relates that some of the Modenese, following the conquered who fled, dispersed, entered Bologna with them, took from a public well a wooden bucket, and bore it as a trophy to Modena, where it was suspended in the Cathedral as a perpetual witness of their triumph. With this as a frame-work Tassoni proceeds to ridicule many of his contemporaries under feigned names, and the curious reader may gather from this poem many of the smaller manners and customs of the age. The work is interesting to us as enshrining a pathetic incident in the life of one of the earliest Italian poets; and as constituting the model of Boileau's "Lutrin" and Pope's "Rape of the Lock." But all of these are only interesting as reflecting the taste and spirit of the times; in themselves they serve only as ebb-marks of the literary tide. There is much coarse jesting, much tameness and insipidity in the "Secchia Rapita," and there is a plethora of Greek Mythology, but there are lines of rich, luxurious, Italian beauty, as in Canto X, Stanza 8 we read:

"The rays sent forth by the bright rising sun were trembling
Upon the waves of an empurpled, golden sea,
And in a garb of sapphire laughing heaven, dissembling,
Made of the waves a mirror for her own beautie;
From Afric's shores and from the East fierce winds assembling,

Found in the waters rest that suited their degree;
With sighs as gentle as the lightest breath is,
Zephyr alone curled up the skirt of Tethys."

Tassoni, like Marini, received in later life the homage of his contemporaries, in spite of the animosity he had aroused. Dying at the court of Duke Francis I of Modena, loaded with pensions and honors, he was soon forgotten by all Italy; but as a critic he had conferred a boon upon the national literature which cannot be too highly estimated.

The life of *Gabriello Chiabrera* (1552-1637) is one of the most uneventful in the history of Italian writers, while his work is among that which is most highly prized. Born at Savona and early left an orphan, he received an excellent education and the patronage of Cardinal Conaro, but was several times involved in petty quarrels, according to the fashion of the day, and obliged to remain in banishment for months at a time. Finally, at the age of fifty, Chiabrera married and entered upon the repose so necessary to a scholar and a poet. Genoa and Florence were his favorite cities, and he says as a poet he "emulated his fellow citizen, Columbus, wishing to discover a new world or drown."

This new world for Chiabrera was the Pindaric School of Lyric poetry, of which he was the founder, and in which he displayed the rich resources of his native tongue in a way that captivated his countrymen. Both Ferdinand I and Cosmo II of Florence bestowed honors and stipends upon the successful poet, while Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, Vincenzo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, Pope Urban VIII, and the Senate of Genoa strove to outvie one another in sending him the richest gifts. Chiabrera is not an historical fossil, but is valued as a true poet at the present day. Hallam in his incomparable "Literature of Europe" gives a masterly analysis of Chiabrera's poetry. Wordsworth has translated the beautiful Epitaphs for which this poet was so famous, and my own translation of one of the best of his Pindaric Odes will, I trust, com-

plete the impression of his genius. It must be remembered that the Greek poets in celebrating the games or athletic sports of the people always subordinated their praise to that of Literature and Art, and hence the closing lines of the following ode must be given their due significance.

FOR CINTIO VENANZIO DA CAGLI

Winner in the foot-ball games
Celebrated in Florence in the summer of 1619

"I by my many years have feet but ill-prepared
Across the Alps to make my way;
Do thou, Euterpe, move, on Apennines upreared
Find sweet Urbino with the day;
And then do thou tell how
A shoot of Cagli, eager now for fame,
Upon a theatre devoid of blame
Has garlanded his brow:
And on the Arno made repentant those
Who dared with him in contest hard to close.
Some came from Venice, proud abode
Of golden liberty;
And others turned their backs and strode
From Milan's ample way.
The very same desire inflamed
The noble youth of Osmo and Ancona,
And thou didst send some, too, O dear Verona,
For Marte and Permesso named.
And with an aspect pleasing to behold
My Florence gathered all into her fold.
A well-knit race, and nervous is its arm,
And well-nigh wing'd its feet,
And if the north wind blows with ice to harm,
But to despise, it thinks it meet:
When from the great deep roars
The Lion of Nemea in hot days,
It goes o'er open hills, nor lightning's blaze
In forest dells abhors;
Yet Cintio's skill doth make the air resound,
And with the illustrious leaf his head is bound.
Ah! it was much to see his well burnt skin,
And now emaciated form
Bear o'er the field the footstep quick to win,
Indomitable as the storm!
And in the heat of day
The laws enact as to the flight of those great balls,
While now reverberates the air whereon there falls
The monster on its way;

As when perchance Jove flings a bolt of thunder,
While sinners groan and clouds are rent asunder.
Whoever holds the charms of Cyprus dear
The wicked dice will throw;
But he who has delight in warlike fare
Fears neither want nor woe:
He with harsh leather cuff
Now clothes the arm and overflows with sweat,
And eyes of eager crowds meet no rebuff
Fixed on their champion yet.
On, on he goes, in reinforcement bold;
And fever's threat cannot relax his hold.
Ah, Cintio, glory's pathway, which you tread,
Has steps which many miss;
But pains of valor, be it ever said,
Are not without their bliss;
If thou thy soul's turmoil
Desirest now to rest and cool thy veins,
Seek no terrestrial fount to soothe thy pains,
O child of Alpine soil;
Since to restore from labor that is true,
I pour celestial streams for such as you.
Ah, what do I now promise? In the very word
My cheek must change its hues,
This trusting to the judgment of the common herd
Is risky for my muse.
But be suspicion spent,
Upon the lyre I'll follow my own style;
I cannot write a line that will defile,
Where Cosmo has content;
Be silent envy, let unworthy lips be bound,
The King upon the Arno true delights has found."

In bringing forward the name of *Fulvio Testi* (1611-1646), I have several motives. His Odes, written avowedly in the spirit and after the manner of the great Odes of Horace, are spirited and striking. We who have lived to see what the House of Savoy has accomplished must acknowledge the divination in these lines

TO CHARLES EMMANUEL Ist, DUKE OF SAVOY, 1580-1630

"O Charles, why does that generous heart of thine,
In which afflicted Italy confides,
Shrink from its task? Why thus its valor hides?
Thy dallyings make the woes in which we pine.
Unfurl the flag: draw brave men to thy side,
And let the world thy victories behold.
In thy behalf Heaven fights, for thee grown bold,
Fortune becomes the slave of thy just pride.

In slothful ease now sits the fair Sea-Queen,
Painting her face and curling her long hair,
And tho' to his own land the war draws near,
The Frank has never more luxurious been.
If in the perils of uncertain Mars
Thou hast no company, thy sword's alone,
Care not, my lord, the glory will atone,
No other then can choose or share thy stars.
Great things thou darest, no one now denies,
Magnanimous thy heart, thy hand must prove.
But Fate does not exalt the timid dove,
A fearful man was never known to rise.
Thou reachest glory by a steep ascent,
The road of honor is beset with snares,
None ever conquered without toils and cares,
For peril is on victory attent.
Who, if not thou, will break these wretched chains
Beneath whose crushing weight Hesperia bends?
'Tis on thy sword her wished-for peace depends,
And in thine arms her liberty remains.
Charles, if thy valor kill this Hydra now,
Which with its many heads the world defies,
If thou canst hush this Gerion's boastful cries,
Alcides we will name thee with one vow.
Do not disdain the prayers and songs we raise,
Thy graciousness we humbly now invoke.
When we are freed from servitude's vile yoke
Marbles shall tell thy might and bronzes praise."

Italy, groaning at this time under Spanish oppression, needed brave spirits; and Testi, addressing his odes to the Signor Count Ronchi "On his corrupt state of ease," to the Signor Cavalier Vaini, "On the superiority of virtue to nobility;" and to the Signor Count Montecuccoli "In blame of aristocratic pride," subjected himself to great risk. Suddenly, in the midst of an honorable career, he found himself arrested and imprisoned. At the end of eight months his death was announced to the world, no explanation being given either of its cause or of its manner. We find it profitable, therefore, to remark not only upon his strong, noble, polished poems, but upon his fate as a striking evidence of the temper of the times. We see that suspicion and distrust were not confined to the Church, but entering every department of life, vitiated and enervated all classes of society.

It was in 1638-9 that Milton visited Italy, and in Milan he saw the representation of a drama entitled "Adam," written by *Giovanni Battista Andreini* (1578-1652). From every point of view we must admit this to be a remarkable work. If the degradation of verse was to be deplored, the lack of elevated writers mourned, much more serious was the condition into which the stage had fallen. It had indeed become so corrupt, that impiety and scurrility were its avowed means of pleasing. The subject is one which is, evidently, too extensive for our present purposes. Suffice it to say, that the Church took up the subject, and certain fraternities, especially among the Jesuits, organized themselves into theatrical companies.

G. Battista Andreini was himself an actor, as well as a playwright, giving his countrymen as many as 18 dramas. The "Adamo" has been exquisitely translated into English by Cowper, and no one who cares anything about English Literature will fail to read it. The whole framework, conception and execution of "Paradise Lost" will here be found in embryo, and we even come across lines which the English poet must have borrowed, as in describing Adam, Andreini says:

> "For contemplation of his Maker formed,"

and Milton:

> "For valour he, and contemplation formed."

And, again, Andreini makes Lucifer say:

> "Let us remain in hell,
> Since there is more content
> To live in liberty, though all condemned,
> Than, as his vassals, blest."

While Milton makes his Satan say:

> "Better to reign in hell
> Than serve in Heaven."

The passion of the Italians for representations of the supernatural may be traced from the 12th century. A rude representation of the Judgment Day was given in Florence before the time of Dante and suggested features of his Inferno; while we shall find a drama similar to the "Adamo" entitled "Abel" among the masterpieces of Alfieri.[1]

Salvatore Rosa (1615-1673), born near Naples, Painter, Poet, Musician and Actor, is to be numbered among those versatile and highly gifted Italians who differentiate their land from all others as the land of genius. Chronologists cannot make the numerous incidents, labors and pleasures of Salvator's life fit into the 58 years he lived; so rich, varied and inexhaustible was his personality. From a youth of rebellion against entering the monastic life, poverty, wanderings among banditti, Salvatore Rosa worked his way up to fortune and success. His fame as a Painter is world-wide; but it is somewhat startling to open modern music books and there find both the words and music of his songs now in vogue. As a satirist, too, the modern world finds him more interesting than his contemporaries found him, for everyone has seen his wild, weird, original landscapes, his intense historical scenes and his celebrated portraits in the Galleries of Europe, and the specific utterances of such a soul are sought after and studied. Rosa's best known Satires are those entitled Music, Poetry, Painting, War (in which he applauds the fisherman autocrat, Masaniello), Babylon (in which he inveighs against Rome) and Envy. They are all in terza rima, and the power of the ideas far outweighs the smoothness of the language. To give an idea of his style is no easy matter. I choose a passage from the Satire on Poetry, to remind myself and readers that

[1] The Italians were extravagant admirers of Milton, and "Paradise Lost" was translated by Paolo Rolli, by Papi, by Girolamo Martinengo and by Luca Andrea Corner. Alfieri openly borrows ideas and expressions of Milton and expresses his indebtedness to the English poet.

there were many more aspirants to fame in those days than we can now hold in our minds and that the degeneracy of the age was deplored by its men of genius.

ON THE SERVILE IMITATION OF THE WRITERS

"I turn, O poets, now to you; and to your shame,
Though used to Verres, thefts are found in every rhyme
That the corrector of Erenninus[1] could not name.
O sad disgrace, O shameful feature of our time!
The juices pressed from others' labors, toils and sweat
To use to-day for balm and ink you count no crime.
Phœbus and Clio give these ants both cave and seat,
Yet think to hide the grain they've striv'n so hard to store,
That's from the ancient harvests stol'n for their retreat.
And without using sieve or lantern on their lore
One may distinguish with but little observation
The ancient from the modern meal we so deplore.
A piece of patch-work now they style a true creation,
So rare's the book not made of thefts from every writer,
Under the pretext, so they say, of imitation.
Where Aristophanes, where Horace, do you loiter?
Great souls, compassionate us in our doleful state,
And leave your sepulchres to come where it is lighter.
Oh! with what reason do I now invoke you great!
Since if to-day thou wouldst the thefts but try to name,
My Aristophanes, 'soon hoarse' would be thy fate.
And if thou, Horace, read these authors of some fame,
Oh! how thou wouldst cry out: 'Now truly rags are seen
Sewed on to cloths illustrious without sense of shame.'[2]
Since heeding not the times, they so themselves demean,
They use the Greek and Latin purple in their folly
To make such garments as befit buffoons, I ween.
These imitators in an age that's so unruly,
Whom once thou didst baptize a servile flock,
Thou wouldst now stigmatize as birds of rapine wholly.
At things already said now everyone must mock;
Not now to imitate, but with the grave intent
Of copying for the selfish gain of their own luck.
And that these people to disguise themselves have meant
Is evident, for in their rags they are aware
In mounting Pindus they'd rouse general discontent;
To live immortal they confess their guilty share,
Without the fear of punishment, in wit well-versed,
Since thefts are granted if to live's the rascal's prayer.
But this by no means ends the parts they have rehearsed;

[1] Cicero, who wrote the famous Orations against the thefts of Verres, and a Treatise of Rhetoric directed against Erenninus.

[2] Against the express precept of Horace, Ars. Poet, v. 15.

They do not prize the living, never think to cite them;
The claims the mighty dead have made they think reversed.
And if they're quoted, poets now stand up to fight them.
And yet they lack in worthy pens and heads revered
The help true study of the ancients would requite them.
O my poor world! thy *bravi* should indeed be feared,
For these new rogues rob bosom friends, and oft 'tis found
From their own sires they steal with consciences well seared.
In print alone can those thus flourish and abound
Who make deceit and petty pilfering their trade.
And for their own pass works of others round and round.
Thence some swell out with pride, their fault parade,
And say if they should quit the using others' pens,
The place of Esop's chatterer would be their grade."

Salvatore Rosa considered himself a reformer, and one of his biographers gravely assures us that he did not indulge in vice to any serious extent. He deplored and openly berated Michael Angelo's love of the nude figure, and hence we see that the condemnations which human beings hurl often have little moral value, as the immoral man, repentant and zealous, undervalues and maligns the pure and irreproachable man, because of a difference in artistic temperament.

Despite the degeneracy of this age, as true and faithful students, looking beneath the surface of it, we shall find many illustrious names. We shall pause at that of *Roberto Bellarmino* (1542-1641), who with the mighty bulwark of his " Controversies of the Faith " restored the papal religion. We shall notice the great women, — Leonora Gonzaga, who married the Emperor Ferdinand III. and founded an Italian Academy in Vienna; Margherita Sarrochi, who wrote an epic poem and crossed swords with Marini; Lovisa Bergalli, who compiled a valuable anthology; and Elena Piscopia, orator, musician and author. The critical work of *Gian Vincenzo Gravina* (1654-1718) will arrest our attention, and we shall love him for his adoption of the little raggamuffin, Metastasio. We discover that if these were not the palmy days of Leo X, men of letters and artists still enjoyed an enviable prestige at the Roman Court of the erratic Queen, Cris-

tina of Sweden. There were gathered Enrico Noris, Archbishop of Rossano, Albano (afterwards Pope Clement XI), Dati, author of the "Lives of the Ancient Painters;" Menzini, author of Lyrics and Satires; Guidi, Filicaja and Crescimbeni.

Alessandro Guidi (1650-1712) is famous for his "Ode to Fortune," but I prefer his sonnet on Michael Angelo's Painting of the Last Judgment, an exquisite translation of which may be found in the Appendix of Roscoe's "Leo X." *Faustina Maratti Zappi* and her husband *G .B. Felice Zappi* (1642-1719) also wrote beautiful sonnets, that of the latter on Michael Angelo's Moses rivaling Guidi's in unapproachable sublimity.

But the redeeming name of this whole century is that of *Vincenzo Filicaja* (1642-1707). His Odes on the Deliverance of Vienna from the Turks, and his patriotic and domestic Sonnets are true contributions to the literature of the world. The more they are studied, the better are they liked.

Filicaja's position as a writer is ideal. A man of extensive culture, of exquisite taste, of keen sensibility, of conscious power in reserve, is roused by the stirring events of his age to interpret those events to his contemporaries, to awaken finer sentiments, to lift to higher moods. Like David of old, Filicaja was forced to say, "The earth is weak and all the inhabiters thereof: I bear up the pillars of it." Burning with a lofty poetic inspiration, the modern Italian does not, indeed, seem unlike a prophet Divinely commissioned. The progress of the Turks in 1683 made Europe tremble. The deliverance wrought by Sobieski was inestimable.

Thus the first desideratum — a noble subject — was granted Filicaja, and there is not a dissentient voice in declaring that he gave it a noble treatment. The six Odes on the Siege of Vienna are a glorious tribute to the Christian Faith. Reverberating with the majestic music of which this language alone is capable, the words always harmonize with the exalted theme, and hence Filicaja's

Odes are considered by many the finest that have ever been written.

From the Ode to John Sobieski, King of Poland, I give my own translation of the first six stanzas:

"Thou art not great because thou art a king,
But knowing thee, men recognize their need
And hail thee king indeed.
For there are many paths that lead to thrones;
Of bright nativities, of sires the meed,
The power a brave sword owns;
Thee to the throne only thy virtues bring.
The world that sighs for heroes stills its moans.
No empty Fortune's vow
Was given when upon thee fell the lot,
No palliating blot,
And no blind fear; affection then as now,
The seal of honest brow,
Thy valor's might a secret compact framed
With Fate; and thou wast King before proclaimed.
But what? Let sceptres now be cast aside:
Not in the pomp of royal majesty
Do I thus speak of thee;
Not to admire in thee what others share.
He who can count the sand grains in the sea
May with his verse prepare
To say how thy great deeds awaken pride,
Or name the marvels which all hearts declare
E'en wingèd Time will spare.
Where is the land concealed so from the sun
That there no fame has run
Of thy great vict'ries? Breaks day anywhere,
Or has the night a lair,
Or does the Dog-Star bark, Boötes shake
His steeds' black backs, no note of thee to take?
The false Sarmatian knows thy name, and well
The bold usurper of fair Greece; those halls
With trophies on their walls,
And they whose brows with others' spoils are starred,
(The theme of song that widely still enthralls.)
And Janus' doors were barred
If only thou hadst lived and fought to quell
The strifes that Europe's happiness have marred.
Who then shall check me as I charge
Castalian goddesses thy palms to keep?
Weak is the hand that writes, but deep
And high the proofs that strong affections forge.
And still they onward urge,
For He, whom winds obey where. how and when
He lists, sends you the sword and me the pen.

The pangs of death seized on me when I saw
The horrid hosts those clear, pure fountains stain,
The flood of Istro drain
With savage lips; and dire was my alarm
When frigid and Egyptian fruits proved vain.
Alas! I saw the form
Of regal Austria bending low with awe
Before the foes that bade her then disarm,
And place in this extreme
Her foot in galling chains. The sacred bust
Of Empire so august
Then fell, and head and trunk asunder seem,
And ashes once supreme
Fly everywhere; while conflagrations' smoke
Tells town and plain the horrors they evoke.
From its foundation then I seemed to see
Vienna totter; and in dismal plight
The tearful mothers' flight
Towàrds the temple, and the aged men
Berate the years that keep them from the fight,
While they are forced to look o'er field and fen
And see destruction, like a vulture free,
Make of their land a noxious, wretched den.
But if such direful woes,
And burnings, blood and groans and grief
Must come to our relief
Through thee, as victor over all thy foes,
Through all these dreadful throes
Whereby the very soil of Austria heaves,
(Permit me, Heaven, to say): It no more grieves;
For dazzled by the lustre of thy sword,
The Ottoman now sees his moon grow pale,
His symbol's greatness fail.
Thou goest breaking trenches, lighting down,
And as a lion, when before him quail
The flocks no shepherds own,
Thou mak'st such slaughter, that as sov'reign lord
The ground beneath thy tread will tremble soon.
The beaten people flee,
Thou bear'st away the spoils of valor's worth
And the besieged come forth.
For this I cry 'Thou'rt come;' and still my plea,
'Hast fought, hast set us free!'
Yes, yes, thou conquerest by Divine decree,
Thou for thy God, and God Himself through thee."

Filicaja's Sonnets are scarcely less celebrated than his Odes. He was saved from the bathos of the age by the reality of his feeling. This is beautifully set forth in the well known Sonnet on "The Divine Providence" trans-

lated by Leigh Hunt. But, of course, the "Italia Mia" is the best known of Filicaja's sonnets from Byron's bold incorporation of it in "Childe Harold." There (Canto IV, St. XLII and XLIII) it is drawn out in two Spencerian stanzas, and yet it must be confessed Byron has made the translation very literal. Another patriotic sonnet is translated beautifully by Isaac Disraeli in his "Curiosities of Literature." These lines are of thrilling interest, because we hear in their strong tones the first accents of the drama of modern times and the glorious work that is to be accomplished by Alfieri, Leopardi and Manzoni.

CHAPTER XIV

THE CLASSICISTS — 1700-1800

THE settecento opens with the establishment of the "Arcadians" in Rome by *Gian Maria Crescimbeni* (1663-1728). For the first time now we come upon genuine criticism of native authors. Without entering into the details of this, we note with deepest interest that Crescimbeni's judgments still hold their ground, and that his 38 years of work for the Arcadians forced them to banish the notion that literary studies are a mere pastime.

Nicolò Fortiguerra (1674-1736), indeed, combated this with his "Ricciardetto," which was written for the express purpose of proving to certain jovial friends that the writing of these epic poems was a mere bagatella. And it is said to be an authentic fact that Fortiguerra verified his bravado by turning out a canto a day.

Though a retrogressive effusion, and all out of keeping with the times, this "Ricciardetto" contains some of the most fascinating philosophizing ever done in verse. The author's description of his Muse; the Praise of Obscurity; the Philosophy of Life are given in the Manual of Ambrosoli. Ferraù's mixture of brutality and devotion is the specimen submitted by Sismondi.

"Poetry," says Cantù, "personified itself at this time in the Genoese *Innocenzo Frugoni* (1692-1768), a priest against his will, poet of the court at Parma and secretary of the Academy of Fine Arts there." Instead of refining by labor the genius with which he was unquestionably endowed, Frugoni abandoned himself to his fatal facility.

There was nothing about which he did not undertake to poetize. Ready for such occasions as weddings, ordinations, curfews, banquets, Frugoni deluged Italy with his verses and was immensely popular in his lifetime. The "Frugonian poetry" passed as a proverb into the language to signify "a reverberation of words, a scarcity of images and a nullity of thoughts."

The critics with one consent express a hatred of Frugoni that is remarkable. But among his writings I find a beautiful Sonnet on the "Exterminating Angel,"[1] and one equally grand entitled "Hannibal on the Alps;" a clever piece of satire on "The Lover of all the Women," and a specimen of blank verse curiously named, "The Shade of Pope."

It seems that wishing to compose something on the birth of the first child of Lord Holderness in Venice, Frugoni pretends in this poem that he is not equal to the high argument, but is obliged to invoke the shade of Pope to help him out. The wily rascal makes Pope praise *him.*

> "Does he[2] not see how
> Happily thou on thy Tuscan plectrum
> Bearest the Latin modes, and the new style
> Of its loved speech dost tinge with splendor?"

And just when we think ourselves launched on a eulogy of England, the poet exclaims:

> "But for thy native crib, oh, how the gods
> Have giv'n thee compensation! This, where thou'rt born
> The Adriatic owns as august queen.
>
> Abode of spotless liberty, and skilled
> In happy counsels; in vicissitudes
> Of agitated Kingdoms styled unique;
> That, dear to all, herself a pattern gives
> Of faith unchangeable, and calmly weaves
> The wondrous course of her own destinies."

[1] Who destroyed in one night the army of Sennacherib.
[2] Lord Holderness.

The fantasy of Frugoni is, however, best displayed on homely subjects, as where, for instance, he describes the little furnace where chocolate is milled and the lamp and the large coffee-pot, and then concludes:

"Still the vase one day so smoking,
Gurgling, poking
Out with waves immense, bombastic:
And there weaves the solitary
And contrary
Girl who deemed Minerva drastic.
Now the tripod lies all frozen,
With the chosen
Toothy, stirry stick that seizes,
And the little fan is lazy,
Once the hazy
Waker-up of friendly breezes."

So far in the century no new note had been sounded. Suddenly and unexpectedly there appeared a nobleman by the name of *Alfonso Varano* (1705-1788) who has the glory of starting the new strain. Descended from the ancient dukes of Camerino, and chamberlain of the Emperor of Germany, versed in ceremonial and punctilious in points of honor, Varano seems to occupy a stereotyped position, and we should not expect to attribute the robustness of the modern world to such a source. Tragedies entitled "St. Agnes," "Demetrius," "John of Giscala" came from his pen, but his fame rests upon a poem called "The Visions," in which openly imitating the "Divine Comedy," he showed the world that it was possible to break away from Mythology, and be a Christian in conceptions, with true manliness of style.

Varano was at once denominated the modern Dante and has since been styled the precursor of Vincenzo Monti. But all this adulation has faded away. It is enough and more than enough to have roused the nation's ardor in the right direction. Having read Visions I, V, VII and X, The Precipice, the Pestilence of Messina, the Storm at Sea, and the Divine Providence, I am not sufficiently impressed by them to undertake their translation; but the

beauty of a lyric given by Cantù, dilating upon the supernatural glories surrounding the dying Christian (to which so many have borne testimony) must be shared:

"He leaned his head in languor yet unknown,
A beatific peace o'erspread his face,
And in his lifted eyes new beauty shone.
Then as a flick'ring torch that's run its race,
And gathers all its courage at its end
He cried, 'I follow, do Thou grant me grace,
Guide me, Thou God of bounty!' Length'ning bend
The shadows o'er him now, but with the day
He breathes his soul out as the mists ascend.
And songs with harps and choirs with cymbal's lay,
And angels' wings and zithern's minstrelsy,
Rainbows and rays and forms with garlands gay
The loosened soul accompany on high.
And from the golden cloud in which it soars,
The soul to its frail body says good-bye."

We come now to *Giambattista Vico* (1668-1744), a man of genius, who, far outstripping the spirit of his age as a Philosopher and a Psychologist, more than repays us for our zeal and perseverance in this study. Naples had produced Aquinas, Sannazzaro, Bruno, Vanini, Salvatore Rosa and Gravina, and a famous School of Jurisprudence had long flourished there, so that Vico in being born in Naples drew in deep draughts of learning with his earliest breaths. Though the son of a small bookseller, he availed himself of the scholastic training at hand and on attaining maturity became a private tutor for 9 years. It was not until he was 29 that he gained the professorship of Rhetoric in the University of Naples. Though always conscious of his genius, Vico had one of those unsymmetrical natures which entail a life of inconsistencies, and while young he had married an illiterate girl and proceeded to have a large family. Three great juridical works came from his pen before he was 53, and on the strength of these he hoped to obtain the professorship of Jurisprudence in the University. Though his rejection caused him intense disappointment, it really paved the way for the illustrious work which was to immortalize his name and

realize the end of his being. This was the "Scienza Nuova," first published in 1725, almost rewritten in the edition of 1730 and corrected and published for the third time in 1744. During these intervals Charles III of Naples showed his appreciation of Vico by appointing him historiographer with a good salary; and the great Philosopher himself suffered with a cruel malady, in which from time to time both mind and memory failed. The third edition of his immortal work had scarcely appeared when its author expired, January 20th, 1744.

Fascinating studies of the great work which was indeed a New Science have been made by Michelet, by Pasquale Villari, by Cesare Cantù, and by Professor Flint of Edinburgh, and for our present purposes we may depend upon their testimony.

"The New Science" was nothing less than a stupendous Philosophy of History; stupendous, because by History Vico meant Humanity, and by Philosophy, the Divine ideal of human destiny. Vico's generalizations are so brilliant and so magnificent, that they have been called "divinations." Not only does he anticipate Wolf in his Homeric hypothesis, and Niebuhr in his views of Early Roman History; not simply did he work out a criterion of truth which is wholly original, namely, that to know a truth is to have made it (a principle reaching perfection in Mathematics); not solely did he forestall the modern Germans in their broadest conceptions of Philology, and, possibly, sow the seeds of the Evolution theory; Vico shows that God is in *living* contact with man in all ages and all countries; that the clue to the history of the Gentile nations is to be found in genius; that truth is congenerous to mind; that genius is the immediate organ of the Divine ideas and the recognition and practical realization of the thoughts and will of God, — enunciations which can only be received by one who has thought long and laboriously, but by such to be received rapturously.

Vico's Philosophy was in strict accord with revealed religion; he remained throughout his long life a loyal son

of the church, and it was his proud boast that the "New Science" originated in Roman Catholic Italy, and not in Protestant England, Germany or Holland.

A new era was dawning upon the world, but the political situation in Italy remained unimproved; for the War of the Spanish Succession simply transferred Italian provinces from Spain to Austria. But the House of Savoy attained royal dignity in 1713, and under Leopold of Austria Tuscany revived after 200 years of servile repose. The University of Bologna was exempt from apathy, and Charles III of Spain and IV of Naples gave the first impulse to the revival of letters in the Southern Kingdom.

If Europe owes its classical culture to the Italians of the 15th century, it can be equally maintained that it is indebted to the Italians of the 18th century for its historical lore. The foot-notes of Gibbon, Robertson, Buckle, Milman, Hallam, Guizot and Michelet have made the name of *Muratori* familiar to us from our youth, and we are all eagerness in at last discovering some details of the life of such a scholar. For it is very evident that without Muratori we should have had no modern History.

The illustrious *Ludovico Antonio Muratori* (1672-1750), who was acquainted with the whole of the vast region of human knowledge, was born in Vignola, a part of the Modenese. Entering the clerical state when very young, he made it the rule of his life never to sleep more than seven hours. Justus Lipsius on the Roman Antiquities inspired Muratori with the love of ancient erudition; and in 1694 he entered upon his career as archivist and Doctor of the Ambrosian Library at Milan, being called there by the Borromei. For the next 52 years his pen was never idle. His Latin Anecdotes, four vols. in quarto, appeared in 1697 and 98, and Greek Anecdotes in 1709. The learning thus lavished upon the public woke immediate response, and congratulatory letters poured in from Cardinal Noris, Magliabechi, Salvini, Montfaucon and Baillet. It

is a proof of Muratori's wonderful fairmindedness, humility and conscientiousness that, having discovered errors in these first publications, he did not hesitate to avow them, and openly resolved never to publish anything without first showing it to some learned friend. The subject of Inscriptions next occupied the insatiable student, and was followed by the "Novus Thesaurus Inscriptionum," while a still more signal benefit was conferred after a study of Liturgies by the publication of the "Rites of the Ambrosian Church," which were not only famous for their antiquity, but for their diversity from those of Rome.

It is to the credit of the petty prince, Rinaldo, Duke of Modena, that he was not content to have Muratori remain at Milan, but called him back to his native city as its librarian, as well as provost of the parish of Santa Maria della Pomposa. The works that followed were "A Defence of St. Augustine;" a "Life of Maggi;" the "Life of Castelvetro" (for which he was, of course, bitterly attacked); and monographs of Sigonio, Tasso and Tassoni. The "Della Perfetta Poesia Italiana" produced a profound impression. Here the great scholar proves himself an excellent critic, opposing the idolatry of Petrarch, and for the first time showing that the true order of his works is, first the Canzoni, second the Sonnets and last the Triumphs. Muratori's "Reflections on Good Taste" and "Plan for a Literary Republic" show him to be an independent thinker in every department, and his fearlessness in designating those whom he would have at the head of his Republic is amazing.

But all this time Muratori was living as well as writing. In the celebrated litigation between the House of Este and the Pope over Comachio and Ferrara, Muratori took the Imperial side, and by the consummate ability of his legal arguments won the case and was pronounced the first lawyer in Europe. A deeply interesting correspondence with Leibnitz and the publication of the "Estensi and Italian Antiquities" were not deemed out of keeping with a "Treatise on the Pestilence" (which was translated into

English) and with the devoted labors of a parish priest. The great savant loved to instruct children in the rudiments of religion; he often preached to monks; he spent his own means in rebuilding and restoring S. M. della Pomposa; he was a visitor of the prisoners and never spared himself in personal ministrations to the poor; it is estimated that he gave 100,000 francs to the Charitable Associations of Modena; for his "Treatise on Christian Charity" the Emperor Charles VI gave him a collar of gold, and it is almost humorous to find that this collar was often pawned to aid the needy.

But we have not yet entered upon an enumeration of the immortal works which make Muratori the glory of Italy in the 18th Century and for all time. Vol. I of "Rerum Italicarum Scriptores" was published in 1723, and in the writing of the 27 volumes that followed Muratori was at the head of a society that collected the data. It was finished in 1738 after painful altercations; and after its publication many scholars found fault with its statements, one of them even threatening to kill Muratori. "Antiquitates Italicae Medii Aevis" was another stupendous contribution; and this is the work on which our English historians have so securely built. Then came the venerated "Annali d'Italia," in the vernacular, and published in Milan in 18 volumes, which, though written with incomparable alacrity, will ever remain a monument of national pride. Beginning with Augustus, these annals are brought down to 1749. In consulting them I have been much impressed by Muratori's opinion of Philip II of Spain. For when we consider that Muratori was a Protestant in all but the name, and that he defends Philip's treatment of Don Carlos by a philosophical inquiry concerning the nature of parental affection, it must be admitted that we have either a sound argument for Philip, or a baffling exhibition of subtlety.

Muratori's work on "The Rules for Devotion," openly condemning the superstitious practices of the Roman church, excited fierce persecution, and his enemies brought

out a rejoinder entitled, "Anti-Muratorius." Cardinal Querini was at first hostile to Muratori for his open aversion to the Jesuits, but later became convinced of Muratori's fair-mindedness and with Benedict XIV stood forth to protect and defend him. The Pope's magnanimity was indeed taxed to the utmost, for truly are we convinced that "the righteous is bold as a lion" when we find that Muratori did not hesitate to condemn the temporal jurisdiction of the Popes. Benedict, however, was equal to the occasion and nothing could induce him to dim the lustre of this bright and shining light. He expressed his desire to make Muratori a cardinal, but the Librarian of Modena was detested in Rome.

Muratori's "Moral Philosophy" was one of the first and greatest contributions to the science of Ethics, and it is noteworthy that it was preceded by a dedication to the Countess Clelia Borromeo Grillo, a woman of profound sagacity and liberal talent and the founder in Milan of a philosophical and literary Academy, in which the famous Vallisneri made experiments.

Muratori's "Intellectual Philosophy" is thoroughly aprioristic, and to the idea that man must believe by faith and not by reason he opposes the truth and demonstrates the necessity of reason; that Pyrrhonism destroys religion; and that man by his natural faculties is able to know, if not in essence, in effect the truth of things, God Himself and revealed religion.

Finally, he who had not spared himself in disinterested labors culminated his life-work by a noble treatise "Concerning Public Felicity." This able discussion of laws, customs, religion, science, literature, arts, agriculture, commerce, luxuries, taxes, moneys, militia, public monuments and the pastimes of a nation won universal admiration and the work was at once translated into French and German.

Charles Emmanuel of Sardinia invited Muratori to Turin, fearing that the historian would give him and his Austrian predilections an unenviable immortality. But

Muratori would not leave his beloved Modena. The last letter that he wrote was to Scipione Maffei, addressing him as the most vigorous and courageous champion of Italian Literature then living.

Blind and worn out by his incessant labors, Muratori calmly awaited the approach of death, and in humble faith expired on the 23rd of January, 1750. He was buried in the Church of the Pomposa, but his remains have since been transferred to St. Augustine's. A simple Latin inscription marks his tomb, though the most eloquent eulogies have been pronounced on him by his compatriots, and it would be a pleasure to transcribe a few of them, did space permit. But I must be content to let my labor of love speak for itself.

Girolamo Tiraboschi (1731-1794) was a Bergamascan Jesuit who succeeded Muratori as librarian of Modena, the magnitude of whose work atones for the meagreness of his biography. Like so many of his illustrious compatriots Tiraboschi was a pioneer in his department, and when Hallam came to the writing of his "Introduction to the Literature of Europe," he said: "In one country of Europe, and only in one, we find a national history of literature so comprehensive as to leave uncommemorated no part of its literary labor. In full and clear exposition, in minute and exact investigation of facts, Tiraboschi has few superiors; and such is his good sense in criticism, that we must regret the sparing use he has made of it. But the principal object of Tiraboschi was biography."

How often the 16 volumes of Tiraboschi's "History of Italian Literature" have been in my hands in the writing of this history will be evident only to the student, for I have not always stopped to name him. He has been one of my chief authorities for Varchi, Olympia Morata, the celebrated women of the 17th Century (for he never fails to extol great women) and in the general presentation of topics and accuracy of dates. Tiraboschi deals with every conceivable subject upon which anything has been written, and thus transcends the bounds of pure Literature, but he

is always full of a noble enthusiasm, and his style is in keeping with his subject. The only blot upon his character is that he was not always just to Muratori.

The Abate *Luigi Lanzi* (1731-1809) heads the list of a noble army of antiquarians. We say noble, because if there is a life-work which refines the character by its disinterestedness, it certainly is that of the antiquary.

We here group Lanzi among the Historians of the age, as it is through his great "History of Painting," addressed to the people as well as to scholars, that we of this distant age and country make his acquaintance.

Educated in the Jesuits' College of his native place, Fermo, Lanzi came to his task admirably prepared for it. It was indeed preceded by a number of learned Essays, which attracted universal attention and gave him at once the rank of an authority. His friend Tiraboschi urged him to complete his own "History of Italian Literature" by a work which should include references to all writers on Italian Art. The grand duke Leopold of Florence gave Lanzi a special appointment in the glorious gallery of that city, and while the Abate was of course always traveling in behalf of his researches, Florence became his headquarters for many years.

It was eminently fitting that Italian Literature should embody some tribute to that Art in which the Italians have vanquished all other nations, ancient or modern. And as Greek Literature is sculpturesque, so is Italian Literature pictoric, and no one can understand it who fails to study Italian Painting.

Lanzi refers to about 140 Italians who wrote on this subject, treating of the Art from a scientific point of view. But Vasari alone, as we already know, had written a work of popular interest as well as technical merit. Vasari had given the Lives of the Painters. Lanzi now gives the History of Painting. For Vasari's garrulous narration of events, Lanzi substitutes method, criticism, an investigation of the sources and causes of events. In these three compact volumes which have been put within easy reach by

Thomas Roscoe and Professor Trail, we have the Schools of Florence, Siena, Rome, Naples, Venice, Lombardy (including Mantua, Modena, Parma, Cremona and Milan), Bologna, Ferrara and Piedmont characterized; epochs are marked and masters distinguished from their pupils. And in following Lanzi's marvelous specification of three thousand one hundred and twenty-four Italian painters, whose transcendent genius flooded the world with a glory hitherto undreamed of, and opened the very portals of Paradise, we exclaim, "No other country can be compared to Italy!" She has given the world more than it could comprehend, and the fame of her Literature has been obscured by the dazzling brilliancy of her Art.

The great French critic, Taine, excused himself from writing on Italian Literature because, he said, he found that it came to an end in the 17th century. Rather, as a matter of fact, was it about to begin. It did indeed decline at that time, but it could not die. No nation's annals indite a more illustrious name than that of *Giuseppe Parini.* A little lame priest, a deformed, despised teacher, who lived poor and died poor, and whose bones were thrown into the trench for paupers, was at this time the dictator and sovereign of that country which has been called the germinating country, and that literature which by common consent is acknowledged to possess a seminal power.

Giuseppe Parini (1729-1799) was born in a little village near Milan, and entered the Barnabite School of San Alessandro in Milan at the age of eleven. The rigors of poverty compelled him to wear the tonsure and at twenty-five he was ordained priest. For a time he supported himself and his mother as a copyist, but even in the midst of these ungrateful labors he managed to write and publish a little volume of Arcadian Verses. While Princes and potentates were at times, and especially at this time, indifferent to letters, there was always a literary class in this favored land ready to do homage to genius. Writers did not starve to death for lack of appreciation in Italy

as they did in England. Hence Parini was at once admitted to the select circle of the Arcadians.

For the literary Academy still flourished with some degree of vigor. The ridiculous titles of these Societies, as well as the sobriquets of individuals have occasioned much comment. *Why* were these learned men banded together as the "Sleepy," the "Stunned," the "Humids," the "Insipids?" An answer to the question becomes imperative when we discover the grave, satirical Parini among the "Shepherds."

Some have said the Italians shielded themselves under this pleasantry for political reasons. Others aver that the Church's persecutions and suspicions of learning necessitated this mode of concealment. One writer says the Italians are so frolicsome and childlike that even the most learned enjoy some form of merrymaking. My explanation is that, having lighted the torch of European learning, in restoring Greek Literature, they felt constrained to make light of this weight of erudition. The institution of the Academy was simply a veil for embarrassment. The preservation of the institution became a matter of national pride.

Soon after the publication of the Arcadian Verses Parini became a private tutor in the house of the Duke of Serbelloni. And in 1763 the first part of his great Satire, "The Day," saw the light. This was entitled "The Morning" and in 1765 "Mid-day" appeared: while the remaining portions, "Evening" and "Night" were published posthumously in 1801-1804.

But the first installment of this exquisite Poem was received by the literati with rapture. Parini became a literary idol, and a brief period of ease and prosperity ensued, in which he filled the Professorship of Eloquence in the Palatine School of Milan (1769) and then that of Fine Arts in the Brera (1773), and was allotted a residence in the palace of the Academy. When the victorious armies of the French Republic took Lombardy from Austria and created the Cisalpine Republic, Parini was elected

a member of the Municipalità and made a part of the Third Committee, which was occupied with finance, ecclesiastical causes, beneficence and public instruction. The return of the Austrians did not cause Parini great regret. Though a democrat of the democrats, he had no sympathy with the excesses of the French, nor for reforms which originated at the bottom of society. Of his great Satire, "The Day," he says:

> "Often men are moved by bitter mirth,
> And I with this have tried to check the errors
> Of fortunate, illustrious men, *fount*
> *Whence the people draw their thirst for vice.*"

Age, chronic infirmity and a cataract over the right eye, aggravated by sorrow over the apparently hopeless condition of his country, brought the life of this great man to a close in August, 1799. The French law of equality after death deprived him of funeral honors and a monument, and this gave rise to Foscolo's noble Poem, "Dei Sepolcri."

Parini's Lectures in Milan were attended with an enthusiasm which reminds us of the homage given Poliziano. The Parinian Odes are acknowledged by all to have much novelty and force. The best are those entitled "The Liberty of the Fields;" the "Salubrity of the Air;" "On the Convalescense of Carlo Imbonati," (aged 11); "To the Marchesa Paolo Castiglioni," who brought Parini Alfieri's Tragedies; "To the Muse." And there are fine Sonnets on Himself, and on Vittorio Alfieri. These all breathe the same lively conception of human dignity, the same hatred of tyranny, an unquenchable love of learning, and an inspiring morality.

Of all the surprises in this study none is greater than that of finding an Italian the originator of Utilitarianism. Yet the great dictum of this school of thought, — that the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the foundation of morals and legislation, — can be directly traced to the Marquis *Cesare Beccaria* (1735-1793), and

Bentham himself acknowledges it bravely. (Works, Vol. X, p. 142.)

With this sacred watchword on his lips, this celebrated nobleman, who was born in Milan in 1735, and educated in the Jesuit College of Parma, effected a mighty revolution. His first publication was an able treatise on the currency, and he then joined with his friends, the Verris, in publishing a small journal called "Il Caffè," a mild and conciliatory effort to humanize and refine his countrymen. But in 1764 his great treatise "On Crimes and Punishments" threw into the shade his previous writings. Men recognized a master-spirit, and in 18 months this work passed through six editions. The European nations not only translated and read it, but at once set about altering their penal codes on the basis proposed by Beccaria. The Marquis was appointed to the chair of Public Law and Economy in the Palatine College of Milan, and his Lectures were published for the rest of the world.

Incessant labors for the good of mankind seem to have cut short a life so inexpressibly valuable; and as we record the fact that the Marquis of Beccaria died at the age of 58, a strong argument in favor of an hereditary aristocracy presents itself. We cannot but wonder whether anyone but a patrician could have devoted himself to such disinterested labors, or would have been able to point out so temperately the responsibilities of rulers.

The time was when foreigners gravely asked whether the Italian language was capable of expressing profound and complicated thoughts. Among those who forever silenced such questionings *Gaetano Filangieri* (1752-1788) stands out conspicuously. Though we have observed that Milan was now becoming the literary centre of Italy, there was much intellectual and sociological activity in Naples also, and when Filangieri was born there in 1752, he inherited the legal learning and philosophical acumen of Gravina and Vico.

Like Beccaria, Filangieri belonged to the nobility and devoted all his energies to the people. His great work

was "The Science of Legislation," and when we read of its scope and magnitude, it seems almost incredible that his short life of 36 years could have accomplished such wonders. We are reminded of Sannazzaro's lines:

"O brief as bright, too early blest!"

The honors that were heaped on the young publicist, the homage of all Europe, the censure of the church and the condemnation of the Index form one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of reform. Filangieri was thoroughly and brilliantly original in his philosophy, and it is a delightful mental exercise to note his divergencies from Vico and Montesquieu.

But if the 18th century is beneficent and glorious in its contributions to the sum of human knowledge, it is none the less endeared to us by its light-heartedness and humanity. The Pastoral Drama had attained its greatest heights in the "Orfeo" of Poliziano, the "Aminta" of Tasso and the "Pastor Fido" of Guarini, in all of which there was some singing. But the step from the eclogue to the pastoral fable was not so great as that from the latter to the melodrama. The Italians were the originators of the Opera. Ottavio Rinuccini at the very end of the cinquecento produced "Dafne," the first drama set to music; and the 17th century was ushered in by his "Euridice," while for the third time he enchanted the public with his "Arianna" in 1608. It is most interesting to find that Italy possessed an entire school of musicians ready to carry out the ideas of the librettists; but of these of course we cannot speak here.

It was a happy day for the world when the erudite *Apostolo Zeno* (1668-1750) turned his attention to the writing of Operas, for without Zeno we should not have had Metastasio. Rinuccini had had many followers, but Apostolo Zeno made the most marked improvement upon these. Born in Venice and devoted to study and historical investigation, Zeno was called by the Emperor Charles VI to Vienna to fill the post of poet laureate (poeta cesareo)

at that court. There he produced "Ifigenia," "Andromaca," "Mitridate" and "Nitocri," which, though no longer read, won great applause at the time and prepared the way for new developments. We know Zeno as an authority in History and it is strange to think of him in this new capacity. But the most charming thing about his biography is his generous friendship for Metastasio. Zeno's star was setting as that of Metastasio rose, and spiteful persons tried to make the two poets quarrel. But the attempt was an utter failure, for Zeno requested permission to retire from his lucrative post and pointed out Metastasio as his successor. This was a swan-song worthy of a poet, and the seal to a beautiful apostleship.

Scipione Maffei (1675-1755) was born at Verona and gave evidence of literary talent at an early age. Like Gravina, Maffei based his love for the drama upon a strong foundation of knowledge; embracing History, Antiquity and Natural Philosophy in his pursuits. After undertaking a poem in 100 cantos on the "Harmony of Human Virtues" and producing a remarkable critique on the "Rodogune" of Corneille, Maffei appeared as the author of the great tragedy of "Merope," realizing his own dreams, exciting unbounded admiration in his contemporaries, and producing a work worthy to be compared with the great dramas of Voltaire and Alfieri.

Maffei's object was to convince the moderns that a tragedy might be written without a syllable of love. The dignity with which he succeeds in investing this tragedy is due to this, as well as to the blank verse, to which the Italian so readily lends itself. The finest passage in this drama is that in which Euryses, attempting to console Merope for the loss of her son, says:

> "Think how the mighty King, for whom all Greece
> In arms arose 'gainst Troy, in Aulis gave
> His dear child to a fierce and cruel death,
> As the gods will'd it."

And Merope replies:

> "But, O Euryses, the great gods had never
> Required it of a mother."

Maffei also applied his talents to comedy but did not meet with much success. Dying at the advanced age of 80, he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had done much towards enabling Italy to shake off her sloth.

We have already been introduced to the gifted *Metastasio* (1698-1782) in the sketch of Gravina. Never did anyone more brilliantly fulfill fond hopes than this little street urchin. The world is divided into only two classes on the subject of Metastasio; he was so lucky, so fortunate from a worldly point of view, that to this day few critics can speak of him dispassionately. At the age of 20 Metastasio became the heir of Gravina's fortune of 15,000 scudi, and he was so inexperienced in taking care of himself that he quickly squandered it. Leaving Rome and taking up his abode in Naples, he entered a lawyer's office, but when Prince Marc Antonio Borghese wanted a drama written to celebrate the birthday festival of the Empress Elizabeth Cristina, no one but Metastasio could be found to respond to the emergency. "The Gardens of the Hesperides" was the manifestation of his talent, the beginning of his fame, and the first of that long series of Librettos which gave Europe a new style of poetry and brought it to the greatest perfection it has ever known. Besides his splendid philosophical and classical education, Metastasio equipped himself for his work by a thorough study of Music under the great Porpora, and this was a considerable portion of the secret of his power.

Being obliged to frequent the Theatre, Metastasio became acquainted with the celebrated singer Marianna Bulgarelli. Young, beautiful and endowed with an angelic voice, when she spoke to Metastasio, younger than herself and surrounded by so much glory, the kindling of an ardent passion on both sides was no strange result. Though Marianna had a husband, the *cicisbeism* of the age pre-

sented no obstacle to the enjoyment of this passion. But to the credit of Metastasio he deplored his situation and, being named successor to Apostolo Zeno at the Court of Vienna, to save his honor he broke away from friends, country, and the woman who loved him as disinterestedly and tenderly as ever man was loved.

Though Marianna supported the separation with firm and dignified resignation, it was undoubtedly the cause of her death a few years later. On this event, Metastasio again found himself the heir of a large fortune. But again he displayed a great soul and renounced every penny of it in favor of Marianna's husband.

For a long time the flattered and adored poet nursed his grief in solitude and silence. But the beautiful Countess Pignatelli d'Althan by her unremitting favors and attentions drew him from his seclusion and they were so often seen together that many believed them married. The fashion of the times did not make it necessary to establish this fact.

At the Court of Vienna Metastasio enjoyed the favor of Charles VI, Maria Theresa and Joseph II and all the sovereigns of Europe gave him proofs of their esteem and honor. Leaving an immense fortune to his friend the Councilor Martinez, in whose house he had lived for many years, Metastasio expired on the 12th of April, 1782, and was buried in the Church of San Michele in Vienna. Modest, disinterested, grateful to his benefactors, a man of simple manners and loved by all who knew him, the personality of Metastasio corresponds to the noble sentiments expressed in his Operas. And that must be a surly nature which refuses to pay homage to one who bore prosperity as nobly as adversity, and took the sting from his success by identifying it with the happiness of all classes of society and all phases of human fortune.

Carlo Goldoni (1707-1793), the most celebrated comic playwright of this Literature, was born in Venice in 1707; and, though destined by his family to the Law, in making a short tour with a company of players, he soon made the

discovery that he had a remarkable genius for comedy. His first piece was "La Donna di Garbo" (The Lady of Merit) and from the date of its success Goldoni went on writing Plays so rapidly that we are assured their number reached 150. Quickly overthrowing his predecessors, Goldoni found after awhile that he was being superseded in popular esteem by Count Carlo Gozzi. The struggle continued but a short time, for Goldoni became so irritated by Gozzi's success that he resolved to leave Italy forever.

He was welcomed at the French court, and he began life over again by writing comedies in French, and though these met with deserved favor in Italy, he could not be persuaded to revisit that fair land. The pension given him by the King of France being lost by the Revolution in '93, André Chenier proposed its restitution in the National Convention. And Goldoni dying the day after, the Convention by a second decree assigned 1200 francs annually to his widow. The Italians so greatly admired and valued Goldoni that this action of the French did a great deal not only to reconcile them to the French invasions, but to excite and foster an imitation of French Literature and Art. Besides the numerous Plays Goldoni bequeathed his nation, a great value is placed upon his Memoirs, in which he demonstrates what he had done for the national comedy from his own point of view.

Some dignified historians altogether pass over the literary feats of Count *Carlo Gozzi* (1720-1806) who was so immensely popular in his own day that he carried everything before him. It requires considerable research to discover that he was born in Venice, the son of the poetess Angela Tiepolo, the brother of the charming essayist Gaspare Gozzi, and of sisters who were poetesses; so that being poor, though noble, they were wont to say they lived in a hospital of poets. The condition of his family made it necessary for Carlo to enter the military service in his 16th year, and it was not until he was 19 that he set himself to serious studies in Venice.

Believing that the comedy of Art was a national produc-

tion in which pride should be taken, Gozzi opposed Goldoni with all the energy of his being, and while his success was simply marvelous in his own times, he has been almost relegated to oblivion by the moderns. There was a period in which he deserted original production and translated from the French for the actress Teodora Ricci, who seems to have fascinated him more than any other woman he knew. Like Goldoni, Gozzi wrote his Memoirs, and they furnish most interesting reading for the curious.

The name of *Vittorio Alfieri* (1749-1803) is almost as sacred to the Italians as the name of Dante. The writer of the greatest dramas Italy ever produced, the possessor of a strong and striking personality, an ardent lover and advocate of liberty, a master of the Tuscan tongue, — Alfieri is identified with the greatness of his country.

The pleasure of discovering that Alfieri wrote his own "Life" is much modified on finding that it is written in a spirit of cynical self-depreciation, very much in the Byronic style. We shall, therefore, not pay much attention to this Autobiography, but draw our conclusions from the hard facts of the poet's life and from his dramas.

Count Vittorio Alfieri was born in Asti, a city of Piedmont, in 1749. His father died while he was a baby, and his mother (whom he always loved) married a second time. At nine years the young nobleman entered the Academy of Turin, where wretched methods of instruction and full permission to indulge in the extravagancies induced by his wealth ministered to that want of self-respect which is so marked in the Autobiography. On "graduating" from this Academy in 1766, it was the proper thing for a young man to travel, and after obtaining the King's consent (such were the ridiculous regulations of the age), Alfieri visited Italy, France and England. Hardly had he returned home when a second tour was undertaken and this time the Continent was traversed.

It was while in Spain that Alfieri formed an intimacy with the good Abate Tommaso di Caluso, and it was the reading of an Ode of Guidi's by this attractive and cul-

tured Abate that woke the " Phoebean flame " in the breast of the young nobleman. On returning home and endeavoring to write, however, Alfieri found that he could not write a correct sentence in Italian, the Piedmontese dialect and the French language being his only resources. He immediately began the study of Latin with a teacher and went to Florence to acquire Tuscan. His first dramatic attempt, " Cleopatra " was performed in Turin in 1775.

During the course of his roving life Alfieri formed warm friendships with Parini, Cesarotti and the Signor Francesco Gori Gandellini of Siena. And in a second stay at Florence he became acquainted with Louisa von Stolberg, the Countess of Albany and the wife of the Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, who had treated her so outrageously that she had been compelled to flee from him.

Shortly after this Alfieri determined to rid himself of the feudal obligations which were intolerable to his proud nature; and in order to be free, he parted with half of his income. This has always made him many enemies, for little minds hate such evidences of greatness.

His " Antigone " was performed in 1782 by amateurs in a private theatre in Rome and won great applause. In 1783 four more tragedies were printed. And as the years passed his noble and indomitable soul poured itself out in drama after drama, — the only way he could think of to lift his countrymen into that pure ether where liberty lives, oppression ceases, virtue reigns.

Among those who responded to these Plays was Renier di Calsabigi. Drawn out by the genius of Alfieri, Calsabigi wrote criticisms of his Works and these display the most remarkable acquaintance with the whole field of dramatic writing and, in turn, influenced the distinguished tragedian.

Residing for awhile in Paris for the purpose of publishing his tragedies, Alfieri found himself in the maelstrom of the French Revolution; and it was with difficulty that he made his way back to Florence. The very fact that liberty was so dear to him made the abuse of it intolerable.

His whole nature was embittered by this travesty of freedom and it made him hate everything that was French.

At the age of 46 Alfieri determined to acquire Greek, and such was the iron force of his will that in a few years he both read and wrote in that difficult language. But the strangest part in all this is that he had written Greek tragedies in the style of the Greeks long before he knew anything about them: that is, Alfieri worked out the ideal of the Greeks by the sheer force of his genius! No modern writer has given such incontestable proof of creative power.

Twenty years of Alfieri's life were spent with the Countess of Albany in one of those strange unions which the times permitted and society condoned. He wrote many other things besides his Tragedies, but we cannot name them here. It was through the tragedies that he energized the whole Italian people. He was a reformer and hence still antagonizes a certain class of readers. There are those who hate him for being an aristocrat. But as Italian Literature as a whole is the work of aristocrats, he can hardly bear the blame of this alone.

Alfieri died standing, making his mind rule his body in mortal anguish. He was cut off at the age of 55, not in the zenith of his powers, for he had himself pronounced those powers to be declining. Volumes may be written about him both as a man and as a genius. If it is true that he never depicted but one character and that his own, the world is indebted to him for the revelation of his sublime personality as much as it is for his unique productions.

A witty Frenchman said the Italians never had a writer until *Bettinelli* (1718-1808) appeared. He probably meant the Italians had none of those charming essays or livres d'agrément, in which the French converse so happily with every people in the world. But the assertion does not stand the test of examination. Castiglione, Varchi, Tassoni and Gravina had written delightful essays before the time of Bettinelli. And if we admit that the

French immeasurably excel the Italians in prose, it is just as true that the Italian is preëminently a poetical literature, and the glory of having written perfect prose in such a language becomes all the greater. This is the renown of *Saverio Bettinelli*, who has been called "the most perfect embodiment of the literary man in the 18th century."

A Mantuan Jesuit, a free thinker and in correspondence with Voltaire, Bettinelli rises before the imagination as a polished gentleman, a finished man of the world. He seems to have written a little of everything, courtly letters, excellent sonnets, the drama of "Xerxes," a history of the "Risorgimento d'Italia," and finally, emboldened by success, those startling essays which he called "Virgilian Letters."

In these essays there is acute and sound observation, but in a moment of unparalleled audacity Bettinelli seized his opportunity to attack Dante, openly calling him a clown and his work a monstrosity. At first this was greeted with a burst of thoughtless applause from the non-literary, but in a little while all this was changed. And now in spite of excellent advice in regard to literary forms, a style deemed irreproachable, many wise and witty observations, these "Letters," purporting to be Virgil's from Eliseum, must be hurried over with a mere mention, and modern critics simply stigmatize them as "the indecencies of Bettinelli."

The way in which *Melchiorre Cesarotti* (1730-1808) turned Italy upside down with his brilliant translation of Macpherson's "Ossian" cannot be passed over in silence. Cesarotti was a Paduan professor, and not only wrote Essays on Language, but attempted to recast the Iliad. This effort was wholly unsuccessful, and nothing saved its author from oblivion, but his own willingness to join in the laugh it raised.

On making the acquaintance of Lord Sackville and obtaining from him the "Poems of Ossian" Cesarotti was so delighted with the novelty of this strange book, that he at once made himself master of English and gave his coun-

trymen a version of the poem unequaled for vigor, superabundance, elegance and beauty.

The contrast between the pale, sad melancholy of the thoughts, and the deep, rich coloring of the words in this unique translation is unlike anything else in Literature, and can only be likened to effects produced by music. No one seems to have noticed that while the manners and customs of the Caledonians were alien to the Italians, the names of the personages could be so easily Italianized. Tremorre, Fingallo, Ossian, Oscarre, Dartula, Sulmalla, Malvina, Nato, &c. &c. certainly seem to have originated under Southern skies.

It was with considerable difficulty that I succeeded in obtaining a copy of Cesarotti's Ossian; and at last the four little volumes came to me from "learned Padua," bearing the date of 1772! So completely extinct is the frenzy which this work once excited. Not only was there a sect of Ossianeschi, but everyone agreed that Cesarotti had forever conquered the Arcadians.

Presupposing a knowledge of Macpherson's Ossian, I give specimens of the *versi sciolti*, that they may be compared with the rough, bombastic and ungainly English.

FROM TEMORA, CANTO VI, 297

"Rammenta il breve fugitivo corso
Della vita mortale: un popol viene;
E corrente ruscel; svanisce, è soffio:
Altra schiatta succede; alcun fra tanti
Segna però nel suo passaggio il campo
Coi suoi possenti e gloriosi fatti.
Egli la muta oscurità degli anni
Signoreggia col nome; alla sua fama
Serpe un garrulo rivo, ella rinverde."

TEMORA, CANTO V, 390

"Al suon piacevole
D'arpe tremanti
Mescete o Vergini
Mescete i canti:
Fillan gli chiede,
Del suo valor mercede."

FROM SONGS OF SELMA, 86

"Cessa, o vento, per poco, e tu per poco
Taci, o garrulo rio; lascia che s'oda
La voce mia, lascia che m'oda il mio
Salgar errante.
Ecco sorge la Luna e ripercossa
L'onda risplende, le pendici alpini
Già si tingon d'azzurro, e lui non miro.
.
Quando sul colle stenderà la notte
Le negre penne, quando il vento tace
Su l'erte cime, andrà 'l mio spirto errando
Per l'amato aere, e dolorosamente
Piangere i miei diletti; udrà dal fondo
Della capanna la lugubre voce
Il cacciator smarrito, e ad un sol tempo
E temenza e dolcezza andragli al core,
Che dolcemente la mia flebil voce
Si lagnerà sopra gli estinti amici,
Del paro entrambi a lo mio cor sì cari."

The Italian genius was so alert and fruitful in this century that it does not seem possible to make an exhaustive study of it. Closely connected with the claims of Literature was that "living library," *Antonio Magliabecchi* (1633-1714), of Florence, to whom the learned of all countries had recourse; the "portentous polyglot," *Giuseppe Mezzofanti* (1774-1849), of Bologna, who spoke fifty or sixty languages and dialects and made devout use of his power in the Confessional; and the distinguished scientist, *Alessandro Volta* (1745-1827), of Como, who with his electric pile stands at the head of all modern discoveries in Chemistry and Physics.

It was in this wonderful age that the real veneration for Dante took its start. Boccaccio, Filelfo, Landino, Varchi, Mazzoni, Crescimbeni, Tiraboschi and Muratori, besides many others whom we have not been able to bear in mind, had from time to time tried to rouse the people's ardor for their great poet. But we have seen how utterly indifferent the people had remained, and how they preferred to be Petrarchists and Arcadians.

The impetus towards the enthronement of Dante came,

undoubtedly, from Alfonso Varano, who openly combatted Voltaire, by declaring that Dante's episode of Ugolino was equal to anything in the range of pagan literature. Varano's own imitation of Dante, however, succeeded much better than his criticism at this stage of development. Leonarducci followed with a poem on "Providence;" Manfredi with his "Paradise;" Cosimo Betti in the "Consummation of the Ages;" while Lodovico Salvi knew the Divine Comedy by heart and wrote out all of Dante's arguments in verse. We shall see that the hint was adopted by Monti; all of whose compositions take the form of a Vision, and are as marked by reverence as by splendor of style.

The attack on Dante by the learned Bettinelli was a second step in the restoration of Dante, for it evoked a masterly reply from *Gaspare Gozzi* (1713-1786), the brother of the famous playwright. His "Difesa di Dante" was written with so much good taste and sense and discretion that it completely obliterated Bettinelli's impudence and vanity.

Splendid editions of Dante were published about this time by Antonio Zappi of Venice and Gian Giacomo Dionisi of Verona.

Finally, a priest by the name of *Antonio Cesari* (1760-1828) wrote three large volumes which he entitled "The Beauties of the Divine Comedy," and though he seldom rises above words and phrases, he proceeds in this department "as a master." As a classicist Cesari roused many enemies; but while one critic calls him "an egregious apostle of purism," another pronounces the humble and obscure priest, "one of the first and most efficacious to succeed in making our tongue a bond and a pledge of fraternity in the peninsula."

In the latter part of the 18th century there appeared that phenomenal class of poets known as the *Improvvisatori.* Ariosto, indeed, in the 16th century had professed to improvise the stanzas of the "Furioso." And Fortiguerra at the beginning of this 18th century had made a

boast of turning out a canto a day. Nourished and brought up on poetry as the Italians were, it was not strange that people of all classes of society should wake up one day and find themselves able to versify.

Bartolomeo Sestini (1792-1822) is spoken of as one of the most skilful of these poets, though it is not quite clear whether his principal poem, "La Pia dei Tolomei," is an improvisation. Indeed, on the contrary, its polish suggests the file. But we must depend upon the chroniclers.

In this pretty narrative poem we meet an old acquaintance, for Dante introduced us to Pia in the 5th Canto of the Purgatorio, among those who had met death by violence. For some occult reason Sestini chooses to set aside the tradition that Pia was thrown headlong from the castle window by her cruel husband, and gives us to understand that, imprisoned in the Castello della Pietra by her husband, she was left there to be slowly killed by the drought and scorching heat of Maremma. He says:

"This year a burning all unknown before
Throughout our hot Maremma held its sway,
And fiery columns seemed the sun to pour
And rain down on firm plains its every ray.
While sinking in its folds of flame and gore
It but foretold new grief for coming day.
Unhappy Pia! sky and sun conspire
To waste thy life with this mysterious fire."

The aspect of nature in this fiery trial gives rise to most beautiful description, and he continues:

"The labors of the field are hush'd; the farmers flee
And leave the valleys which ingulf their life,
In bush anl hedge the birds forego their glee
And still their innocent and harmless strife.
A lone cicada in yon tiny tree
Is deafening fields, with strident metre rife,
Nor at the sun will he now cease to rail
Until the adamantine cry shall fail."

* * *

"The bull once wont his crescent horns to dash
In bold display of kingship o'er the herd,

And sharpened on the bark of the wild ash
Would roar against the fiercest blast winds stirred,
Now flees the fervor of the hot day's lash,
Nor is again to grass or bright brook lured,
And down he lies and bends his head to seize
With wide-spread nostril e'en the faintest breeze."

Puccianti calls this last verse "stupendous," and it is hard to see how it could be improved.

The sufferings of the sweet and gentle Pia, not only from the intense heat, but from the ghosts of the old castle, are graphically depicted. At length she sees from her window an old hermit, and to him she speaks of her husband.

"And give him news of me, so near my end,
That for the evil I brought him I pay.
Give him," — the ring she held out in her hand —
"Give him," she followed, "what he once gave me.
And say that as this has no break or bend,
Unchanged, unbroken is my fealty."

And while the solitary is exhorting Pia to trust in God and rest assured "He does not make eternal the sufferings of the good," she breathes her last, and he is left "to contemplate the empty balcony."

CHAPTER XV

PARINI'S SATIRE

THE conditions demanded by the satire as a work of Art were so perfectly fulfilled in Parini, that the enjoyment of his famous Poem is twofold. The author of "The Day" not only had the mind to perceive the most intimate characteristics of that society which was, in appearance aristocratic, but in reality corrupt, effeminate and vulgar; he was himself in habits of thought and feeling, in pure and noble ideals of life, and in actual personality in open and strident conflict with this society.

There were other satirists besides Parini. Such men as Gaspare Gozzi,[1] Guiseppe Baretti,[2] Giambattista Casti,[3] Martelli [4] and Verri [5] pointed out the national vices, chastised prevailing customs and ridiculed Italian institutions, from the supreme silliness of the Arcadians to the *cicisbeism* of the upper circles. But they did not see society as an organic totality; nor were they in themselves a speaking, living contradiction to this organism.

In the possession of these powers Parini was able to write a Satire in which every word is freighted with sardonic venom. This gives "The Day" a unique charm,

[1] See page 233.

[2] Giuseppe Baretti, 1716-1789, was a journalist, who edited and wrote "The Literary Scourge."

[3] Giambattista Casti, 1721-1804, wrote a poetical satire on the European courts, entitled "Animali Parlanti."

[4] Piero Jacopo Martelli, 1665-1727, was a dramatic writer, who was specially happy in his original style.

[5] Pietro Verri of Milan, 1728-1796, edited "Il Caffè" and endeavored both in jest and earnest to reform manners and customs.

which almost overshadows the magnificence of the blank verse, the force of the classic allusions, and that marvelous wedging of the words which is peculiar to the Italian and which called forth such a storm of applause from the poet's contemporaries.

Pretending to teach the young Lombard lord how he ought to spend the day, — "these irksome, tedious days of life, which such insufferable weariness acccompanies," the Poet says as his pupil "has already devoutly visited the altars sacred to Venus and the gamester, Mercury, in Gallia and Albion, and bears yet the marks imprinted by his zeal, now it is time to rest."

The morning has hardly dawned ere the farmer "goes forth with the slow oxen into the field, and shakes from the curved branches the dewy humors which the new-born rays of the sun refract like gems." And the artisan is equally busy "with arches and locks, or with jewels and vases of silver and gold to serve as ornaments for brides and banquets." But what? Is the young lord horrified and do these words make his hair stand on end like that of a pricked porcupine? Ah, this is not his morning. He has not sat at the scanty meal nor slept on a hard pillow as the humble crowd is condemned to do. He is a celestial progeny; he is a kind of demi-god and has spent the best part of the night at the theatre and gambling-room, rushing back to his mansion in his gilded coach and dispersing the darkness of the night with lanterns that (in their ostentatiousness) can only be compared to the torches borne for Pluto by the Furies. At last after indulging liberally in drink, his faithful servant drew the silken curtains of his bed, and the cock that is wont to open the eyes of others sweetly closed those of our hero.

The sipping of his coffee in bed and every detail of his fastidious toilet is then prescribed, until at length his mentor admits that he "has now thought enough about himself."

"Thou knowest," he continues, "that Heaven destines a companion for the young lord, with whom he may share

the tiresome burden of this inert life." "Is his hearer fainting?" Oh, he is not speaking of marriage — with all its incumbrances and vulgar cares. No, no; let him perish who would give such counsel. Our hero's companion will be a young woman and the wife of another. For so the inviolable rite of the gay world ordains.

No people ever exhibited a more glaring lack of self-respect in social life than the Italians of the 18th century. Marriage was a mere sop to Cerberus, nothing more than a financial investment. Every married woman had her lover, or cicisbeo, and there was, as Parini declares, a recognized ritual or code for the conduct of these *cavalieri serventi.* With all their immoralities the French were never guilty of anything so grossly indecent, and their travelers of this period speak of the Italians with disgust.

But as the morning lengthens into noon-day the young lord must hasten to the breakfast at his lady's house. The lofty progeny of gods must not blush to give a few moments (!) to food. Eating is only a vile occupation for those driven to it by hard, irresistible need. Pleasure alone invites our hero. Of course there is splendid scope for the Parinian irony in the description of the guests at the breakfast. As voluptuousness declines, conversation is in order, and "a noble vanity spurs all minds." "Love of self alone, boldly surveying the scene, brings a sceptre to each one and says: 'Reign!'" War, peace, the condottieri, the arts of Pallas and the Muses, the philosophers who reigned tyrannically in Greece and then in the Tuscan land revived with even greater force, are subjects easily disposed of.

"Is, then, to know so much the rightful boon
Of noble minds? O bed, O mirror, meal,
Race-course, and stage, estates, blood, family-tree
What through you is not learn'd? Now thou, my lord,
With boldest flight of thy own happy skill
Must raise thyself o'er all. This is the field
Where thou shouldst shine the most. No science,
Be it what it may, in secrets great and grand,
Has ever terrified thy soul."

The airing of his knowledge is, of course, exquisitely ridiculous. He is permitted even to go so far as to pretend to know the French sophists, and to speak in the language of D'Alembert and Diderot about "the inverse ratio of his languor." But oh! how sedulously he must beware that he does not imbibe any of that French poison which was teaching

> "That each one is equal to the other,
> That dear to Nature and belov'd by Heaven
> No less than thou is he who holds in check
> Thy fiery steeds and he who ploughs thy fields."

The afternoon is now advancing, and all the different members of the laboring class are looking forward to their brief repose. Now let us follow him

> "Who served by all, serves none."

This is the fashionable hour for driving, and the young swell must accompany his lady to the rendezvous which is the objective purpose of the drive. For there it is the style for the carriages to stop, and the cavaliers must go from carriage to carriage to chat with the married belles and excite as much envy and jealousy as possible. The parvenu is there and, of course, towards him it will be the proper thing to have an expression which plainly says: "Who are you?" and this should be followed by a laughing, whispered conversation with his companion.

Though invoked by the Muse, the supreme gods will *not* suspend the coming of the night so that our hero's deeds may still be visible to all. But who has ever depicted the democratic and impartial sway of night with such skill as Parini?

> "For as she slowly moves her dewy feet
> She mingles all earth's colors infinite
> And in one limbo vast confuses them
> Simply as things in things: Sister of death,
> One aspect indistinct, one countenance
> To soil, to vegetation and to brutes,
> To great and small she equally permits,
> The naked, and the painted cheeks of belles
> Confounds; and gold receives no better meed than rags."

The canto entitled Night opens with a splendid poetic outburst, which has been recognized as the first note of romanticism. But the satire is immediately resumed in contrasting the present scion of a noble house with his invincible ancestors. For while they fell victims to sleep almost with the setting sun, he must nerve himself up to spend the evening at a card-party and the long vigils occasioned by the game of chance. Interest here centers upon the hostess, who is involved in "cruel doubts" in arranging tables and partners. When all is settled, "some she combats;" others she "stands over, to contemplate the events of unstable fortune and the strokes of luck or wit." In front of all gravely reigns the council and they are surrounded by *majestic silence*. Then the awarding of the prizes follows. Each one draws a little painted card from a great urn, and their inane mirth is stimulated at sight of the well-known figures of Pantaloon, Harlequin and Pulcinella, as well as by pictures of the monkey, the cat, and the dear little ass, in which they have such a pleasing likeness of themselves.

In breaking off abruptly and vaguely the satire itself loses none of its force, since there is an implication that the vapidity of the subject baffles description. When first published it is said Prince Alberico de' Belgioioso believed himself the protagonist of "The Day," and seriously threatened the author's life; but this is almost too funny to be believed.

For us the revelation of this work of Art (for which the epithet *exquisite*, is reserved by the Italians) is its democratic force, its grand current of humanitarian ideas. The Poet endows us with a noble conception of human dignity and strengthens us for the battle with vice and folly; and in finishing his work we say softly: "It is for this that we have toiled and striven." "The Day" is numbered by many as the first of those patriotic poems which helped to free Italy; and by an inevitable law of association Parini walks down the ages arm in arm with Alfieri.

CHAPTER XVI

METASTASIO, PRINCE OF LIBRETTISTS

AS the Greeks had only one Homer and the Latins one Virgil, so it has been said the Italians must be contented with one Metastasio. And though this praise is exaggerated and bombastic, it points out forcibly the unique position of this strange poet.

In taking up these wonderful Librettos the student experiences a new pleasure. Language is no longer found to be a vehicle for thought, but an exquisite form of Art in itself. There is not a single word in any of the Operas of Metastasio which is not musical.

His Roman plays are "Dido Abandoned;" "Cato in Utica;" "The Clemency of Titus;" "Regulus." The Oriental Plays are "Artaxerxes;" "Siroes;" "Zenobia;" "The Identification of Cyrus;" "Demetrius." The Greek Plays are "Antigonous;" "Demofoöntes;" "The Olimpiad;" "Themistocles;" "Achilles in Scyros." But while each play has its appropriate setting, the sentiment par excellence of them all is Honor. And to sympathize with this sentiment one must conceive of an individuality strong enough to submit, to renounce, to forgive, to humble itself. In clinging to the dictates of honor all such weaknesses as self-gratification, love of present pleasure, self-justification, pride, revenge, display must be relinquished.

In "Dido Abandoned," Selene, Dido's sister, is also in love with Æneas, and Dido says:

> "Go to him, loved sister,
> Drive suspicions, from the heart of Æneas,
> And tell him nothing but death shall take me from him."

Selene replies:

"I will say that thou art true,
To my faith thou mayst surrender;
I will be to thee most tender;
(To myself how stern!)
Yes, my lips will speak for you,
And will tell your fond desire,
(But, O God! with inward fire
Still this heart will burn.")

Selene upbraids her heart for choosing such a lover, but as she meditates upon the fact that it is not a matter of choice, she concludes:

"Every lover thinks the dart
That has made his wound so deep
Has been sent by beauty's art,
But it is not so.

Thoughts of love spring in his heart
When that heart expects them least,
There they make for him a feast.
Why, he does not know."

When Dido is counseled to ask pity of the Moors and indignantly repels such advice, Selene says:

"Oh, thou must now forget thy rank,
Or else abandon every hope,
For rank with love can never cope."

"Cato in Utica," presented in Rome in the Carnival of 1727, represents the critical moment of Cæsar's world-wide success, when Cato alone refused to do him homage. Emilia, Pompey's widow, is in league with Cato for Cæsar's destruction, and speaks as a veritable Roman matron when she apostrophizes Pompey in the lines:

"If in the bosom of some star,
On Lethe's margin, thou dost wait,
Expect me, love, where'er you are,
For I will come; let wrath be furled.
Yes, I will come, when I the shade
Of that base tyrant first have made
To go before my own, for he
For thy damnation armed the world."

"Regulus," the most intensely Roman of all Roman stories, is shorn of its harrowing features in the hands of Metastasio. For one must be impenetrable who is not fired with delight and exultation in the invincible fortitude of the heroic Roman as depicted by the amiable Italian. The culminating lines occur in Act II, S. VII, where Regulus is made to say:

"Whate'er this earth of good may hold
Is due to glory; this redeems
Humanity from that vile state
In which it lives with no desire for fame.
For glory takes the sting from grief;
When peril threatens, conquers fear;
And terror takes from death; dilates
Whole realms; guards cities, nourishes and forms
For virtue followers: customs
Ferocious mild become, and man
Is made an imitator of the gods."

Taking up the study of the Oriental Plays, "Artaxerxes" gives us the ideal of a man's friendship for a man; "Siroes" reminds us of "King Lear," the hero playing the part of Cordelia against a false, hypocritical brother in the place of Goneril and Regan; "Zenobia," based upon a tale in Tacitus, portrays the fidelity of a wife; "The Identification of Cyrus" is a beautiful tribute to maternal love; and in "Demetrius" we have a rivalry in magnanimous disinterestedness.

Metastasio's Greek Plays are faithful studies of inspiring episodes, the best of which, "Demofoöntes" turns upon conjugal devotion. The marriage of Dirce and Timante exposes them to the King's wrath, and Dirce's farewell to Timante, when about to reveal their secret, is very beautiful:

"In thee I hope, O husband loved,
I trust my wretched fate to thee,
And made by thee, whate'er it be,
To me it shall be dear.

If in my punishment condign
The pleasure should not be removed
Of boasting that my heart is thine,
Death will not bring a fear."

It was thus that Metastasio "breathed into the skeleton of the mechanical drama the grace and animation of a joyous and harmonious life." The very situations, sentiments and ideals of these Plays are in keeping with the Christian faith. No wonder, then, that the Italians surpassed all other nations in supplying the world with a noble, dignified, enjoyable form of recreation, — a need second only to that of religion itself. Though there has been a great decline in the ethical teachings of the Opera since the days of Metastasio, we have in him a model to which we can recur.

CHAPTER XVII

THE NATIONAL COMEDY

SO contradictory are the statements of critics of Italian Comedy, that it is a long time before we can make up our minds about it. The truth of the matter seems to be that it was rather too rich in quantity, but very poor in quality. One historian enumerates more than 1,000 comedies composed in Italian in the 16th century, and Ricoboni assures us that between the periods 1500 and 1736 more than 5,000 were printed. And, indeed, looking carefully into this History we shall find that almost every Italian writer dabbled in Comedy. Cardinal Bibbiena, the grave Nardi and the cynical Macchiavelli wrote Comedies, and Titian painted the stage scenery for them, so fully established was this species of amusement as a part of the people's life. But it was not until Carlo Goldoni took his pen in hand in the middle of the 18th century that anything of this kind in the Italian language could be named with works of Molière and Shakespeare.

Goldoni found the Italian theatre divided between two classes of dramatic composition. These were the classical comedies and the comedies of art. The former were intended to be read. The latter were the same we have already mentioned as existing in the days of Pietro Aretino. These sketchy, impromptu performances were derided by the Italians, while at the same time they were delighted in, because they were the only dramatic pieces in which there was anything at all natural. Now Goldoni determined to retain the essence of these popular productions while he changed the form. He wrote out every word that the

actors were to say and insisted that they should use his words, but he did not wholly renounce the masks so well known, and his art consisted in giving each actor the *appearance* of playing his part as an improvvisatore.

This is so intensely Italian that a foreigner is somewhat staggered by the statement. But this is nothing to be compared to the difficulty of understanding the complications produced by the manners of the stage as it exists everywhere and the manners of the Italian people as they prevailed at this period. In all ages and countries the theatre has exhibited the triumph of virtue and the consequent overthrow of vice. But the social life of the Italians of the 18th century exhibited just the reverse of this. Their ideas of love and marriage were grotesque, or, rather, revolting. Their women were allowed no freedom until after marriage, and an established custom was that of having *cicisbei*, or cavalieri serventi, in each household, or roaming at large to the peril of society's existence. Of course, even the genius of a Goldoni could do nothing with this cicisbeism. The corrupter of morals had to figure on the stage, but it was as a veritable fool, and none but the native-born could know the cause of his appearance.

"The Twins of Venice" (from Plautus); "The Weak-headed Lady;" "Harlequin the Valet of Two Masters;" "The Obedient Daughter;" "The Landlady;" "The Jealous Miser;" "The Rage for Fêtes Champêtres;" "L'Incognita" (in which figure the banditti employed by the gentlemen of Italy to avenge their quarrels) are some of the Comedies of "il gran Goldoni." But in the "National Library" only seven out of the 150 plays are preserved. Let us examine these for ourselves.

"A Curious Accident" is a thoroughly modern Play, a pretty, innocent little parlor Comedy. The young girl, Giannina, is desperately in love with a French officer, M. De la Cotterie. The officer is timid in love, and fearing that Giannina's father, Signor Filiberto, will never approve of a poor military man, who, though noble, is "a younger son," determines ruthlessly to leave this hospita-

ble Dutch home, in which he has been recuperating from a wound. To prevent this, Giannina persuades him to assist her in deceiving her father, and they pretend that Cotterie is in love with Madamigella Costanza, the daughter of a rich financier named Riccardo, the rival of Filiberto, in social ambition. Filiberto really likes the lieutenant and wants to humble Riccardo, as he envies his wealth, and therefore he bends all his energies to bring about the marriage of Cotterie and Costanza, advising the former to marry the girl without the consent of her father and even going so far as to give him the money to take his bride to France. Thus he, himself, justifies the secret marriage of his own daughter and provides the means to effect it. Of course, there is a complete reconciliation at the end, and the moral is the value of candor in the family.

"Terence" — a subject not only happily chosen, but worthily treated — is a drama in five acts written in rhymed couplets. Goldoni realized that he had a great opportunity when he undertook the delineation of the great Carthaginian slave, who became one of the glories of Roman Literature and immortalized himself in the saying: "I am a man, and I deem nothing human foreign to me."

This essential manliness in the drama under consideration is tested by love. Livia, the adopted daughter of the Senator Lucan, does not hesitate to show that she loves Terence, and every earthly glory and honor is his if he will but bring himself to woo her. But he has long loved Livia's maid, the Greek slave Creusa, and through all vicissitudes and temptations he proves himself strong enough to be true to his real feelings. He prefers perpetual slavery with love to the hollow mockery of Roman citizenship and heartlessness.

"Strong souls despise the game of fortune," he declares.

Terence's nobility is well contrasted with the vileness of Damone, another African slave, who gives the comic features to the play by his envy and baseness. The client

and adulator, Lisca, advises Damone to outrival Terence by writing a Play of which Plautus shall be the subject. But as Damone does not know who Plautus was, he is involved in inextricable absurdities. Livia's consciousness of her narrow destiny — that of the haughty, wealthy, patrician woman — makes her break out in bitter wails.

"It is a Roman's glory to be unhappy."

Lucan sets Terence free and gives him Creusa in frank acknowledgment that he has been "weighed in the balances and not found wanting."

"Chioggian Squabbles" is one of those well known Venetian dialect comedies for which Goldoni was so famous. One feels that she has achieved wonders who steers her way through this barbarous patois. The characters of this Play are of the humblest rank, engaged in fishing and selling fish for a livelihood, and there is an undoubted charm in the naturalness of their every thought and action. No dreams of future grandeur ever disturb their peace. Their excitements turn upon the most trivial incidents, and also, it must be confessed, upon the fundamental realities of life. There are three young girls and three unmarried men, and two married couples related to some of the young people and deeply interested in getting them married. A quarrel originating in jealousy and misunderstanding between two of the lovers involves all of these people in trouble. The fun of the Play consists largely in the fact that they are not content to say a thing once, but invariably repeat a part of every sentence. They are all brought before the magistrate, and it is then that the shading of character is so wonderfully managed. One of the older women, rather than answer the magistrate's questions, affects deafness, and this throws everything into a state of wild confusion, and order is only brought about by the real goodness of the kind-hearted official, who discovers the lovers, brings the right persons together, and performs the marriage ceremony.

"The *Café*" is a representation of the dissipated life

of a higher class of Venetians. The play is cleverly managed without unity of action and devoid of a protagonist. As a revelation of the lawlessness of the Venetian Carnival and the voluptuousness of vice, it hardly comes within the scope of literary criticism. The character who will be oftenest wanted on the stage is Don Marzio, the Fault-finder, and an idea of this laughable impersonation may be gained from Act II, S. XVI, which is as follows:

Don. M. Let us sit down. What news is there in the affairs of the world?

Leandro. I do not care anything for news.

Don. M. You are aware that the Muscovite troops have gone into winter quarters?

L. They have done well; the season demands it.

Don. M. Signor, no, they have done badly; they should not abandon the post they have occupied.

L. That is true. They ought to suffer the cold in order to keep what they have acquired.

Don. M. Signor, no, they should not risk remaining there, with the peril of dying in the ice.

L. Then they ought to go further.

Don. M. Signor, no. Oh, what fine understanding of war! March in the winter season!

L. Then what ought they to do?

Don. M. Let me see a geographical map, and then I will tell you exactly where they ought to go.

L. (Oh, what nonsense!)

Don. M. Have you been to the Opera?

L. Signor, yes.

Don. M. Does it please you?

L. Very much.

Don. M. You have bad taste.

L. Patience.

Don. M. Of what country are you?

L. Of Turin.

Don. M. Ugly city.

L. On the contrary, it passes for one of the most beautiful in Italy.

Don. M. I am a Neapolitan. See Naples and then die.
L. I could give you the reply of a Venetian.
Don. M. Have you any tobacco?
L. Here is some.
Don. M. Oh, what bad tobacco!
L. I like it so.
Don. M. You do not understand the subject. The right tobacco is rappée.
L. I like Spanish tobacco.
Don. M. Spanish tobacco is a mass of filth.
L. And I say it is the best that one can use.
Don. M. How! Do you mean to instruct me what tobacco is? I make it, I have it made, I buy it here, I buy it there. I know what this is. I know what that is. Rappée, rappée, it must be rappée.
L. Signor, yes, rappée, it is true: the best tobacco is the rappée.
Don. M. Signor, no. The best tobacco is not always rappée. It is necessary to distinguish; you do not know what you are saying.

According to our way of thinking "The Landlady" is not what we should expect from the title, as this personage is a beautiful and unprotected young girl. A Marquis, a Count and a Cavalier are lodging with her, and while all are ridiculous, it is the cavalier who, as a woman-hater, is the special object of mirth. We are often reminded of "Much Ado about Nothing" in this Play; but though Mirandolina, the heroine, makes a complete conquest of the Cavalier, she gaily throws him overboard and marries an humble serving-man in her employ. In conquering the Cavalier she feigns a deep and lively interest in him, and this, of course, gives scope for that double art of acting of which the Italians were so fond. Two comedians also arrive at the boarding-house and complicate matters by acting the part of fine ladies, and this, too, evidently passes for clever improvisation.

"The Surly Philanthropist" is considered Goldoni's masterpiece; but chiefly on the ground that Voltaire said

it revived the taste for comedy in the country of Molière. Originally written in French, this short, bright play is, indeed, very Frenchy, but it reminds us rather of Sue and Feuillet than of Molière. As the title indicates, the art of this Comedy consists in portraying a character full of contradictions. The surly philanthropist is cross and kind, niggardly and benevolent, stern and loving. The prodigality of his nephew and the contrariness of his niece in love and marriage serve to bring out all of these opposing traits. And whereas everybody had been afraid to go near him, the closing scene shows him surrounded on all sides and loaded with caresses.

It is, then, only in the last play — "I Rusteghi" — "The Boors" — (again in the lively Venetian dialect) that Goldoni suggests Molière and astonishes us not only by a comic force that is exquisite, but by a masterly exhibition of Comedy as a moral teacher, a corrector of manners and a chastiser of vice. He puts four men on the stage all inflated with a despicable petty tyranny — and instead of contrasting them, he simply shades the one type so that it is at once recognizable, but indefinable. Lunardo has a grown daughter, Lucieta, and has married the second time, and he exercises an intolerable despotism towards those two unhappy women, the stepmother taking her unhappiness out on the girl and growing more spiteful towards her every moment. These are all tradespeople and Lunardo enters into an agreement with his friend Maurizio to marry his daughter, Lucieta to Maurizio's son, Filipeto. The young people have never seen each other, and the exercise of this domestic tyranny fills their elders with a malicious ecstasy. But Filipeto tells his Aunt, Marina, of the hint that has been given him, and she easily interests a very intellectual, high spirited woman named Felice in the matter. The signora Felice has a cavalier servente, but moves him around on her chess board to some purpose. She gets the cavalier to come with Filipeto, masked as women (in the Carnival) to Lucieta's house. The elect couple see and like each other, for Felice

compels Filipeto to unmask by handing him tobacco. As all have been invited to dine at Lunardo's (to spring the marriage on them) the men now walk in on the women and there is a scene indeed. The vituperation is decidely animated. The women are all driven away, but Felice returns and by the fine force of her reason, wit and innate nobleness subjugates and shames the boors into silence and acquiescence in her plans. The huge joke on the clowns is that they have signed the marriage contract. Hence they are completely outwitted.

Such was the comedy of real life when Count Carlo Gozzi determined to arrest its progress and supplied a celebrated company of maskers with "The Three Oranges." He was present himself at its performance and was surprised at the effect of the supernatural elements upon the audience. It was this that induced him to give himself up to the writing of those fairy dramas which are so much admired by the Germans. "The Lady Serpent;" "Zobeide;" "The Blue Monster;" "The Green Bird;" "The King of the Genii;" "The Raven" were the titles of these fantastic creations. Of course they were not literary productions, and it is very difficult now to get hold of any of Gozzi's Plays. The only one I have seen is the famous farce, "Turandot."

With an utter disregard for history and geography, the scene of this Comedy is laid in Pekin. Altoum is the Emperor of China, and Turandot is his daughter and heir. In spite also of the fact that Princes of Tartary, Astracan and Samarcand take part, we are confronted with the well-known masks, Pantaleone, figuring as the secretary of Altoum; Tartaglia, high Chancellor; Brighella, master of the pages; and Truffaldino, overseer of Turandot's slaves. The Princess Turandot, being wilfully, bitterly and capriciously opposed to matrimony, has thrown the whole empire into a state of excitement by propounding the most obscure and terrifying riddles, declaring that she will only give her hand to the man who is bright enough to guess them. The penalty of attempting to guess and fail-

ing is immediate execution. The riddles are ingenious and have reference to the glory of Venice, since Gozzi's Comedies were never played out of Venice and crowds flocked there to see them. Among the aspirants for the hand of Turandot is a stranger, and this exile from a ruined land is in search of his father. Having his own plans to pursue, they prove a counterplot to those of Turandot, and invincible courage, manliness and love at last overcome the hostility of the proud girl.

It cannot be denied that Gozzi displays the qualities of a poet and a man of wit in this brilliant invention. But it is evident that while Goldoni reformed the people in amusing them, Gozzi laughed at, rather than with, them.

In addition to their value as contributions to dramatic literature, these Plays enable us to understand that gay, sweet, gentle, ingenuous Venetian people, who lived happily under their proud patriciate and cherished so long the illusion of a Republic.

CHAPTER XVIII

ALFIERI'S GALLERY OF GRIEF

SUSTAINING the Dantesque dignity of the Italian intellect, Alfieri ranks with Eschylus, Dante, Shakespeare, Calvin and Pascal in his power to contemplate the darkest aspects of man's destiny.

Unsullied by a single coarse suggestion, the twenty-two tragedies of Alfieri must be studied long and faithfully in order to obtain a true impression of their value. They constitute a gallery of grief, lighted only by the melancholy of a divine genius. There is mighty "Saul," lost in impenetrable gloom, crazed by remorse. There is "Sophonisba," tenderly loved by Syphax and Massinissa and sublimely determined to sacrifice her life rather than grace Scipio's triumph, impede the cause of Massinissa, or underrate the magnanimity of Syphax. The dreadful agitations of the hapless "Marie Stuart;" the pathological passion of Mirra;" the blood-madness of "Philip II" and the helplessness of his victims, Don Carlos and Isabella; the fatal innocence of "Don Garzia" have been sculptured in words by the hand of Alfieri.

"The Conspiracy of the Pazzi" is a deeper plunge into the strife with tyrants, and the justification of this attempt on the lives of the Medici (April 26th, 1478) was a home-thrust that was wholly new to the Italians. Hence these apothegms of force and beauty:

"Deep vengeance is the daughter of deep silence."

"To extirpate those seeds
Of liberty, ingrained by Nature in all hearts,
Not only years, but arts, devices must be used."

"By slaves the tyrant only,
Not the tyranny, is feared."

But it is in "Agide," "Bruto Primo," and "Bruto Secondo" that Alfieri appears as the bard of freedom, and whoever has heard of him at all has heard of him in this capacity. For myself, after years of longing to break these mystic seals, I experienced no disappointment in the majesty and grandeur of their revelations. In "Agide" we are made to see that the King who is the real saviour of his country, maligned, misunderstood and rejected, can save them in no other way than by the sacrifice of his own life. Well known as are the stories of the two Brutuses, Alfieri gives them new life, in the "Primo" lacerating the heart with the struggle between liberty and parental love; and in the "Secondo" proving that this same thirst for freedom can annihilate the sense of filial obligation.

The statement so often made, that to read one of Alfieri's Plays is to read all, is contradicted by his "Merope," in which the happy termination of the mother's recovery of her lost son is most refreshing.

In "Timoleon" Alfieri follows Plutarch so closely that the difference is only that of language.

"Antony and Cleopatra" sets forth the sincerity and wounded pride of Antony; the treachery and selfishness of Cleopatra. "Virginia" emphasizes the priceless value of chaste love; and in "Ottavia" both the dethroned empress and the great stoic, Seneca, appeal to a life beyond the grave to right their wrongs.

In "Rosmunda" we have preserved an episode from the History of the Lombards. But this treatment of the personality of the most passionately vindictive woman History has handed down to us is little short of revolting.

The Play of "Abel" is styled by Alfieri a Tramelogedia, a species of musical drama which he deemed it expedient to invent in order to turn the people from their passion for the Opera and prepare them for true Tragedy. It is very beautiful, and like the "Adam" of Andreini

deals with Sin, Envy, Death as characters. Envy is the instigator of Cain's murder of Abel, and though the human side only of the story is given, there is something awe-inspiring in this account of the first death on earth. The grief of Adam and Eve vividly recalls the beautiful treatment of this subject in Italian paintings, and the tramelogedia is also effective in its musical affinities.

It is in his Greek Plays that our poet is most intensely Alfierian. We must read the "Agamemnon" and the "Choephori" of Eschylus and then the "Agamemnon" and the "Orestes" of Alfieri to enjoy the humanization of the fables, and the faultless precision of a modern tongue. In "Polinices" and "Antigone" we have to compare Alfieri with the great Sophocles, and in "Alcestis the Second" (where he avowedly departs from the classic model) with the mild Euripides. No ancient writer could have so depicted the honest self-respect of Polinices, or the perfidy of Eteocles; the unquenchable love Antigone cherished for the dead, or the sublime self-sacrifice of the sweet Alcestis. We seem to see as in a flash of lightning the whole sweep of the subjective modern world.

But it is Alfieri's crowning glory that he could take these ancient themes of worn-out civilizations and rouse Italy to a sense of nationality by simply infusing the well-known stories with his own ideals of liberty and life. We hear constantly, "Be greater than thy sex;" "Be stronger than thy destiny:" "Be firmer than thy fate," ring through these mighty war cries. "Fear only is true death to the brave." "This day is sacred to blood, not tears." Saul is told that he is "only crowned dust." "I, as a Spartan, wish to be King of Spartans," says Agide to Leonidas; "You reign in Sparta as a Persian." "Thou seest me lord of myself, and not of Rome, O Titus," exclaims Bruto Primo. "Who cares for gold, when he has a sword at his side and at his breast the shield of liberty?" "O dreadful throne, what art thou but an ancient injustice, tolerated with suffering, and still more with abhorence?" asks Jocasta.

The Dedications of the Tragedies deserve our notice. By far the most beautiful is that of the "First Brutus" to Washington. The "Second Brutus" is dedicated with a pathos scarcely less striking to the Italians of the Future. "Saul" is inscribed with the name of the Abate di Caluso, who first stirred the slumbering sparks of Alfieri's genius. "Agide" is linked with the Majesty of Charles I, King of England. "Mirra" and "Alcestis the Second" open with Sonnets to Luisa Stolberg. "Antigone" is offered to the Signor Gandellini when living, and the "Congiura de' Pazzi" to his shade, when dead. And, finally, "Merope," with a lovely tenderness and filial reverence is consecrated to Monica Turnon Alfieri, the poet's much-loved mother.

Through scenes of blood, with imaginations filled with violence and horror we wend our way with Alfieri. Yet the most prominent feature of these 22 tragedies and one never yet pointed out by any critic is the reality and sacredness of the domestic affections. Such august conceptions of the dignity of human life, such inflexible standards of rectitude, such an open endorsement of the "straight and narrow way" will forever render it impossible that Alfieri should be popular. And we hear his own voice in the harangue of the Roman Icilius, when he says:

"To the few, to the free and to the strong, I speak."

CHAPTER XIX

THE REVOLUTIONISTS — 1750-1825

WHILE in the "lives" of Parini and Alfieri we have merely touched upon the French Revolution, and whereas with History as such we are not concerned, in coming to the brilliant, but checquered, life of *Vincenzo Monti* (1754-1828) we are compelled to occupy ourselves with this great movement.

Monti, the last poet of the past, who was known throughout his whole career as the first of living poets, was born near Fusignano, and educated in Faenza and Ferrara. The fatality of his whole life may be traced to the fact that he attained brilliant success in his first literary attempt. This was in praise of a preacher and entitled "The Vision of Ezekiel." Cardinal Borghese, the papal legate at Ferrara, was so pleased with it that he took Monti with him to Rome, and without any effort on his own part, the young man's fortune seemed made. He became secretary of the Pope's nephew, Prince Luigi Braschi, and read his poem on "The Beauty of the Universe" in the "Bosco Parrasio" of the Arcadians. And when his tragedy "Aristodemus" was represented, a species of fanaticism raged throughout Rome. Monti's house was inundated by people who seemed beside themselves with delight.

It was about this time that he married the beautiful and accomplished Teresa Pichler, the daughter of a gem engraver, "in whom the spirit of ancient art seemed to have revived for modern times." This marriage proved to be one of ideal happiness; the loveliness of the perfect

wife and her rare proficiency as a musician being a continual solace to the excitable poet.

In the "Ode to Montgolfier" Monti again poured forth "torrents of harmony," and, now on the top-wave of success, turned his attention to political events. Just at this time Ugo Bassville, the French legate at Naples, dared to appear in Rome and display the tri-color of the Republic. The indignant people, in a frenzy of fear and hatred, rose up in arms and killed him in the corso. On this tragic and deplorable event Monti wrote his great Poem, "The Bassvilliana," on which his fame still chiefly rests. He feigns that the assassinated man, in dying, "turns his heart to Him who sends down here His pardon with the swiftness of our sighs;" and who "folds him in His mercy, but in His adamantine decree has written that Bassville shall not ascend to the embrace of God until he has seen the infinite woes of France, and the arrows of the bow of God let loose on it." This sublime conception enables the poet to depict the woes of France, the Reign of Terror, the execution of Louis XVI and his entrance into Paradise.

But the events of the Revolution proceeded so differently from what Monti expected, and such bitter enmity broke forth towards the poet who had proclaimed himself the friend of kings and priests, that Monti was compelled to leave Rome. He came to Milan, now the acknowledged intellectual centre of Italy, the capital of the cis-alpine Republic and the focus of political ferment.

Here he published a canzone commemorating the execution of Louis XVI, and completely changing his politics, wrote:

"Fall'n is the tyrant! rise once more
People oppress'd; all Nature breathes.
And you, proud Kings, your crimes deplore,
The mightiest throne is in the dust.
Heav'n heard vile Capet's perjury
And, outraged, hurled him from his seat.
Tinge deep your finger in that dye
O France, set free from galling chains,
It is the blood drawn from the veins
Of thy own sons, erewhile betrayed.

Ye citizens who fly to arms,
In this blood bathe th' avenging sword.
For victory shuns base alarms,
And proudly strikes down him who reigns."

This as a matter-of-course roused new enemies for Monti, and he was accused of every kind of baseness. Reduced to poverty and even positive destitution, he took refuge now in Paris. There among the exiles he met and appreciated Lorenzo Mascheroni, a gentle poet and valiant mathematician. When he died in exile, Monti wrote "La Mascheroniana," which, though less polished than the "Bassvilliana," contains some magnificent lines on Liberty.

On returning to Italy Monti saluted it with lines which touched a tender spot in the hearts of the many patriots who had eaten the bread of exile:

"Beautiful Italy, land of my heart,
Do I in verity see thee once more!
Trembling, confounded, my soul overwrought,
Swoons at the pleasure thou holdest in store.
For 'twas thy loveliness, that but of tears
Fountain continually proved unto thee,
Brought thee base lovers for so many years,
Holding thee fast in their vile tyranny.
Ah! but deceptive, false still, — forever,
Are the vain hopes that o'er Kings have their sway.
No: cry aloud, nature's garden can never
To the barbarians be meant for a prey,"

And yet the next step in Monti's career was a complete forgetfulness of Italy and an adulation of Napoleon that was almost sickening. He poured forth poem after poem for the celebration of every event in the conqueror's life. "The Political Palingenesis" was written for Joseph Bonaparte's enthronement in Spain; the "Jerogamia of Crete" for Napoleon's second marriage; the "Panacridian Bees" for the birth of the King of Rome. The "Bard of the Black Forest" and the "Sword of Frederick II" extorted praise by taking on the intonation of Ossian and delighting the Italians with fresh revelations of the music of their speech.

Monti was richly rewarded for all this adulation, receiving a splendid stipend as court-poet and many medals and titles testifying to his glory. He knew, however, that he was not respected by the best men of his country, and he could not have supported his rôle if it had not been for his lovely wife and an equally charming daughter, herself a poetess and now the wife of the accomplished Count Giulio Perticari. Some of Monti's most beautiful verses are addressed to his wife, as when he says:

"Extend, my dearest love, my own sweet wife,
Thy hand towards the harp, which seems to crave
Thy skilful fingers to draw forth its life.
Wake once again for me the dulcet wave
Of harmony in those sonorous depths,
And tune this heart of mine and make it brave."

Some of Costanza Monti's poems are published with her father's, and nothing can exceed the tenderness of his Sonnets to her. The greater portion of Monti's "Aristodemus" is also, strange to say, an exquisite delineation of filial and parental love. Count Perticari was very intimate with Canova, and Costanza Monti furnished the sculptor with a model for his ideal heads.

Pope had given England a metrical translation of Homer and Mme. Dacier had delighted France with her vigorous rendering of the Iliad, and, in spite of Cesarotti's and Foscolo's efforts, Italy still remained without a popular version of the great epic. It was Foscolo who incited Monti to undertake this task, and never were his gifts more indisputably demonstrated than by this splendid translation. For knowing little more of Greek than the alphabet, Monti succeeded as a poet in pleasing all classes of society with his interpretation of Homer,[1] and for once his fierce cavilers were silenced.

[1] On Lamberti, who published the magnificent Bodonian edition of Homer, this epigram was made:

"What is Lamberti doing,
That very learned man?
— He is publishing a Homer
On a most laborious plan.

But in 1815 Italy was once more handed over to the Austrians and again Monti broke forth in "The Mystic Homage," the "Return of Astrea," the "Invitation to Pallas," in praise of Francis Augustus, as "the wise, the just, the best of Kings." The blunt German did not hesitate, however, to speak with contempt of Monti and to deprive him of his posts.

And now at last free from politics, Monti girded himself to the task of publishing "Proposed Corrections and Additions to the Vocabulary of the Crusca." He was aided by his son-in-law, Count Perticari, and in spite of bitter altercations with the Cruscans, their work was ultimately pronounced victorious.

Monti had commenced "The Feroniade" in honor of Pius VI, the drainer of the Pontine marshes, where the goddess Feronia had been worshipped, and after dragging the poem in as many directions as there appeared a maecenas, he ended by directing it to the Marchesa Trivulzio. It is to be remembered for its exquisite classicism, and, with the Bassvilliana, gives the clue to the characterization of Monti as the last poet of the past.

After a stroke of paralysis, which made an invalid of the poet for many months, Monti expired October 13th, 1828, in the arms of his devoted wife and his widowed daughter.

The patriotic poets who arose in Italy in the 19th century and effected the most brilliant political revolution of modern times have excited the admiration of the world. In this illustrious band Monti cannot be grouped. This accounts for the unsympathetic study Howells has made

— Does he comment? — No, oh, no.
— Translate? — Ah, bah! how slow.
— Then pray what does he do?
— Why the proofs he must review,
Every month a folio's due.
Ten years, perhaps, will see it through
If Bodoni can live on too.
— What endless labor, I declare!
— The government pays well, so there!"

of Monti. He misunderstands the poet's position. That Monti loved Italy no one can doubt. That he improvised, as it were, upon every theme that the times presented to him also accounts for his seeming baseness. But when we say that Monti was above all an artist, loving Art first, last and always, we see how completely he stands aloof from those who loved the people and toiled to redress their wrongs. He had no real object to accomplish by his verses, and while it is impossible to deny their loveliness, we do not enthrone their author in our hearts, or long to win for him the homage of posterity.

Ippolito Pindemonte of Verona (1753-1828) was one of the most indefatigable writers, one of the best poets and one of the most lovable men of this period. He had a genius for friendship and was on the pleasantest terms with all the great men of the age, from Parini and Alfieri to Foscolo. Having traveled extensively and spent some time in England, Pindemonte became a frank imitator of the English poets and especially of Gray. Many lyrics, essays, dramas and novels came from his pen, but his greatest achievements are his excellent Translation of the Odyssey and his noble tragedy of "Arminius." This last, being the glorification of a defender of national independence, was full of personal application for Italy, and places its author in the noble army of the liberators.

Far in advance of both Monti and Pindemonte was *Ugo Foscolo* (1778-1827), born of a Greek mother and an Italian father in Zante. Taken to Venice at the age of 15, Foscolo began to study with a fervor that imperilled his life, being inspired by the aspect of the ancient city, as well as by the encouragement of Cesarotti. At the age of 19, his tragedy, "Thyestes," full of faith in French liberty, obtained a signal triumph at the Venetian theatre, and his own noble soul inspired him to write an Ode to Bonaparte the Liberator, while the traitor was selling Venice to the Austrians.

And then, as a friend of both Parini and Monti, he began at once with generous courage to defend the latter in

an "Examination of the charges brought against Vincenzo Monti." Detractors said it was Teresa Pichler whom Foscolo admired, and his love for Monti was called "fantastic;" but neither this, nor vicious companions and his own weaknesses, prevented him from studying bravely, and writing on behalf of his poor country the "Discourse on Italy."

When war was declared between France and the little satellite republics on the one hand and the powers of the Second League on the other, Foscolo fought, was wounded, made prisoner, and, later, participated under Massena in the splendid defence of Genoa. It was at this time that he wrote the celebrated Ode to the lovely Luigia Pallavicini on being thrown from her horse.

The vicissitudes of war turned Foscolo's steps to Florence, and there he knew Alfieri, Nicolini, and the beautiful Eleonora Nencini.

In 1803 Foscolo published the "Letters of Jacopo Ortis," a romance in the style of Goethe's "Werther" and Chateaubriand's "René," which at once made him famous; a collection of superb Sonnets, and an "Ode to a Friend Restored to Health," the friend being no less a personage than the Countess Arese. Being accused of levity in his studies, Foscolo vindicated himself in an arch-erudite Commentary on the Poem of Callimachus entitled "The Hair of Berenice."

While encamping at Boulogne for Bonaparte's invasion of Great Britain, Foscolo learned English and commenced the translation of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey." His life here reminds us of that of a woman, writing being necessarily an avocation to one so hardly pressed by fate and fortune. For political and literary enemies, envious of his conspicuousness, if not of his real fame and greatness, continually beset Foscolo's pathway, and, sad to relate, Monti was not brave enough to take the part of his own valiant defender.

The wretched poet, driven by poverty to gambling and often associating with unworthy companions, never-

theless consoled himself with his genius, and in the intervals allotted him edited the works of Raimondo Montecuccoli,[1] translated a part of the Iliad and wrote his immortal poem, "The Sepulchres."[2] For a brief period he held the professorship of Eloquence in the University of Pavia, and soon after we find him delightfully ensconced in the family of Count Giovio on the Lake of Como. But from this charming home Foscolo was compelled to withdraw suddenly, as the Count's eldest daughter, Francesca, fell desperately in love with the poet, and he was too poor to think of marrying her.

Passing over many writings, both of a poetical and political nature, and many friendships with distinguished women (among others the Countess of Albany), we must remember that Foscolo lived awhile at Bellosguardo — near Galileo's prison home — and there completed the "Viaggia Sentimentale," and worked on his second great lyric, "The Graces."[3] He had labored all his life for Italian independence, and when at last in 1814, there was no more hope of it, he made his way to England, to live as an exile through the bitter years to come.

Of course, the English, with their strong Italian predilections, gave Foscolo a warm welcome. Lady Dacre (the celebrated translator of Petrarch), Hudson Gurney (a member of the family of philanthropists) and others proved to be devoted friends. Foscolo's critical essays on Dante, Petrarch and Tasso received the admiration they so richly deserved. But the restless spirit of the fiery Italian could not brook the apathy of England in continental politics. New political quarrels, fresh troubles with editors, debts and illnesses broke down the constitution once so vigorous. Foscolo expired on the 10th of October, 1827, and was buried by his friend Hudson Gurney at Chiswick. The transference of his ashes to

[1] See page 198.

[2] This was not published until after his death.

[3] Left in an unfinished condition and published after his death.

Santa Croce was a matter of course, and a visit to the grave of one who sung so sublimely of the "Sepulchres" will henceforth constitute one of the chief features of a tour through that venerable pile.

Inferior in sentiment and style to his brother, *Giovanni Pindemonte* (1751-1812) boldly and openly asserted the supremacy of national themes for dramatic treatment, and led the way himself with such spectacular productions as the "Baccanali di Roma;" "Mastin della Scala;" "Ginevra of Scotland,"[1] &c. The suggestion itself was a stroke of genius. It was carried out by Manzoni in the "Count of Carmagnola," and "Adelchi;" by Silvio Pellico in "Francesca da Rimini," and culminated in the form of tragedy in Niccolini's "Arnaldo da Brescia." While, on the other hand, a new school of librettists gave the world the Operas of "Belisario," "I Lombardi," "I Vespri Siciliani," "Il Trovatore," "Beatrice di Tenda"[2] and "Masaniello."

Eminent among the prose-writers of this period was the historian, *Carlo Botta* (1766-1837). As Physician of the army of the Alps Botta followed the French to the Ionian Islands; and, returning to Paris, experienced the vicissitudes decreed by change of Government, twice suffering the direst poverty. His "Natural and Medical History of the Island of Corfu," and his great "History of the War of American Independence" had both been published, and had brought him fame, and yet he was so poorly paid that he was compelled to sell 600 copies of his "American Independence" as waste paper to a druggist, in order to obtain the necessaries of life.

The "History of Italy from 1789 to 1814" and the "Continuation of the History of Guicciardini" brought

[1] The Ginevra is taken from an episode in the "Orlando Furioso."

[2] The epoch of this history is 1418, and though a domestic, rather than a national, episode, as the marriage of Beatrice de' Lascari, Countess of Tenda, established the power and greatness of Filippo Maria Visconti, who then reigned over all Lombardy and part of Piedmont, it was an event of vast importance.

Botta's indefatigable life and labors to a close in 1837, and established his reputation as a brilliant, if not always a reliable, historian. He has been severely criticized, but this seems to be due to his personal opinions and living influence, for he was an ardent advocate of political liberty, but a conservatist in literature. His "History of the War of American Independence" has long had a conspicuous place in our Libraries, for it is a glowing tribute to the valor and the wisdom of our fathers.

Pietro Giordani (1774-1848), of Piacenza, arrests our attention as the defender of Monti on the one hand and the diviner of Leopardi on the other. It is not at all by his works that he is remembered, for he accomplished little as a writer. But the struggles of the first 43 years of his life were so desperate, that he attained a position of authority unequaled in his age and one not often enjoyed in any age. It was in his wise use of this authority that he gained true celebrity.

At the time of Monti's disgrace Giordani made a pen portrait of him, "to render testimony of his goodness, not to demonstrate or exalt his literary merits, being persuaded that that blessed vein of poetry and prose, that splendid wealth of images, that infinite variety of sounds, that ingenious abundance of modes in so many different materials would be felt by all." Giordani "did not suppress the proud and disdainful words by which Monti might be deemed very different from what he was." Monti said that he desired not to displease the powerful; and "hence he was constrained to turn his face now to the West and now to the North, because the game of fortune is insolent and on its stage actors often change parts." But of his fickleness, as of his proneness to wrath and his readiness to be placated, Giordani, for so many years a participant of his thoughts, did not think it necessary "to seek or admit other cause than an excessive timidity, joined with a torrent of fantasy, which in Monti overcame the other parts of the mind and dominated his life." It seemed to Giordani beyond any doubt that "Vincenzo

Monti always loved and desired that the true, the good, the useful; courage, science, prosperity, glory should be the patrimony of our Mother Italy."

For his boldness in affairs of a more practical nature, Giordani was twice exiled and once imprisoned. But his strong individuality stood every test, and his reputation as "a trustworthy diviner of national talent" brought him the crowning glory of all his toils and struggles, when the sensitive young Leopardi sent him his first poems and tremblingly asked his advice. Giordani not only wrote Leopardi encouraging letters, but advised his coming to Rome and was there to introduce him to men of letters and "announce him to the world." By the side of Leopardi's genius Giordani's mediocrity may seem almost pitiable; but, meditating on its usefulness, we are compelled to say that

> "He who does the best his circumstance allows,
> Does well: acts nobly. Angels can do no more."

CHAPTER XX

THE MODERN GREEK

IF one feels that he is "a child of earth, bearing with him all the passions and the miseries of his species," he may enjoy "Jacopo Ortis." The "Last Letters," however, are much more than a gush of sentimentality, or a wail over the conditions of life at the opening of the 19th Century. They contain a masterly delineation of the remorseless sacrifice of love to the cold calculations of avarice and ambition, showing that Foscolo might have been a great novelist if he had cared to be. Teresa T. is rich and noble, Jacopo is poor and plebeian. Hence her father does not hesitate to separate them: but requires his daughter to marry another while Jacopo still visits her. It must be confessed that Teresa does not play an admirable part, and it is rather hard to see how Jacopo could commit suicide for so unresponsive a heart. But Foscolo is not to be identified with Ortis. Among his own Letters the most beautiful is that addressed to Francesca Giovio, in which he shows himself the soul of honor, in breaking a mutual attachment which he plainly foresaw could only terminate in disaster.

It is with reluctance that we acknowledge a congeniality in the minds of Sterne and Foscolo. Yet, of course the incomparable translation of the "Sentimental Journey" presupposes this at the very least. And the idea that the state of nature is a state of war, which recurs independently in the two writers, — to say nothing of more trifling resemblances — is a strong indication of this congeniality.

It was probably out of the abundance of his compassion that Foscolo undertook the translation of "a book more celebrated than read." Critics have said his translation surpasses the original, and certainly it puts the capacities of his own tongue in a new light.

But while Foscolo's genius is apparent in all that he touches, it is as a poet that he wins the world's regard. We know how modern Italy had been the direct heir of ancient Greece in every branch of Art and especially in that delight in the ancient mythology as a repertory of images, sentiments, events, to be used in producing pleasure, awakening feeling, and arousing interest. The Italian poets up to the time of Foscolo had thoughtlessly abused this source of enjoyment. In common parlance Greek Mythology had been "done to death." Now this half-Greek, half-Italian poet, nurtured on those myths from earliest infancy, is able to give them a new scope. Instead of making modern sentiments antique, Foscolo makes the antique, modern. This, of course, cannot be understood in a day, and no poetry requires more study than the Foscolian. The labor with which the poet has assimilated the ancient world and fused its elements with his own feeling and with modern thought demands something more than intuitive admiration and spontaneous enthusiasm.

The Foscolian lyric differs from the Montian in the compenetration of certain traditional literary elements with the real and fervid sentiment of the poet. The Foscolian Ode differs from the Parinian in both contents and form, Parini using the well known mythology in the way of pictorial illustration, while with Foscolo real sentiments assume spontaneously those plastic forms which his own nature, the order of his studies and the prejudices of the schools have made familiar. Of course, we cannot claim that the Foscolian Ode is superior to the Leopardian. But it has this advantage: both poets idealize Death, but Leopardi regards it only as "the end of all griefs," while Foscolo "in the serene regions of Art finds the antinomies

of life resolved into a final harmony and the austere image of Death changed into one radiant with hope."

In substantiation of these conclusions I give my translation of certain stanzas of the Ode

TO LUIGIA PALLAVICINI

On being thrown while riding horseback.

(1) Blessed balsams are prepared
For thee by all the Graces,
Perfumed linens that were shared
With Cytherea at the time
Her foot divine was torn
By a most impious thorn.

(2) Filled was Ida with her cry
That day to be remembered,
Striving with her hair to dry,
She bathed anon with flowing tears,
The bloody breast, in ruth,
Of the loved Cyprian youth.[1]

(3) So the Loves now weep for you,
Among Ligurian goddesses
Queen-goddess thee they view!
Votive wreaths on high they bear,
Where the sounding bow confides
Latona's son abides.[2]

(4) And thee the dance did woo;
Where, borne on gentlest zephyrs,
Rare fragrance fell like dew,
When often by restraints untamed
Thy long hair on thy rosy arm
Checked the swift, graceful form.

(5) So bathing in Inachian font,
Which, bearing flowers from heights above,
To o'erflow its banks is wont;
Pallas her helmet often doffs,
While with one hand she saves
Her loose hair from the waves.

[1] Adonis.
[2] Apollo.
[3] The river Inacus descended from a hill towards Argos, where Pallas was revered.

(6)

Accents of harmony so sweet
Flew from thy lovely lips,
Thy laughing eyes were truly meet
For Venus to transmit her all —
Her scorn, and then her smiles,
Her kisses, tears and wiles.

(7)

Ah! why hast thou unlearned
Thy gentle ways and docile moods,
To virile studies turned?
Why now for the rude sports of Mars
Dost make the mild Aonian Nine[1]
So sadly for thee pine?

.

(16)

Cynthia's stately golden car
Her hinds as usual drew;
When a wild beast's cry of war
Their reason overthrew;
From Etnean rock then prone
The goddess made her moan.

(17)

With envious joy anon
The Olympic gods broke forth,
They deemed a triumph won
That Cynthia now appeared
Veiled, silent, pallid, sad,
At banquets once so glad.

(18)

But well they wept the day
When from the Ephesian dance
Joyful she found her way
Among the virgins chaste,
As Phoebus' sister now to soar,
Far lovelier than before."

The "Hymns to the Graces," dedicated to Antonio Canova, constitute one of the most original poems of modern times. The first Hymn is entitled "Venus," symbolizing the Beauty of the Universe. The Graces as intermediary deities first appeared on earth as handmaids of Beauty, and it was the Ionian shore, i. e., the poet's own maternal hills, which welcomed them. Hence the lines so justly admired:

"Hail Zacinth! To Antennor's valiant land,[2]

[1] The Muses.

[2] Antennor, King of Thrace, fled as an exile from Troy to Italy and with his followers founded Padua, here put for Venetia.

— Of Ida's holy lares last abode,
— Home of my sires — I'll give my songs, my bones,
My ev'ry thought; he who forgets his country
Has no right the Graces to invoke or praise.
Sacred indeed is Zacinth. Temples there
Were reared, and shade was in its hills of woods
Once sacred to Diana and the song,
Nor yet had Neptune for Laomedon
Fortified Ilium with towers for war.
Beautiful too is Zacinth. Treasures come
To her from far-off ships: and from on high
The eternal sun sends her its vital rays.
The brightest clouds to her Jove ever yields,
And forests amply filled with olive trees
And lib'ral hills of Bacchus: rosy health
Her air breathes forth, with glorious orange trees
And with the flow'ring citron rendered sweet."

But it is not the revelation of visible and material beauty that is the object of the Graces' mission. When Venus returned to her star,

"Harmony heard her
And with jubilations shook the ambient air.
Up through the starry ways
She woke applause for her thro' whom one day
The universe shall be attuned."

And in the Second Hymn, which is to Vesta, the virginal deity, personifying Virtue, Music as the source of poetry and eloquence is the chief theme. The three lovely women whose grace and beauty elevated the poet's mind to the contemplation of uncreated Beauty were Eleonora Nencini, a skilful performer on the harp; Maddalena Marliani Bignami, a marvelous dancer, and Cornelia Rossi-Martinetti, a charming conversationalist. Taking up the Greek myth of the Bees of Vesta, symbols of persuasive eloquence, Foscolo poetizes through this Hymn on the glorious past and extols the demeanor of Amelia Augusta (daughter of Maximilian I, King of Bavaria, and wife of Eugene de Beauharnais, vice-regent of Italy) on the fall of the Kingdom: since our poet can proudly say:

"Those who applaud proud fortune's pomps
My goddesses disdain; their laurel blooms
Alone when dire distress crowns princes."

The Third Hymn is dedicated to Pallas, personifying Art. As violent passions destroy the most merciful inspirations of the Graces, Pallas directs the making of a veil, which shall protect these deities from the assaults of Love. The veil is embroidered by Psyche, Terpsichore, Iris, Flora, Erato, and Thalia and displays representations of youth, conjugal love, hospitality, filial piety and maternal tenderness. No lovelier lessons of high morality were ever inculcated than in this unique Poem.

While we are carried away by the novelty of the "Graces," in majesty and sublimity all must admit the superiority of the "Sepulchres." In conception, in phraseology, in images, in generous, civil, Christian sentiments, this Ode is unsurpassed. It is hoped that the translation which I offer with pardonable pride may incite some to a study of the Italian.

SONGS OF THE SEPULCHRES

To Ippolito Pindemonte.

(1) Shadowed by cypresses, within the urn
That's comforted by tears, is then the sleep
Of death less hard? When I am where the sun
For me no longer frucifies this earth
With charming groups of animals and plants,
And when before me with fond flatteries
The future hours shall no more gaily dance,
Nor from thy voice, sweet friend, I hear thy verse
And the sad harmony which there prevails,
Nor in my heart shall speak the genius
Of the Virgin Muses and of Love divine,
— Sole solace of my hapless, roving life —
For days now lost what comfort then a stone
To mark my bones from numbers infinite
Which death has freely strewn on land and sea?
Ah! Pindemonte, true it is, ev'n Hope,
Last goddess, flees the sepulchre, and night
Is symbol of oblivion, in its gloom.

.

(26) But lives man not, perchance, beneath the sod,
When mute for him day's harmony becomes,
If he can wake it with solicitude
In other minds? Celestial then indeed
This correspondence sweet of loving thoughts,

A heavenly dowry this for man: thro' which
He often loves and lives with the extinct
And the extinct with him, if pious earth
In its maternal womb a last retreat
Affording, rescues the sacred relics
From insults of wild storms and from the tread
Of vulgar feet, preserving with a stone
The name, while near a friendly, fragrant tree
Consoles the ashes with its gentle shade.

.

(51) To-day a new law moves the sepulchres
Beyond love's reach, and to the dead forbids
A name.[1] Without a tomb now lies thy priest[2]
Thalia,[3] who to thee with songs divine
In his poor, wretched hut a laurel reared
With endless love, and for thee made a crown.
And thou didst gladly smile upon his songs,
Through which Sardanapalus once more groaned,
When he alone was pleased with low of herds
Which from fat pastures on Ticino's banks
Bless'd him with food and with luxurious sloth.
O lovely Muse, where art thou?

.

(70) Dost thou, perhaps, among plebeian graves
Roaming, behold where sleeps the sacred head
Of thy Parini? For within its walls
No shade is offered by the lustful town,
— Seducer of emasculated bards —
No stone, no word; and it may be his bones
Are stained by the ensanguined heads of thieves
Who expiated on the block their crimes.

.

(86) In vain
O goddess, on thy bard thou callest dews
From squalid night. Ah! on the grave no flower
Can rise if it be honored not by praise
Of mortals, and unwet by am'rous tears.

.

(146) A dwelling of repose we wait from death
Where we may hope at last fortune shall cease
From vengeance, and loved ones left shall reap
No heritage of treasures, but a wealth
Of burning thoughts and lib'ral, generous songs.
The urns that hold the great inflame strong minds
To mighty deeds, O Pindemonte; lands

[1] This law was promulgated in France and the Italian provinces violently annexed to France, June 12, 1804.
[2] Parini.
[3] The Muse who presided over Satire.

Which cherish such become holy, sublime
To pilgrims. When I the monument beheld
Where rests the body of that Mighty One,[1]
Who, tempering the sceptre of earth's Kings,
Stripped off its laurels and then showed the world
That naught but tears and blood were dripping there;
And viewed the arch of that Olympus [2] raised
In Rome to the celestials: and the tomb
Of him [3] who saw world follow world beneath
Th' ethereal tent, the radiant sun unmoved,
Whereby the Englishman[4] in bolder flight
Unclogged the firmament and showed its paths;
Blessèd art thou, I cried, because of air
Pregnant with life, and for those cooling streams
Pour'd down on thee from lofty Apennines.

.

(173) And thou first, Florence, heard the song which stirred
The anger of the fleeing Ghibelline.[5]

.

But still more blest art thou that thy fane[6] guards
Italia's glories; all that's left, perhaps,
Since treacherous Alps and changed omnipotence
Of human fates rob thee of arms and lands,
Wealth, altars; all, save memory, is lost."

[1] Macchiavelli. The view taken by Foscolo is original.
[2] The cupola of St. Peter's, constructed by Michael Angelo.
[3] Galileo.
[4] Newton.
[5] Dante began the Divine Comedy before he left Florence.
[6] Santa Croce.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ROMANTICISTS — 1780-1835

ALESSANDRO MANZONI (1784-1873) is so much the most brilliant exponent of romanticism in Italy, that the whole movement seems to be summed up in this one man. Yet, whether consciously so or not, his contemporaries and successors were powerfully influenced by his commanding genius.

In order to understand Manzoni's position we must remember that after the dreams excited by Napoleon's deceptions, Italy fell back into the power of her old oppressors. The Bourbons were restored to Naples, the petty princes to their several states, the House of Savoy to Piedmont and the Austrians to Venice and Lombardy; and the last state of the patriots was worse than the first. It was into this condition of affairs that the young Manzoni, a grandson of the famous Beccaria, was forced to make his way. Born and reared in Milan, Manzoni in 1808 had married Mlle. Louise Henriette Blondel, the daughter of a Genevan Banker. This charming woman and perfect wife exercised a rare influence over her gifted husband, and herself a convert from Protestantism to Catholicism, led him to make an open confession of the same faith. Manzoni was an avowed emulator of Monti in his first verses, and, strange to say, shares with Monti the rare good fortune of having a lovely wife and a devoted daughter. Of course the absence of domestic happiness in the lives of the Italian writers must long ere this have made itself apparent.

Armed, then, with the humanitarianism of his illustrious grandfather, and with the strong consolations of the Gospel, the memorable year of 1815 found Manzoni calm and fearless. It was indeed just at that very time that he came forward with the first inspirations of his genius, the "Sacred Hymns." It was a collection which embraced "The Resurrection;" "The Name of Mary;" "The Nativity;" "The Passion;" and "The Feast of Pentecost;" and with this sublime little book the new literature was commenced.

Already was Manzoni adored by that little band of youthful patriots embracing Berchet, Ermes Visconti, De Cristoforis, Silvio Pellico and Borsieri, who were writing their paper, the "Conciliatore" in the same spirit which inspired the "Inni Sacri." As an Italian critic says: "The light of the Infinite once more shone on all the oppressed, announcing in forms of new beauty that the spirit of the Lord is the spirit of liberty." And when in 1819 Manzoni's first tragedy, "Il Conte di Carmagnola," appeared, literature was forever emancipated from laws founded on special facts and not on general principles; or, in other words, the Romantic movement which originated in Germany found in Manzoni its true apostle, and proved itself to be a formidable power in Italian politics. The whole thrilling, heart-rending story of "The Count of Carmagnola" is given in Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Venice," and rugged though reliable translations from Manzoni's tragedy are within easy reach in Howell's "Modern Italian Poets."

The third great work which made Manzoni known to the world was an Ode entitled "The Fifth of May," a magnificent meditation on the death of Napoleon, and pronounced by Goethe the first of modern lyrics. Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe" contains a superb translation of this Ode.

Living the serene and dignified life of the thinker, in his country home outside of Milan, Manzoni published only such writings as met his own approbation. His second

great tragedy, "Adelchi," throbs with the beating of his great heart and glows with the fire of his genius. It is the story of the contest between the Longobards and the Franks for the possession of the Latin land and people. Manzoni "thinks and suffers with the miserable herd of whom the chroniclers make no mention, the oppressed people whose deep groan has an echo in the sad and solemn chorus of the tragedy." Giving the world a new insight of History, at the same time Manzoni delineates the celestial purity of Ermengarda (of whom his lovely wife was the model) and the magnanimity of Adelchi with a skill and power that can never be forgotten.

A few more years pass and Manzoni's name is on every lip as the author of that incomparable novel — "I Promessi Sposi," one of the world's treasures, which everybody either has read or will read.

Manzoni's life was prolonged through all the cruel vicissitudes of his dear Italy; through the hopes excited by Pio Nono and the bitter blasting of those hopes; through the crushing defeats of 1848 and '9 and the galling reassertion of Austrian despotism. He looked on the guerrilla warfare of Garibaldi and the wild ardor of Mazzini. He watched the progress of Victor Emanuel II, the policy of Cavour, the friendly overtures of Napoleon III and the victory of Solferino. And through all these weary years he lived and prayed and hoped.

The dawn of his country's unity and independence was drawing near, but the great man's private life was full of sorrow. His devoted friends had been exiled, incarcerated in dungeons, killed by civil strife and Austrian cruelty; the beloved wife had died, and his favorite daughter, Giulia, the wife of the distinguished statesman, Massimo d'Azeglio, as well as two other daughters and a son who realized his father's fondest hopes preceded him to the grave. At the earnest solicitation of his friends, Manzoni had married again, and his second wife, the widowed Contessa Stampa and her son were unwearied in their affectionate care of him. But through the stormy decade from

1860 to 1870 Manzoni's soul refused comfort from every other source than that which brought nearer the days of freedom. The romance of Garibaldi's conquest of the two Sicilies, the threatened Confederation of Italy, the contest first between Prussia and Austria, and then between Prussia and France, ending in the catastrophe of Sedan, hastened the coming of those days, and at last Manzoni, full of years, and coming to his grave like a shock of corn in its season, saw the realization of his life's desire, and knew that he had been one

> "Who hurried onward to extinguish hell
> With his fresh soul, his younger hope and God's
> Maturity of purpose."

If this world is blest when it possesses a poet, a scholar or a philosopher, what shall we deem it when a man appears who sums up in himself all of these capacities? Such was the colossal genius of Count *Giacomo Leopardi* (1798-1837) — a prism reflecting glorious rays of Virtue, Truth and Beauty.

Europe, — I mean the world, — has had no mind in modern times that can be compared with Leopardi's. He was born in the dull little town of Recanati, in the Marca di Ancona, in 1798, of noble blood on both sides of his family. His parents, especially his despotic father, hated the present, and loved everything that was antiquated and obsolete. The delicate boy (for he was born sick) was given two tutors, — ecclesiastics, of course, — until he was 14, when a public trial in Philosophy convinced everyone that he needed no instructors. From this time until he was 24 he studied unremittingly in the vast library of his ancestors, and by that time excessive application had completely undermined his frail constitution and given him the appearance of a hunchback.

A master of Latin, Greek and Hebrew, French, Spanish, English and German, when, in desperate longing, Leopardi sallied forth from wretched little Recanati and came to Rome, scholars of every nationality, — Giordani, Nie-

buhr, Akerblad, Boissonade, &c., flocked around him. But Leopardi was never without the companionship of pain. Visiting Bologna, Milan and Florence, in which last named city he enjoyed the friendship of that noble triumvirate consisting of Niccolini, Gino Capponi and Giuliano Frullani, the distinguished scholar was occupied in writing and in publishing his works. Of course the general public did not give these a moment's attention, and poverty often compelled the great author to beat a retreat to the paternal dwelling.

In the narrow limits of this History it is impossible to give even the titles of Leopardi's writings. Fascinating and beautiful are the Thirty-six Poems and the Six Poetic Fragments. Startling and enthralling we find the contents of the "Operette Morali," which consist of 15 Dialogues, — between Fashion and Death; Nature and a Soul, and other subjects just as weird; and also of short sketches embracing "A History of the Human Race" and "Parini on Glory." Again, the "Pensieri" produce an indelible impression, and the exquisite Translations from the Greek Fathers and Monks and those great moralists, Xenophon, Isocrates and Epictetus wear a new charm in the faultless diction of Leopardi.

And yet, with all this dazzling originality, this stupendous learning, this almost omnipotent skill in writing, Leopardi did not incarnate his genius. Deprived of nearly everything that men hold dear; unfortunate in his birthplace, in his age, in his domestic relations, in his bodily infirmities, in the scorn of women, in the pecuniary failure of his writings, in the certainty of dying young, in the unceasing consciousness of agonizing pain, and above all, in distortions, or, perhaps, obliterations, on the part of parents and educators, of "all those things that a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul's health," it is not surprising that Leopardi is more celebrated for his sadness than for any of the products of his wonderful mind.

One blessing, however, and one which we love to think

about, was not denied him, — the whole-souled friendship of Antonio Ranieri. The home of this noble friend in Naples was Leopardi's last refuge, and he died at the age of 38 in the arms of this man, who has immortalized himself by writing with an incomparable eloquence of the genius he revered and the friend whom he adored.

Leopardi is buried in the little suburban church of San Vitale on the way to Pozzuoli, where Ranieri placed a stone " which makes modest and pious record of him to the passer-by."

The incomparable intellectuality of Leopardi does not obscure the radiant tenderness of Manzoni on the one hand nor the sublime democratic fervor of Niccolini on the other. It is one of the glories of Sismondi, that, in closing his monumental " History of Literature in the South of Europe," he predicted the fame and greatness of *Giambattista Niccolini* (1782-1861).

This brilliant poet and political dramatist was born in 1782 near Pistoja, of a cavalier father and a mother descended from the famous Filicaja. Beginning early to write tragedies, which he based upon historical events in order to fan the flame of modern patriotism, Niccolini reached the zenith of his powers in his unrivaled drama, " Arnaldo da Brescia." The offices he held, the persecutions and perils he suffered for his love of liberty, his noble and learned discourses on literary subjects, all sink into such insignificance by the side of this magnificent tragedy, that we cannot give them a moment's notice here. One phase of his life alone must be remembered. The people of Florence — which became Niccolini's home — were so wild with delight over the daring, burning patriotism of their poet, that they named their principal theatre the teatro Niccolini, thronged to see and hear his works for months at a time, rose in a body and repeated his lines, wept, applauded, and finally carried the poet in triumph to his home. When we remember that this whole United States has never been able to produce anything comparable to this noble enthusiasm in either poet or

people, we realize the inalienable greatness of the Italians, and see what Leopardi meant when he said they are

> "The people born to conquer,
> Both in happy fate and vile."

Of course, in order to appreciate the "Arnaldo da Brescia" there must be a thorough knowledge of the character of the brave monk, the age in which he lived, and the forces which were in open and deadly conflict at that time.

Arnaldo, the pupil of Abelard, is the man of genius, gifted with the intellectual power to see that the garden spot of this beautiful world was not intended for the brutal selfishness of a worldly Emperor or the despicable hypocrisy of a pious Pope. Frederick Barbarossa is the worldly Emperor. Nicholas Breakspear, known as Adrian IV, the only Englishman who ever won the Pontificate, is the pious Pope. Hence the clash of interests is desperate.

Arnaldo, lighting down in Rome from the Lombard cities, devastated and ruined by Barbarossa's cruelty, excites the people to rise against both Pope and Emperor and restore their Republic. Giordano Pierleoni and his followers hear him with delight. Leone Frangipani and his men reject him. Cardinal Guido is among his hearers and hastens to Adrian to suggest and implore the extinction of Arnaldo. Adrian, however, resolves to make the effort to subjugate Arnaldo. The brave monk does not refuse the herald's summons, and the colloquy between the reformer and the Pope is fine. The fanatical Guido then sallies forth to harangue the people to oppose Arnaldo. But the people have just been roused to fury against the Church, and in a momentary excitement Guido is killed.

The sight of the "martyr's" body, exposed on the steps of St. Peter's, inflames the zeal of the women, — always dependent for happiness on religious consolation, and priest-ridden here from cruel necessity. The Pope proclaims the interdict. Arnaldo flees to the desert of the Campagna, and there his brave Switzers and his

friend Giordano find him. The Switzers are ordered home under penalty of the ban of the empire; and Arnaldo, being suddenly arrested by a monk, Giordano puts him in the care of Ostasio, the Count of Campagna.

The whole of Act IV is devoted to the people who have suffered from the Germans, and to the meeting between Barbarossa and Adrian. The wretched haggling between these two powerful monarchs over the right of precedence, — from the holding of the horse's bridle to the homage of the State, — is a masterly delineation of the miserable pettiness of the great. At last they find a via media when the Emperor promises to deliver the anarchist, Arnaldo, to the Pope.

But he could not have done this (Act V) had not Adelasia, the wife of Ostasio, crazed by the terrors of the interdict, fled to the Pope and revealed Arnaldo's hiding-place. Arnaldo's last soliloquy, his seizure, the enthronement of Adrian, the coronation of Barbarossa, the combat between the Germans and the Romans close the tragedy, — wonderful, brilliant, almost superhuman in its grandeur. The sublime announcement of Arnaldo's execution is in a simple meeting between Giordano and Ostasio, when the latter says,

> "Faithful Giordano, I press thee to my heart,
> Where is Arnaldo?
> *G.* In Heaven.
> *O.* At least he has a sepulchre?
> *G.* The Tiber.
> *O.* Then the river shall render us his corse.
> *G.* It cannot.
> *O.* And how is this?
> *G.* Every human vestige of him 's perished.
> Burnt by fire, ashes alone remained,
> And these are lost amid the waves.
> *O.* And has the liberty of Rome died with him?
> Gio. It lives on still."

It is this holy, spiritual, devout belief in the inevitable triumph of the right *through* suffering, shame and loss which renders this work of Niccolini something more than a masterpiece; or, in other words, an evangel. "These

lines," said an Italian, "are composed not of words, but of flames."

Hallam compares Mme. de Staël to Tacitus when she says of Crescentius, Arnaldo da Brescia and Rienzi, "ils ont pris les souvenirs pour les esperances." But Niccolini has looked far more closely into the real progress of mankind. He has seen that if there is anything certain it is that there is One "who putteth down the mighty from their seat and exalteth the humble and meek."

Many have asked of the dead facts of History, "Can these dry bones live?" Niccolini has breathed upon these slain with the breath of his genius, and, as in Ezekiel's vision, they *have* risen to life again. This is the most wonderful thing about the drama. It all applies to modern times, — to the age in which the poet lived.

No wonder it created a storm of excitement, and that from 1843 to 1870 it was a powerful factor in the last and great "risorgimento."

"Arnaldo da Brescia" is not only the most effective blow ever dealt the Papacy, and the most tremendous indictment of Romanism; it is a stupendous exposition of that human and Divine law which is ultimately to govern our race.

While not more than one person in ten thousand in this country has ever heard of Niccolini, every College graduate is familiar with the name of *Silvio Pellico* (1788-1854). Well do we remember the days when we studied about this wonderful man in our "Mental Philosophy." In our youthful ignorance we thought of him as an old man and belonging to a prehistoric age. Reader! Silvio Pellico was only 32 when he entered upon his prison life, and he lived in our own century!

Belonging to an affectionate family, the young Pellico had been compelled by ill-health to go to live with a cousin in Lyons. But soon after attaining manhood he returned to his home in Turin, and then went to Milan to accept the position of tutor in the family of Count Luigi Porro Lambertenghi. Of course Pellico brought with him from

France all the latest ideas about liberty and equality, and he found in Count Porro a congenial spirit. The home of this truly liberal nobleman was a rendezvous for strangers and distinguished people, and in its "sale di conversazione" Pellico had the pleasure of meeting Byron, Hobhouse, Mme. de Staël, Schlegel, Thorwaldsen, Brougham and other celebrities. Pellico had already acquired extraordinary fame by his tragedy, "Francesca da Rimini," — an episode of Italian History, and loved by the people for those brave lines in the Second Act:

"For whom is my sword stained with carnage?
For the stranger. And have I then no country
To which the blood of its citizens is sacred?
For thee, for thee, that hast brave citizens
My Italy, I will fight, when outrage
Moves thy hatred. And art thou not
The loveliest land the sun has ever heated?
Art thou not Mother of every beautiful Art, O Italy?
Is not thy dust the dust of heroes?"

It was then almost by acclamation that Silvio was appointed to the post of secretary of the "Conciliatore," a journal, of which progress was the watchword, patriotism the inspiration, and romanticism the banner. Among those who wrote for it were Manzoni, Borsieri, Count Ermes Visconti, Gioia, Sismondi and Berchet.[1] The Journal was regarded with suspicion by the Austrian Government, and though its policeman described Pellico as a harmless sciolist, the higher powers took another view of the case, a view which has always remained a profound mystery. For to this day no one knows why Silvio Pellico was imprisoned.

He was arrested suddenly on October 13th, 1820, and conducted to the Prison of Santa Margherita in Milan.

[1] Giovanni Berchet, of French extraction, but of Italian birth and affection, stands high among the patriotic poets for the popularity and efficacy of his lyrics. An exile for 27 years, he yet did a grand work for Italy by his reiterated expression of hatred for Austria. His principal poems are "Fantasies;" "The Exiles of Parga;" "Giulia;" "The Hermit of Mt. Cenis;" "Remorse."

Cruel examinations followed, for the purpose of making him criminate his friends. But no word escaped him. After four months here he was taken to the Piombi of Venice. Fresh examinations and a year's imprisonment here ended in the sentence, "Condemned to hard imprisonment for 15 years in the Fortress of the Spielberg." In the little Moravian town of Brun, far from lovely Italy, this fortress rears its gloomy head, and it was here that our hero experienced the outrages described in the pages of "My Prisons."

Through the intercession of Count Pralormo, Envoy of the Court of Turin to Vienna, Pellico's imprisonment was shortened to 10 years. But he came out of this cruel incarceration so shattered in health that his life was practically over.

Pellico was the author of 12 tragedies, most of which were written in prison. By far the most celebrated of these has always been his youthful work, "Francesca da Rimini." It is hard to understand how so pure a soul could enjoy the delineation of a passion, which, if not in itself guilty, borders upon guilt by its very violence. Dante had placed Francesca, the daughter of his friend, Guido da Polenta, in the Inferno, yet had poetized exquisitely on her hapless love. Leigh Hunt has surpassed himself in his beautiful "Story of Rimini." Stephen Philips, the English actor, has just recast this tragedy, adding a strong character and rivaling the intensity of Pellico. But Pellico's Play embodies the dark features of Italian destiny, and will ever remain unique.

It is impossible to exaggerate the wonderfulness of that strange book, "Le Mie Prigioni." It spread like wild-fire through the land, was translated into every European language, and succeeded in dealing the deadliest blow the Austrian Government ever received. After the publication of this book the world was on the side of Italy. It breathes a spirit of such profound resignation, such exalted peace, such heroic piety that the stoniest heart must be touched by it.

Of the generous offers of France and England to Pellico when once more free, of Massimo d'Azeglio's gracious homage, of the hero's own tranquil, blessed days, the student will read in larger works than this. But the slightest acquaintance with such a noble personality will prove a lasting benefit.

Tommaso Grossi (1791-1853), an open and devout admirer of Manzoni, in whose house he lived as a brother for fifteen years, like his model, achieved great fame both as a poet and a novelist. He was born at Bellano, studied law at Pavia, lived in and near Milan, gave himself to literature with enthusiasm, fell very much in love, married late in life, and from that time on devoted himself to the practice of the law. His works are "La Prineide," (a dialogue between the poet and the minister Prina about the condition of Lombardy); and "La Fuggitiva," in the Milanese dialect; "The Lombards in the First Crusade," a poem in 15 cantos in ottava rima; and "Ildegonda," relating to the Second Lombard league; and, his crowning work, the historical novel, "Marco Visconti." All of Grossi's works are marked by a sweet and powerful melancholy, a rare spontaneity, and a style full of grace and loveliness.

"Marco Visconti," a tale of the 14th century, is like a series of rich paintings, displaying in turn the highly colored, diversified life of the Middle Ages. The powerful figure of the great Condottiere, striving for the lordship of Milan, is always visible, but scarcely less interest is awakened by those humble peasants of Limonta, on the Lake of Como; by the youthful lovers, Ottorino Visconti and Bice del Balzo; by that brave knight, Lupo; by the faithful, loyal juggler, Tremacoldo; and by the villains, Lodrisio Visconti and Pelagrua, who separate the lovers with their horrid plots for self-advancement. It is a thrilling story, sad and splendid. The gay tourney, the lovely songs of the troubadours, — especially that giving the history of Folchetto da Provenza, — the gorgeous banquets of the Visconti, the scenery of the loveliest country

in the world, — the border-line of Switzerland and Italy, all constitute but a setting for the passionate soul of the Visconti.

His misery consists in the hopeless love that he had first for Ermelinda Crivello, and then for her lovely daughter, Bice del Balzo. Hating his nephew, Ottorino, for his success with Bice, — who is indeed "the sweetest Christian soul alive," — Marco tries to kill Ottorino; and, making use of Pelagrua and Lodrisio, the proud magnate comes to find that they have made use of him, and the plot results in the death of the innocent Bice. Marco is betrayed by Lodrisio into the hands of Azzone Visconti and foully killed by his orders. But the imagination dwells with delight on the sweet Bice, who "in the dolors of death tastes the joys of another life." The book is pervaded by a devout Christian sentiment and there is not a dull line in it.

In this group of patriotic poets *Giuseppe Giusti* (1783-1854) of Florence is the satirist. Disappointed in love and doomed to premature death by consumption, Giusti felt an ardent delight in his own genius, as an instrument for the redemption of his Country. His was not the thundering satire of Parini (whom, by the way, he eulogized in a notable "Discorso"); nor was Giusti master of the exquisite irony known to Leopardi. Manzoni declared that Giusti's Poems could only have been written in Tuscany, and in Tuscany only by Giusti.

The Florentines had their own peculiar problems, for their Grand Duke, Leopold II, was a kind of hereditary sovereign. Giusti satirized him unmercifully in "Il Re Travicello," The Wooden King. In "Sant'Ambrogio" (the Church of St. Ambrose in Milan) he shows how the beautiful military music of the Germans mollified the wrath of the Italians, the tender sympathy for "those tallowy fellow-men" making the poet here eclipse the satirist. In "The Congress of the Learned" there is an irrepressible gaiety, the Grand Duke (again) being made the butt, inasmuch as

"For an antidote to progress
To his people he has granted
That it should not know how to read."

While "The Time-server's Toast" is one long laugh of rare hilarity.

When Lamartine insolently called Italy "the land of the dead," Giusti accepted the challenge and with these words for his title wrote,

"Mere ghosts we poor Italians are
And mummies from the womb.
Our crib's an undertaker's car,
Our swaddling-clothes a tomb.
For us the Prior at the font
Wastes water pure and clear.
And when we doff our ghostly coils,
He robs us of a bier.
With effigies of Adam's race
Behold us here equipped.
We seem of flesh, but in its place
A skeleton has slipped.
O wretchedly deceivèd souls,
What are you doing here?
Resign yourselves, you stupid moles,
From earth's face disappear."

And so on with this exquisite pleasantry until we reach the climax in

"O you rained down from living lands,
Do tell us with what face
Among the dead you come for health
Or hope for any grace?"
.
"Ah, yes, fond nature's book must have
Its chapters first and last.
To them the life, to us the grave,
Theirs present, and ours past.
But if they will demand the why,
We can escape their scorn.
Our greatness towered mountain high
When they were not ev'n born."

CHAPTER XXII

MANZONI'S MASTERPIECE

AFTER an interval of nearly three centuries Italy again astonishes the world with a literary masterpiece. In Manzoni we find a genius of the first order, and in his wonderful novel, "The Betrothed," a work of Art which may be placed by the side of "Jerusalem Delivered."

To the everlasting glory of his beloved Italy Manzoni has known how to erect one of those monuments "more durable than brass." He has written the Italian novel, and when we speak of it as a masterpiece, it is not as of one among Manzoni's works, but as one among the marvelous productions of a gifted people.

The national character of this fascinating work of fiction is due to the passionate patriotism which animates it. It is not merely the setting forth of an episode in the History of Milan, — tho' viewed simply in the light of a bit of Italian History, the book must be most valuable to every student; it is, far above and beyond this, the vivid picturing of his country's *life*, — its longings, struggles, hopes and fears.

Out of the simple material of an event in the lives of two silk-weavers, the Artist elaborates one of those complicated structures known as "the modern novel;" and when we remember that "I Promessi Sposi" appeared in 1827, we see that Manzoni is the herald and originator of this style of writing: "Caleb Williams" alone in English and "Les Miserables" alone in French can be named with "The Betrothed," and "Caleb Williams," tho' published

as early as 1794, *never* became popular, while "Les Miserables" was not given to the world until 1862!

The story of the pure and noble love that existed between Lorenzo Tramaglino and Lucia Mondella, rudely and cruelly separated by the miserable cowardice of the priest, Don Abbondio, is an exquisite idyl, and in the delineation of this romance Manzoni shows himself a poet. The priest refuses to marry them because his life is threatened by a powerful and licentious nobleman, Don Rodrigo, who thinks to claim Lucia for himself and sends out his bravoes to capture the innocent girl. The villain is thwarted in this plot by an humble friar, Fra Cristoforo, whose own story is told most graphically; indeed the probings of his inner life and very consciousness are masterly.

But the protection he obtains for Lucia is itself disloyal. It is thought to be the powerful protection of a Nun, who occupies a peculiarly authoritative position in the Convent of Monza. The history of this girl who is known by the name of Gertrude is the finest specimen of psychological analysis that I have ever seen, and her psychical sufferings — for she is the rebellious victim of her father's selfish family pride, immuring her against her will — can only be likened to those of Falkland and Jean Valjean.

While this haughty, beautiful, but guilty woman is shielding the sweet and innocent Lucia, Lorenzo, or Renzo, as he is familiarly called, who has been sent by Fra Cristoforo to the Monastery of the Porta Orientale in Milan, to be guided and aided in obtaining work and keeping out of the way of the vengeful Rodrigo, gets drawn into the insurrection of 1628, following upon the failure of the harvest and the dreadful oppression of the poor by the Spanish soldiery. All this makes a most eloquent appeal to Italian patriotism, and the Italians themselves say that it hastened the day of their redemption.

Poor Renzo narrowly escapes this tumult with his life, for he has distinguished himself in befriending the people's

prey, the Chancellor of Milan. But he finally makes his escape to Bergamo, where his cousin Bortolo, a master-weaver, receives him kindly in spite of the hard times.

Don Rodrigo, hearing of Renzo's disappearance and ashamed of the failure of his first attempt, resolves to have Fra Cristoforo sent out of the country and to take Lucia by force from the Convent. This he succeeds in doing by the aid of a powerful nobleman who is the lord and chief of all who have made themselves independent of the law, himself a bravo of the worst description and surrounded by an entire retinue of these men. Here Manzoni pretends that searching thro' all the Histories and Manuscripts of the times he has not been able to discover the name of this princely villain, who must therefore be designated " The Unnamed."

Of course not even the Unnamed could have drawn Lucia from the Convent without the coöperation of some one within, and this person is the unhappy Gertrude, who has long been in communication with a certain attaché of the great Bravo. And " the voice which had acquired the authority of crime now demanded the sacrifice of her innocent charge."

In unspeakable terror Lucia is kidnapped and carried to the Castle of the Unnamed; and the exquisite purity and the fervent prayers of the pious girl work the miracle of a complete conversion in the Outlaw, the story here rising to a height of sublimity and at the same time a sublime simplicity unrivaled in literary Art.

Just at this time the Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, the celebrated Federigo Borromeo, visits the parishes of Lecco. His character is indescribably beautiful, and it is to him that the Unnamed turns in the extremity of his self-abasement. The terrified girl is liberated and placed in the care of some thoroughly good people in this parish, and her mother, Agnese Mondella, is summoned hither at once. The tailor and his wife, Lucia's and Agnese's hosts, are well drawn, and all the village excitement over the Cardinal's visit enthusiastically portrayed.

While the Unnamed returns to his castle and announces the entire change that will henceforth be made in its management, and while the sainted Cardinal is giving Don Abbondio the most thorough overhauling that he has ever had in all his life, a home is offered Lucia by a gentlewoman in the neighborhood who has a passion for doing good. This Donna Prassede is one of Manzoni's most inimitable creations. "With ideas Donna Prassede regulated herself as they say one ought to do with friends: she had few of them; but for those few she had great affection." "It was well for Lucia that she was not the only one to whom Donna Prassede had to do good. She had five daughters; three were nuns and two were married, and Donna Prassede naturally found herself with three convents and two homes to superintend." The climax of Lucia's story is not reached until she becomes a member of Donna Prassede's villa. During the awful night of her imprisonment in the castle of the Unnamed, when there seemed to be absolutely no hope of escape, she had taken a solemn vow to the Madonna that, if restored to her mother, she would remain a virgin. "Thinking that her prayer would be more acceptable and more surely heard if, in her desolation, she made some offering, she tried to remember what she held most dear." She resolved suddenly to make a sacrifice, and what could it be but the renunciation of her lover?

The dismay of her poor Mother when Lucia tells her this is pitiable, but the faithful Agnese does not cease to make inquiry for Renzo, and some kind of communication between them is established by means of friendly secretaries. Lucia, indeed, might have remained true to her vow but for Donna Prassede, who, in her zeal to benefit the girl, abuses Renzo by the hour, and in becoming his advocate Lucia finds all the old love rushing back with renewed force.

Such was the situation of affairs when the terrible Plague of 1630 descended upon the wretched Milanese, already perishing with famine and intimidated by a foreign

army. The government authorities are absorbed in a disputed succession to the duchy of Mantua, which is at the mercy of France and Spain, and "the people prostrate themselves silent and stupid under this extremity of evils, having no other balsam for their misery than the charity of men ready and prepared to immolate themselves." Every detail of this frightful scourge is described with Shakespearean vividness; indeed Manzoni here continually reminds us of the great Englishman in the awful gloom and solemn earnestness with which he treats this tragedy.

But, as in the great drama of life itself, so in this symbolical picture of it, destinies are settled and problems solved by this crucial test of suffering, and the pestilence decides the fate of "The Betrothed" and those most intimately connected with them.

Renzo, who has heard of Lucia's mysterious vow and been harrowed by it, on recovering from the Plague has no other thought than to go in search of her. He finds Don Abbondio also restored to health, but the same old Don Abbondio; Fra Cristoforo at the head of the noble army of martyrs in charge of the Lazzaretto; Don Rodrigo dying in agony unassuaged save by the noble Frate's prayers; and, finally, Lucia, on the eve of recovery. A kind hearted "merchantess" has befriended the young girl, and in the progress of their intercourse Lucia learns what has become of the Signora Gertrude. Accused of atrocious crimes, the wretched nun confessed her guilt and, being removed to another convent, began life over again in rigid expiation of her sins. Thus is every detail of the story finished with painstaking care, and no sense of incompleteness lingers in one's recollection. Fra Cristoforo solves the difficulty of the vow, for in the sacredness of the confessional Lucia is obliged to admit that she still loves Renzo, and the good friar finds himself fully justified in releasing her from her obligation to the Virgin. The story does not even end with the happy marriage (the ceremony of which is performed at last by Don

Abbondio, to the complete triumph of the lovers), but gives us a glimpse of the married couple in their peaceful home, and a vista of their whole future.

While no outline of mere facts can give an idea of the enjoyment to be derived from a good novel, such a sketch is particularly at fault in the present case. The crowning merit of "The Betrothed" is that it is a story of what the French call the *vie intime*, and so marvelous is its dissection and analysis of motives that this one novel of Manzoni's is thought to offset the fifty novels of Sir Walter Scott. In character-painting the Italian may be named with Shakespeare. The conception of Gertrude is strikingly like that of Edmund in "King Lear." Both are subordinate characters and both deal with the union of objective cruelty and subjective crime. In both the admiration of duty and goodness comes too late, and there is no place left for their repentance.

In moral purpose "The Betrothed" ranks with the very greatest of human productions, for "the continual, perennial sentiment which breathes from every page of this book," says Giulio Carcano, "is the protest against injustice." It is the great democratic, and therefore the great Christian novel: for sympathy with the poor and suffering constitutes its very being. The author is not ashamed to bring every phase of human conduct to the tribunal of revealed religion, and no one could have written this book but a devout Christian. It rises above "Les Miserables" because it reveals a higher standard of religion in the author, and it rises above "Caleb Williams" because the love of the Beautiful alleviates the painful scrutiny of the inner life. In its delicate humor, in its charming style, in its lovely sentiments one cannot but perceive that the author is a poet. The strength of his genius enabled him to overturn all rules, set aside all prejudices, and bring to light a unique work, something which had not appeared in the world before.

Of the many striking passages in this noble book I select, first, one which describes Renzo, on his way to Ber-

gamo after his arrest, his terrible fright and flight. In going out of the gate of Milan he meets several wretched creatures, dying of famine, and without a moment's hesitation puts his hand in his pocket and gives them his last few coins. He, himself, had just eaten a scanty meal and now, says Manzoni:

"The refection and the good work (for we are composed of soul and body) comforted and lightened all his thoughts. Certainly this being despoiled of his last money gave him more confidence for the future than the finding of ten times as much would have given him. For, if to sustain on that day those poor creatures who were falling on the road Providence had held in reserve the last pennies of a stranger, a fugitive, uncertain himself how he would live; who could believe that He would then abandon the one of whom He had taken this service, and to whom He had given a feeling so alert for Him, so efficacious, so resolute?"

A second passage of great beauty confronts us in an allusion to the pestilence which fifty-three years before had desolated the Milanese, where it was called, and is still, *San Carlo's Plague.* "Such is the strength of Charity! Among such varied and solemn memories of a general misfortune it is able to make the name of one man stand first, because in this man it has inspired feelings and actions more memorable than the evils; it is able to stamp it in the mind as a synopsis of all those woes, because it has mixed him up with all of them, as guide, succorer, example, voluntary victim; from a calamity for all it makes an enterprise for this one man; and names it for him as a conquest or a discovery."

And finally as a specimen of Manzoni's descriptive powers I give this passing mention of one of the sufferers in the Plague:

"There descended from the threshold of one of these doors and came towards the convoy a woman, whose aspect announced a youth advanced, but not gone by; and there pierced through it a beauty, veiled and offuscated,

but not marred; of a great passion and of a mortal languor; that beauty soft and at the same time majestic, which shines in the Lombard blood. Her carriage was labored, but not feeble; her eyes gave forth no tears, but bore traces of having shed many; there was in that grief something placid and profound, which attested a soul continually conscious of it. But it was not her aspect alone which, among so many miseries, marked her out so particularly as an object of compassion and revived for her that feeling now worn out and extinguished in all hearts. She bore on her neck a little girl of about nine years, dead; but all carefully dressed, with hair parted on her brow, and wearing a perfectly white frock, as if those hands had adorned her for a festival long promised and given as a reward."

It is in such words of holy counsel, such enthusiasm for every form of goodness, such exquisite sympathy for all mankind, that we pronounce Manzoni " a confessor to the finest secrets of the human breast."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE THREEFOLD LEOPARDI

RANIERI says we must consider Leopardi first as a philologist, then as a poet, and finally as a philosopher, for such was the order of his mental development. But it seems to me that the secret of a true grasp of his genius lies in its prismatic character. Leopardi was always three times as richly endowed as a man of genius usually is, and every manifestation of his power bears this triple impress.

A vast collection of MSS. on Philology, we are told, still lies unpublished in the family library. But in every line of Leopardi's published writings he easily proves his mastery of word-lore. No translator has ever reproduced the crystal clearness of his style. Landor and Gray, as representatives of English Literature, Hawthorne and Bryant in American literature may give the English reader some faint conception of the exquisite fitness of Leopardi's words. It is, of course, in Leopardi's translations from the Greek that his philological ability sets forth its own claims. This difficult idiom was as familiar to him as his own tongue and he wrote original Greek Odes which deceived the greatest scholars in Germany. But his crowning work in this direction was the making good his boast that the Italian was the best fitted of all modern languages to represent the Greek. Isocrates, Xenophon and Epictetus were the writers he selected for this purpose, — moralists of the highest order, and to be

studied, according to Leopardi's suggestion, as immortal reformers. The delightful impression thus given of these ancient authors is simply of inestimable value. But our wonder and delight are on the increase when we read "The Martyrdom of the Holy Fathers, &c." and the Oration of Giorgio Gemisto Pletone. The ascetic piety of the Fathers, or Monks, is so glowingly set forth in this little tract that it might be carried as a *vade mecum* by the devout of all ages. Pletone's Oration on the death of the Empress Elena is on the immortality of the soul, and is pervaded by deep religious feeling.

It was as a boy of 19 that Leopardi astonished his countrymen with his Ode to Italy; I mean, of course, only the most learned and thoughtful of his countrymen. For it was at once perceived that his patriotism was of a new description. If, as has been sneeringly said, Alfieri was saved by his illiteracy, it is quite as true that Leopardi was lost by his learning. His was a patriotism fired by a consciousness of *all* that Italy had been, or known, or suffered. In vain does he paraphrase the splendid song of Simonides for the illiterate. Thus Leopardi becomes the scholar's poet, the reward of untold labors.

The first six Poems, "To Italy;" "On the Florentine Monument to Dante:" "To (the great scholar) Angelo Mai;" "For the Marriage of his sister Paolina;" "To a Victor in the Football Games;" "The Lesser Brutus," have for their general subject the decadence of Italy and the ancient civilization. The next twenty Poems, among which are the "Hymn to the Patriarchs;" "The Solitary Swallow;" "The Sabbath of the Village;" "Consalvo," treat of lost illusions. The remaining Poems are devoted to fate, necessity and death. The period of Leopardi's poetical activity was the darkest in the annals of Italy. Nothing gave any promise of the political romance of these latter days. Hence his burning lines:

> "Weep, since well thou mayst, my Italy,
> — The people born to conquer
> Both in happy fate and vile."

And addressing Dante, he says:

"O glorious spirit,
Tell me; is the love of thy Italy dead?
Say: that flame which burnt thee, is it spent?
Say; shall nevermore that myrtle bloom
That for so long our evils lightened?
Shall no one ever rise
Resembling thee in any way?
Have we perished forever? And has our shame
Indeed no confines?
I, while I live, will go exclaiming:
Turn thee to thy sires, base lineage;
Behold these ruins,
And the papers, and the canvas and the marbles and the temples;
Think what soil thou treadest:" —

Most of Leopardi's poems are in metres wholly original, and are either unrhymed, or so capriciously rhymed that no translation can do them justice. After much investigation I find that his faultless purity and enchanting melancholy are well represented in Miss Katherine Hillard's version of the

NIGHT SONG OF A WANDERING ASIAN SHEPHERD

"What dost thou, moon in heaven; tell me, what dost thou
O silent moon?
Rising with evening and slowly pacing
The skies, contemplating the desert; then setting.
Oh, art thou not yet weary
Of still retracing the everlasting pathways?
Art thou not yet rebellious? dost still delight
In gazing at these valleys?
Like thy life
The shepherd's life, methinks.
With earliest dawn he rises,
Drives his flock far afield, and watches
The flock, the brook, the pastures;
Then wearied out, lies down to rest at evening.
Nor to aught else aspires.
Tell me, O moon, what value
Such a life to the shepherd,
Such a life, moon, to thee? tell me where leadeth
This brief existence of mine,
And thy eternal journeys?

An old man hoary and delicate,
Half-clad and going barefoot,
Bearing a heavy burden upon his shoulders, —
Over the mountains and over valleys,
Over sharp rocks, deep sands and thorny places,
In wind, in tempest, or when the lightning
Flashes, or the hailstones strike him, —
Still, hurried on, hurries on panting,
Traverses torrents and marshes,
Falls and rises again, and faster and faster hastens;
Without rest or refreshment,
Torn and bleeding he goes; and at last arriveth
There where the pathway
And his struggles alike have ending;
There he flings himself down and findeth oblivion.
Such, O virgin moon,
Such is mortal existence."

.

Often, thus gazing upon thee,
Standing so silent above those, the desert regions,
Whereto with distant arch the heavens confine thee,
Step by step, as we travel slowly together,
And when I gaze at the stars that above me are burning, —
I say to myself, as I'm thinking,
Why all these starry fires?
What means this infinite air and what the
Depths of the heavens? What is the meaning
Of all this solitude boundless? And I, what am I?
Thus I discourse with myself, and of all my surroundings,
Sky and earth, endless and splendid,
With all their offspring unnumbered;
Of all their relations and movements,
Of all things celestial, terrestial,
Sweeping on still, without resting,
Ever returning to fill their places appointed.
Of all things no purpose,
No real fruit can I see.
But thou at least, maiden immortal, thou
Knowest all things.
This thing I know, and I feel it:
That out of this endless motion,
Out of this frail human nature
Some slight good and contentment
Others may get, perchance: to me our life is but evil.
O flock of mine at rest here, O happy creatures,
That know not your fate, I believe you unconscious of sorrow!
What envy to you I bear!
Not only that even of suffering
Almost unheeding ye go, —
That hunger or terror
Seizing upon you, is ever as swiftly forgotten,
But still more because tedium never o'ertakes you.

And when ye rest in the shade in sweet grasses,
Content and quiet bide with you.

.

Had I wings like a bird, peradventure,
To bear me on high through the heavens,
And one by one to number the planets,
Or, like the thunder, leap from one peak to another,
Happier I'd be, sweet my flock,
Happier I'd be, fairest moon.
Perchance, though, my wandering fancy
Strays from the truth, in dreaming of fortunes not mine.
Perchance in every fate, in every form,
Whether within the cradle or the fold,
To all the fatal day is that of birth."

Francis H. Cliffe, in his Manual of Italian Literature, has given us a fascinating study of Leopardi, whom he ranks as a lyric poet above Horace, De Musset, Keats and Shelley. This enthusiastic critic has also made beautiful and sympathetic translations of all Leopardi's Poems, and from these I select

THE CALM AFTER THE TEMPEST

"The storm hath passed away; the birds rejoice;
I hear the feathered songsters tune their notes
As they again come forth. Behold! the sky
Serenely breaks through regions of the West,
Beyond the mountain ridge, the country round
Emerges from the shadows, and below
Within the vale, the river clearly shines.

Each heart rejoices; everywhere the sound
Of life revives and the accustomed work;
The artisan to see the liquid sky,
With tools in hand and singing as he comes,
Before the door of his abode appears;
The maiden with her pitcher issues forth
To seize the waters of the recent rain,
And he who traffics in the flowers and herbs
Of Mother Earth, his daily cry renews
In roads and lanes as he again proceeds.
See how the Sun returns! See how he smiles
Upon the hills and houses! Busy hands
Are opening windows and withdrawing screens
From balconies and ample terraces;
And from the street where lively traffic runs
The tinkling bells in silver distance sound;
The wheels revolve as now the traveller
His lengthy journey on the road resumes.

Each heart rejoices. When is life so sweet,
So welcome, as it now appears to all?
When with like joy doth man to studies bend,
To work return, or to new actions rise?
When doth he less remember all his ills?
Ah, truly, Pleasure is the child of Woe;
Joy, idle Joy, the fruit of recent Fear
Which roused with terror of immediate death
The heart of him who most abhorred this life;
And thus the nations in a torment long,
Cold, silent, withered with expectant fear,
Shuddered and trembled, seeing from Heaven's gate
The angry Powers in serried order march,
The clouds, the winds, the shafts of living fire,
To our annihilation and despair.
O bounteous nature! these thy presents are,
These are the joys on mortals thou doth shower;
To escape from pain is happiness on earth.
Sorrows thou pourest with abundant hand;
Pain rises freely from a fertile seed;
The little pleasure that from endless woe
As by a miracle receives its birth,
Is held a mighty gain. Our human race
Dear to the Eternal Rulers of the Sky!
Ah! blest enough and fortunate indeed
Art thou if pain brief respite gives to thee
To breathe and live; favored beyond compare
Art thou if cured of every grief by Death."

The longest and the most celebrated of the Poems is "La Ginestra" i. e. The Broom Flower. It has for its motto the text from St. John's Gospel, — "And men love darkness rather than light," — and is a dirge upon the desolated plains of Pompeii and Herculaneum, where now nothing grows but this unpretending little flower.

It is, unquestionably, as a philosopher, that Leopardi is best known to the world, and among philosophers a conspicous place is assigned him as a pessimist. It is true that Leopardi is the poet of the pessimistic mood and his utterances closely resemble those of David, Solomon and even Job. But he never attempted to formulate any philosophical theory. He has none of the vehemence of Pascal, the flippancy of Schopenhauer, the bitterness of Chamfort, the cynicism of Montaigne or the bravado of Byron. Leopardi was sad because every circumstance of his life made him sad. But in my opinion, he was before

all else a moralist. He did not believe in civilization because "every example of human baseness moved his soul to scorn;" because he "felt himself greater than this boastful age, which nourishes itself on empty hopes, delights in jests, despises virtue, and as an imbecile demands the useful, seeing not that life becomes more useless every moment." Both the life and the writings of Leopardi are marked by an immaculate purity. Is not the bulk of his writings entitled *Operette Morali?* In prose his forte was a delicate, playful, veiled satire. I refer my readers to the translations of two of the Dialogues in "The Philosophy of Disenchantment" by Edgar Saltus, though I do not agree with the critic's conclusions.

The charges of pessimism brought against Leopardi are largely due to the ridicule he heaped upon the 19th century; to his hatred of materialism and sensual luxury; to the skill with which he demonstrated how few can enter learning's portals; how impossible it is for those who live in cities to receive any sublime or beautiful impressions from literature and Art, because "the spectacle of vain magnificence, the levity of mind, the perpetual falsity, the miserable cares and the still more miserable ease which reign there are inimical to such impressions." But above all, Leopardi's own superiority will account for his unpopularity. For it is of a kind which must either be admired or rejected; and if it is admired, it must be at the price of the severest labor; while if it is rejected, it brands with its withering contempt.

Leopardi was so unworldly that he put his best thoughts into the mouths of the imaginary Ottonieri and the adored Parini. But, in spite of all detractions, he, himself, will continue to be the teacher of an elect few, who, in turn, will interpret him to those beneath them. For Leopardi opens the way to the issue from which the human race shrinks, that man's progress is moral, and that the intellectual force which will not subordinate itself to moral ends is worthless.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE PATRIOTS — 1830-1870

THE most progressive organization in the United States can even at this late day find no more eloquent champion of its cause than *Giuseppe Mazzini* (1805-1872). For the "Rights" of the poor and the "Duties" of the rich have been expounded by Mazzini for all time.

Born in Genoa, Mazzini was arrested by the Austrian Government in 1830 because he "indulged in the habit of thinking." Five months of solitary imprisonment did not cure him of this dangerous habit, and when he emerged, it was to be no longer one of the secret society of the Carbonari, but the founder of that "Young Italy" which became the dominant association of Europe.

Mazzini's unselfish love of the people, — the lowest and the least, — and his genius for self-abnegation made him a terror to the House of Savoy, and as an exile he was driven from Italy to France, from France to Switzerland, and finally, to England. During his sojourn in England he wrote for the reviews and threw his whole heart into the teaching of poor Italians, many of whom were organ-grinders.

It was in 1844 that English statesmen were found guilty of the infamy of having violated Mazzini's correspondence. But the English ministers had already done their base work of transmitting to Austria information which led to the capture and execution of the Bandiera brothers, who had attempted to rouse Naples against the Bourbons.

When, then, in 1848 Mazzini's 17 years' apostolate had done its work and a splendid outburst of national feeling swept over the whole country, he returned to Italy; and when the Pope fled from Rome, Mazzini's romantic dream was acted out, Rome became a Republic (with Armellini, Mazzini and Saffi as Triumvirs) and the world rang with the heroic resistance of the citizen-soldiers to the French bombardment.

The republic fell, — inevitably; — but owing to what his enemies called Mazzini's "fatal influence," the people had become *Italianized*, and Cavour was compelled to declare war against Austria.

For the next 20 years Mazzini was here, there and everywhere, the life and soul of every insurrection, and every mere *émeute*. Nearly all the time he was writing and propagating his altruism and his passion for unity. He was so far in advance of his age that no one could keep up with him, and it is not strange that he exasperated those in power.

The greatest sacrifice that it was possible for Mazzini to make was his acceptance of the monarchy, out of respect for the will of the majority. Joining with Garibaldi in effecting the conquest of the Sicilies, he went about seeing "*Death to Mazzini!*" placarded on the walls of Naples. His last imprisonment in the strong fortress of Gaeta completed the undermining of his frail health, but it did not break his indomitable spirit.

He returned to England for some months, and then went to Lugano to conduct a republican journal; and after a year's literary labor died at Pisa, March 10th, 1872, and was followed to his grave in Genoa by 80,000 of his countrymen.

It is not correct to say "Mazzini might have been a great writer." He *is* a great writer. Not only in "Giovane Italia," but in his fugitive Essays on "Art in Italy," "Ugo Foscolo," "Dante's Love of Country," "Romance," &c., &c., above all in his wonderful treatise on "Rights and Duties," he is the apostle of a new order, the

St. George who kills the dragon of individualism, the first politician who has ever had the courage to apply the principles of the New Testament to politics. Mazzini's motto, *Dio e Popolo*, signalized the introduction of a new era in the world's history.

As in the case of Mazzini, after once hearing of Garibaldi's heroism, it is a foregone conclusion that one will read everything to be obtained on the subject.

A sailor, always eager to remove suffering, *Giuseppe Garibaldi* (1807-1882) was one of the Genoese conspirators in 1834, and was then exiled. His flight to South America, noble efforts on behalf of Rio Grande and Uruguay, his marriage with Anita Leonta Crousa, a creole, who thenceforth shared all his adventures till she fell by the way, his return to Italy, second banishment, life in New York as a candle-maker, were a prelude to his brilliant Conquest of the Sicilies in 1860. Throughout Europe he was called "The Chieftain," "The Hero," was elected to the Sardinian Chamber of Deputies and made General of the National Guard.

Taking advantage of his position, Garibaldi acted independently of the Italian government, whose troops encountered, defeated and wounded him at Aspromonte, August 28th, 1862. After two months' imprisonment he escaped, and was again defeated at Mentana. The little island of Caprera now became his home, but he came forth in 1870 to aid Gambetta in establishing the French Republic. The strangest thing in his whole career is that he found time to write two novels, — "Cantoni il Volontario," and "Clelia, or the Rule of the Monk," also an account of his Sicilian Expedition called "The Thousand," and his own "Life."

Garibaldi's writings are without literary merit, but the old General was a pioneer in forcing his way into literature on the strength of his actions. The strong anti-clerical spirit of his novels made them of value to the State as well as to individuals; and they are at least a straightforward statement of his views.

Mazzini was the wizard, Garibaldi the warrior; and Count *Camillo Benso di Cavour* (1810-1861) the wise man of the Revolution. The Italians have excelled in every department of human activity, and that they should produce the greatest statesman of modern times will not surprise those who are acquainted with their history. From 1850 to 52 Cavour was an active member of Azeglio's administration, and from 1852 to his death in 1861 he was, except for a short interval, the prime minister and virtual ruler of his country. His bold project of sending a Sardinian contingent to the Crimea was a stroke of genius which elicited universal applause, and marks the date at which Italy ceased to be regarded as "a geographical expression." In the celebrated Congress of Paris which closed the Crimean War, Cavour occupied a position of supreme importance and was styled the first of living diplomats. But while his name shines brightly on the page of History, if one would understand something of his indefatigable labours for his Country the eleven folio volumes of his Parliamentary "Discourses" must be handled. Most of them are on such dry topics as Taxes, Commerce, Tariff, the National Debt, and yet the absolute clearness of Cavour's mind endows the Italian with a charm hitherto unknown, and when he passes into French his Italian does not suffer by comparison. Overwork brought his beneficent life to a close at the age of 51. Like so many of his compatriots, Cavour never married. Giving his whole heart to his country, he left a stainless name both as a man and as a statesman.

It may be confidently affirmed that there never did "live a soul so dead" that it could not be stirred to enthusiasm by the heroism of *Daniele Manin* (1804-1857), the Dictator of Venice. Fired with such a disinterested spirit that he was glad to devote his whole life to Liberty, Manin made the world realize that it still has its "noble army of martyrs."

Daniele Manin won distinction as an author when very young by a masterly translation of Pothier's treatise

"Sur le Droit Romain." His spirited public addresses, involving scientific knowledge of political economy and legal acumen, led to the expulsion of the Austrians from Venice in 1848. When the life and death struggle between Austria and Venice occurred in 1849, Manin was the animating spirit of the entire population, and made its defence one of the heroic events in the world's history. He failed, but he made failure put success to shame. Exiled for life, Manin lived in Paris, where he wrote and taught and spoke for the unification of Italy, dying of heart trouble in 1857.

Like the Disraelis, Daniele Manin was an Italian Jew. In the miscellaneous writings of Emilio Castelar the student will find a fitting tribute to this modern hero.

We first hear of *Francesco Domenico Guerrazzi* (1804-1873) in Mrs. Browning's "Casa Guidi Windows," for the flattered novelist actually sat in the Grand Duke's seat when the Florentines drove out that worthy and made their feeble cry for Freedom. They were far behind the Venetians, the Romans and the Neapolitans in courage and endurance and very soon deposed Guerrazzi and restored Leopold II.

Guerrazzi, however, worked bravely with his pen for Florence and wrote historical novels, which were adapted to all classes of society, such as "Isabella Orsini," "The Siege of Florence," "Beatrice Cenci," "The Battle of Benevento," &c., &c. Critics now style these "ferocious," and even "atrocious."

I have read the "Siege of Florence" and found it a vivid and valuable portrayal of that thrilling period. It is true that Guerrazzi has no reservations and depicts the worst passions — immoralities of every description — but he seems to be actuated by high motives. He is intensely original, and while everyone was aiming to write Manzonian novels, Guerrazzi struck out boldly into a new path. The characteristic of the Manzonian novel is the constant predominance of the moral quality, — the good person will always be a saint and the bad one a demon.

Guerrazzi saw life under another aspect, and as his bad people perform some splendid actions and his saints have their infirmities, it is impossible to foretell their fates.

Guerrazzi is also original in his conception of a historical novel, which is just the opposite of the stereotyped kind. Instead of making imaginary characters predominate, Guerrazzi makes the real historical personages predominate, and even his imaginary people carry out the actual events of the period.

In "The Siege of Florence" we meet all our old acquaintances, — Macchiavelli, Varchi, Nardi, Ferruccio, Michelangelo, Malatesta Baglione, Francesco Carducci, Nicolò Capponi, Fabrizio Maramaldo, &c. The book is based on Nardi, Segni and Varchi and the historical chapters are made delightfully lively.

In his style Guerrazzi is bombastic; but if he is occasionally ridiculous, he is also often eloquent. He is a grand hater of every kind of tyranny, especially the ecclesiastical kind, and he is racy when he tells us that "Clement VII had viscera of granite." Speaking of a nefarious promise of Leo X, he says:

"Leo kept his word, for the Medici were always generous thieves." But "those inhuman German beasts" who defiled Florence in 1529, as well as in the novelist's own day, get their share of vituperation. While there is fine sarcasm in the remonstrance; "He will renounce vengeance! That seems to me unworthy of the Italian name." That Guerrazzi's democratic fervor did not take him off his feet is evident, for he says:

"Still is born the weak and the strong, the man of high intellect and the man wanting in sense; — irreparable injustice. With work uninterrupted in centuries man may arrive where these discrepancies are balanced, but yet there will remain the apparition of genius, — supreme injustice, luminous meteor, which burns itself and consumes those who gaze on it."

The greatest of the patriot-writers was *Massimo D'Azeglio* (1798-1866), born at Turin. Accompanying his

father, who was the Turinese Ambassador to Rome, the young D'Azeglio was inspired with a passion for painting and music, and he had acquired both skill and fame as a landscape painter in Rome when the death of his beloved father recalled him to Turin and made him turn his attention to Literature and Politics.

In 1830 D'Azeglio married Giulia Manzoni and took up his abode in Milan, and it was not long before he discovered his power with the pen and was the recognized author of "Ettore Fieramosca" and "Niccolò de' Lapi." The year 1849 found him a member of the Sardinian parliament and in March Victor Emmanuel made him Minister of Foreign Affairs. Of course Cavour's genius displaced him, but the versatile D'Azeglio served his country as a diplomat and occupied his last years in writing his (charming) Autobiography.

The historical novel, "Niccolò de' Lapi" — another version of the "Siege of Florence" — reveals D'Azeglio as the George Macdonald of Italian Literature, — an intensely religious writer, making everything subserve the one pure purpose. The idea of making an aged man of 90 the central figure of a novel is startling, and yet in spite of the fact that many interesting young persons present their claims, Niccolò is our hero throughout, the one person whom we love unreservedly. It will be seen that this is intensely Manzonian, and we could hardly expect anything else of Manzoni's son-in-law and Grossi's intimate friend. "Niccolò de' Lapi" deals rather with the private than the public affairs of the times and the personal interest supersedes the historical. But the beautiful reflections of the author so endear the book to us that we hate to part from it, we keep it by us, we read it slowly, we permit ourselves to read it as the reward of some special self-denial. Where, for instance, will you find anything finer than this paragraph:

"He prepared himself to suffer with that readiness and that joy which religion alone can give, because it alone is sufficiently powerful over the heart of man to convince

him that suffering is a good; it alone, instead of teaching him to flee from grief or to support it with proud and impatient resignation, teaches him to rejoice and to find in it a gain; it alone is guide and companion to man in days of misfortune and makes good the boast of being able to prevent him from becoming either useless or dangerous to humanity."

One of the most delightful features of D'Azeglio's "Ricordi" is its account of his childhood's training, his father's extreme severity and his own passionate love for that father.

As in all epochs of history there cluster around the great stars groups of lesser luminaries, so it was at this time. We are compelled to make some inquiries about the Marquis Gino Capponi because he bore an illustrious name,[1] and also because he was the beloved friend of Leopardi, Niccolini, Giusti and Guerrazzi. Indeed it seems to have been by a genius for self-restraint that Capponi stands somewhat in the background in this group. He belonged avowedly to the moderate party, being at the same time a liberal and a staunch Catholic; patriotic, yet loyal. Strange to say, he succeeded in convincing his fiery associates of his sincerity; and, as he desired nothing for himself, his disinterestedness extorted admiration. His chief work is his "History of the Republic of Florence," which occupied him 20 years. It has been pronounced a wonderfully fair-minded work, and met with the approval both of the people and of the critics.

Political influences were so effective in Italy at this period because the heroes, generally speaking, were men of the pen as well as of the sword. Alberto Mario and Gabriele Rosa, the former writing "The Mind of Cattaneo," and the latter the Preface to the "Public Economy" of that remarkable man, were known, admired and feared as men who had a well defined ideal of a Federal

[1] Being descended from the Nicolò Capponi of the "Siege" (See pp. 120, 127) as well as related to the wife of Filicaja.

Republic, could enforce their theories as soldiers, citizens and statesmen, and hence made themselves heard when they thundered out the sublime "No!" to the proffered armistice of Radetzki. Goffredo Mameli, the soldier-poet, who fell gloriously under the walls of Rome in '49, at the age of 21, had first written a patriotic Hymn voicing the Nation's cry for freedom from oppression. Alfonso La Marmora, the greatest general in Victor Emmanuel's army, was himself a writer of ability. One of his volumes is entitled "More Light on the Political and Military Events of 1866." But the work which has arrested my attention is "An Episode of the Italian Resurrection." It treats of the all-important period when, in 1849 Piedmont under Charles Albert seemed to court certain destruction at Novara (March 12th, 1849), the great event which necessitated the abdication of Charles Albert and strengthened the influence of Mazzini. But, to our surprise, this tract is a sweeping condemnation of Mazzini, who is spoken of as "a conspirator, a fanatical sectary, true genius of evil."

As in the great days of 1529, every man in this first half of the 19th century thought for himself, and the specific virtue to be found in man as man may be studied here with supreme advantage.

The second portion of La Marmora's work compares Charles Albert to the Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche, and gives Bayard's history to show its marked resemblance to that of the Savoyard. But in the end the palm is given to the latter. La Marmora believes that "history records few acts of such splendid magnanimity" as this abdication. As this is just the reverse of the general opinion, it is a profitable subject for meditation, and especially so as coming from a man who won the confidence of his own age.

Count *Cesare Balbo* (1789-1853), the first cousin of the Marquis Massimo Taparelli D'Azeglio, "could not write a detailed account of his life because he was overcome with anguish in recalling its vicissitudes." To a

cold-blooded observer, however, his life seems to have been exceptionally happy.

His father was Minister to France and later to Spain, and young Balbo began at nine years to see much of the world, and at 19 entered upon public life. "To serve his country" was the motto of his life. And he did serve it, as soldier, diplomat, exile, statesman (he was Prime Minister from March to July 1848) and writer. But his brief exiles and his personal sacrifices make no demand upon our sympathies.

In 1823 Balbo married a lovely French woman, the great-grand-daughter of Marshall D'Aguessau, and when in 1833 he lost this beloved companion, the mother of his eight children, he said "she had not given him in life a moment, had not left him in dying a memory, that was not of holiness, happiness and sweetness." To provide a home for his adored father, Balbo in 1836 married the widowed daughter of Count Napione, "to himself the best second wife, to his children the best and sweetest substitute for a Mother, and to his father the best daughter-in-law in all the world."

Balbo's was undoubtedly a brilliant intellect, and though as friend to the House of Savoy he was always on the winning side, in his writings he displays a true appreciation of his Country. His writings are numerous, but we may content ourselves with "Historic Meditations;" "The Hopes of Italy;" A "History of Italy" and the admirable "Life of Dante." The labors of the Dantisti flowered at last into this beautiful and satisfying "Life" by Balbo, and even after the lapse of half a century this work still holds its ground.

Giovanni Domenico Ruffini (1807-1881) is so well known to English readers as plain John Ruffini, having lived most of his life in England and written all of his great works in English, that we must go back to the early part of his career and to the actual contents of his novels in order to bring out his intense Italianism. He was born in Genoa and in early youth, with his adored brother,

Jacopo Ruffini, joined Mazzini in the formation of "Giovane Italia." The iron grip of despotism descended upon these noble young men in 1833, and while Jacopo was shot, Giovanni and Mazzini escaped to France and then to Switzerland and England.

The desolate brother made that free Country his home and did not return to his native land until its struggles had subsided. In exile he produced those four remarkable novels, "Vincenzo," "Doctor Antonio," "Lavinia," "Lorenzo Benoni," written in English and translated into his native language. All of these deal with Italian History in the 19th century and have a world-wide significance. "Doctor Antonio" (which I read at the age of 14 and have re-read many times since) is a work which merits the epithet "perfect." It was published in 1858 and tells the story of Sicily's desperate struggles from 1840 to '48. The character of Antonio is incomparably beautiful and the love-story is exquisite.

Learning that "Lorenzo Benoni" is the author's autobiography, I have drawn this sketch from it, and it seems to me I cannot recommend this book too highly. When we know that "Fantasio" represents Mazzini, and when in "Caesar Benoni" we see Jacopo Ruffini, and then read Mrs. King's splendid Poem, "The Disciples," we are carried away with an irrepressible enthusiasm, a very ecstasy of homage and veneration for such true manliness.

CHAPTER XXV

THE MODERNS — 1825-1880

AFTER the apparent failure of the French Revolution and the passing away of Napoleon, a new era was inaugurated. The power of action had superseded the power of the pen. Facilities for producing books were greater than ever, but the contemplative life necessary to the production of ideas was wanting. Among the first of modern seers stands *Cesare Cantù* (1805-1895).

The eldest of ten children, Cantù was educated for the priesthood, but accidentally becoming the confidant of two members of "Young Italy," the young priest was arrested and imprisoned for two years. It was during this memorable time that he turned his attention to literature and wrote the striking historical novel "Margherita Pusterla." The success of this venture paved the way for a literary career. Of his colossal "Universal History" and his "Italian Heretics" much will be said by the historian. This colossal "Universal History" in 35 vols. is said to be the best work of the kind in any language and brought its Publisher a fortune. But it is his "History of Italian Literature" that must absorb our interest, and I cannot praise it more wisely than by giving a thorough analysis of it in the next chapter.

Not only was there a host of patriotic poets at this time, but also a vast number of men and women who cultivated verse for more strictly psychological reasons. Eminent among this latter class was *Caterina Franceschi*

Ferrucci (1803-1887), of Nardi. She is spoken of as "an ardent educator," and Cantù says "in the petrarchian canzone she exhibited virile force." This is very evident in "The Flowers and the Stars," addressed to her son on his 20th birthday, a poem singularly happy in its union of the delicate and the sublime. The flowers symbolize the evanescence of mortal beauty and earthly joy; the stars, the permanence of heavenly aspiration and serene faith. I give a translation of the fifth stanza from

"I FIORI E LE STELLE"

"What crime, what ill down here,
In secret corner hid,
Escapes, pure stars, your penetrating gaze?
The fiery blast, the furious wave unbid,
In agitations dread have hurled
This timid, trembling sphere,
And all that was of life and beauty sapped.
How oft the frightened world
Has changed its speech, its 'customed ways,
Its laws, its gods, its praise.
How many a naked corse in gorges wild,
And shivered spear the raging sea hath wrapped!
In the funereal light
Of shields and lances broken, pierced, defiled,
A stream of blood is seen to wind
And blight man's happiest days.
But through supernal fields, secure and bright
Your course you follow unalarmed,
And as God first designed,
Your ray shines on undimmed, unharmed;
No tear, no grief which here absorbs,
Disturbs your peace, ye shining orbs."

But this forceful lyric is almost thrown into the shade by the great didactic poem, "I Cieli" ("The Heavens"), of *Caterina Bon Brenzoni* (1813-1856), of Verona. Opulent, eloquent, masterful, this is an unusual composition for the 19th century. It is addressed to Mary Somerville, and is an amazingly concise synopsis of her grand contemplations, — the connection of the physical sciences, the nature of the falling stars, the spheroid Saturn, with its rings, band, satellites and revolutions; the two at-

mospheres of the Sun; the caprices of the comets; the nebulosae, the planets and the constellations. In its wonderful inclusiveness this poem embraces a lively picture of the astronomer herself, a striking quotation from Dante, a beautiful reference to Galileo, glowing tributes to

> "That intimate joy which at every increase
> Of knowledge irradiates the intellect,
> And is a slight pledge down here of that
> Which in the breast of the immortals
> Is rained eternally from Uncreated Light."

Though the poet regrets that the learned Somerville does not enjoy the "perennial splendor of Italian skies," she pays homage to "heroic Scotland," its brave sons, invincible warfare, cerulean seas, virgin forests, and the ineffable mystery of that dreadful and yet lovely mist, of which the inspired Ossian had sung so eloquently.

Yet while this Poem exalts the praises of sidereal splendors and immutable harmonies, it throbs with constant references to man's immortal soul, before which all physical magnificence fades into nothingness; and it ascribes all glory for the creation and the preservation of the Heavens to the personality of God alone.

"That great youngster of 41," as Marc Monier called *Giovanni Prati* (1814-1884), of Trent, at the height of his fame, claims our interest from several points of view. First, as a representative of the Italian Tyrol, the popularity of his writings promoted the homogeneity of the peninsula. Secondly, the most popular of his poems, "Edmenegarda," enshrines a tragic event in the family of Daniele Manin. Thirdly, though Prati's writings glowed with his love of liberty, Guerrazzi drove him out of Florence because he was poet laureate at Turin. And, finally, Edmond de Amicis compares one of the most popular Spanish poets of modern times, Don Josè Zorilla, to Prati, and says "both have the religious sentiment, passion, fecundity, spontaneity, and a boldness which fires the youthful fancy." Howells gives excellent translations

of "The Midnight Ride," and "The Spy;" and Pucciani selects the Sonnets "To God;" "To Ugo Foscolo;" "To Luigi Carrer," and the blank-verse description of "The Last Hours of Torquato Tasso," all of which are very beautiful.

Manzoni had given the national poetry such a powerful impetus towards religion, that all the way on, down to Prati, we find this the chief theme of the cult.[1] As in all imitation, the poetry of this period was fast degenerating into artificiality and sentimentality, when a mighty and complete revolution was effected by *Giosuè Carducci* (1836-1907), the champion of a revived classicism. Few are ignorant of the fact that for the last 30 years Carducci has been the idol of literary Italy. The idea that literature, and especially its highest expression, poetry, should be made popular, came from "beyond the Alps." Carducci rescued this treasure from popularity, restoring it to that aristocratic intellectuality which is the genuine Italian's joy.[2]

Born in Tuscany in 1836 and descended from that ancient noble family which had given four gonfaloniers to the Florentine Republic, Giosuè Carducci was dedicated from earliest childhood to a literary life by his intellectual father. As a teacher, a public lecturer, a master of Art, of Criticism, of History, above all, as a poet, his work has been recognized as supremely valuable. As a politician (and at one time a senator), his course does not seem consistent, but he has explained this to the satisfaction of his compatriots.

We Americans owe a deal of gratitude to Mr. Frank Sewall for his excellent translations of typical "rime Carducciane." "Juvenilia" (1857); "Levia-Gravia," 1865; "Decennali," 1871; "Giambi ed Epodi," 1882; "Rime

[1] This is true even of Giusti, whose "Trust in God" is considered one of his best lyrics.

[2] This is the explanation of Leopardi's saying he would not have wished to write the "Promessi Sposi." It was not an ugly spirit of detraction, but a horror of popularity.

Nuove," 1887, "Odi Barbare," covering the period from 1877 to '87 are the titles of the great poetical collections which together with prose writings fill the ten volumes recently published in Bologna, where Carducci has been for many years a professor in the University.

Mr. Sewall's translation of this Sonnet to Homer will exhibit the wonderful chiseling of Carducci's lines:

"And from the savage Urals to the plain
A new barbarian folk shall send alarms,
The coast of Agenorian Thebes again
Be waked with sound of chariots and of arms;
And Rome shall fall; and Tiber's current drain
The nameless lands of long deserted farms:
But thou like Hercules shalt still remain,
Untouched by fiery Etna's deadly charms;
And with thy youthful temples, laurel-crowned,
Shalt rise to the eternal Form's embrace
Whose unveiled smile all earliest was thine;
And till the Alps to gulfing sea give place,
By Latin shore or on Achaean ground,
Like heaven's sun shalt thou, O Homer, shine!"

And the culture of a life-time is revealed in the Lines:

TO AURORA

From the "Odi Barbare"

"Better pleased thee on Hymettus the nimble limbed, mortal huntsman,
Who with the buskined foot pressed the first dews of the morn.
The heavens bent down, a sweet blush tinged the forest and the hills
When thou, O Goddess, didst descend.
But thou deseendest not; rather did Cephalus drawn by thy kiss,
Mount all alert through the air, fair as a beautiful god,—
Mount on the amorous winds and amid the sweet odors,
While all around were the nuptials of flowers and the marriage of streams.
Wet lies upon his neck the heavy tress of gold, and the golden quiver
Reaches above his white shoulder, held by the belt of vermilion.
O fragrant kisses of a goddess among the dews!
O ambrosia of love in the world's youth-time!
Dost thou also love, O Goddess? But ours is a wearied race;
Sad is thy face, O Aurora, when thou risest over our towers,
The dim street-lamps go out; and without even glancing at thee,
A pale-faced troop go home imagining they have been happy.

Angrily at his door is pounding the ill-tempered laborer,
Cursing the dawn that only calls him back to his bondage;
Only the lover, perhaps, fresh from the dreams of the loved one,
His blood still warm from her kisses, salutes with joy,
Beholds with delight thy face, and feels thy cool breathing upon him.
Then cries, "O bear me, Aurora, upon thy swift courser of flame:
Bear me up into the fields of the stars, that there, looking down,
I may behold the earth beneath thy rosy light smiling;
Behold my fair one, in the face of the rising day,
Let fall her black tresses down over her blushing bosom."

Of course every student will want to know the meaning of the "Barbarous Odes" just mentioned. Aiming to produce the music of the Latin metres with the short groupings of Italian rhythms, Carducci called this poetry barbarous, because such it would have appeared to classic ears, from the absence of arsis and thesis. But if the form of these Odes removes them from the reach of the unlearned, much more do their contents make them inaccessible. We are rather shocked upon being confronted by "Odes to Satan," until we discover that Satan simply represents the best elements of pagan life as opposed to the dogmatism and the ecclesiasticism which have done so much to mar the beauty and truth of Christianity. But when a foreigner and a Protestant finds the revered John Huss and Luther ranked on the side of Satan, he is repelled, not so much by the monstrous, as by the ridiculous, aspect of the thing.

That the Carduccian poetry is intended only for a favored few is attested still further by the prevalence of the mythological element and by vedic reminiscences; and a candid judgment will value it ultimately for the polish of its speech and the ripeness of its learning, rather than for those spontaneous charms which we are wont to call poetry.

As a literary critic Carducci has greatly endeared himself to his countrymen, as he has not left unnoticed any portion of Italy's literary history, and it would be only fair for us to dilate upon these services. But the limits of this work, as well as the marvelous versatility of the Italians, will not permit us to be just.

An English critic styles *Edmondo De Amicis*, born at Oneglio in 1846, "incurably superficial." But this is an indictment of our whole age, for De Amicis is unquestionably one of the most popular writers of the day. As he never professed to be a philosopher, I cannot see the justice of the accusation. Entertaining, charming, enlivening are epithets more in keeping with his aims. Indeed the public — of France, England, Germany and the United States as well as of Italy — has not given De Amicis time to be profound. Everything that he has written has received such a royal welcome and brought him so substantial a reward that he has had no motive for changing thoughts or style.

This engaging writer, Ligurian by birth and Piedmontese by abode, entered the army at an early age, fought in the battle of Custoza in 1866, was sub-lieutenant in 1869, and took part in the Conquest of Rome in 1870. Since then he has given himself up to literature, visiting many foreign countries in order to supply the demand for his delightful books of travel.

Out of the 22 books by De Amicis I have read "Racconti Militari;" "Spagna," and "Cuore." The short stories composing the first-named are pathetic incidents of military life, some of them, as "Il Mutilato," rising to the height of a sublime tenderness. As a book of travel "Spagna" is both refreshing and stimulating. Of course, to a person of decided opinions and positive convictions it is amusing to find that De Amicis hesitates to pronounce upon the moral character of the Spanish Bull-Fight. But this aside, his enjoyment of the beautiful scenery, the gorgeous cathedrals, the grand palaces, the glorious paintings, the modern literature, the exquisite courtesy, the true democracy of Spain makes the reading of his book a delightful and instructive recreation. As a result of all that he has seen and known of Spain, he is "rather proud of belonging to that poor Latin race, which is spoken of now as a fit subject for the seven plagues," and he goes on to say that he rejoices that

"more or less we Latin folk are all made on the same stamp, and while we may accustom ourselves by degrees to envy the stamp of others, we shall never succeed in losing ours."

The third book, "Cuore," having passed through nearly 200 editions in Italy alone, and being well known in this country, needs few comments. In the American translation it is called "An Italian Schoolboy's Journal," and it gives such a perfectly natural and yet beautiful picture of the gentle life of Italy, that it ought to be read by everyone, young and old alike; for it is exhilarating to find someone who does not regard a boy as a species of wild animal. In pure, manly, noble sentiments it would be hard to find the equal of this book, and it is not too much to say that it has not been excelled.

Long, long before we take up the study of this literature we are made familiar with the name of that princely scholar and accurate historian, *Pasquale Villari* (1827-), through the use that has been made of his judgments by smaller intellects. For when the world finds itself absolutely dependent upon a scholar, it forgets his nationality and claims him as its own.

Born in Naples, during the revolution of 1848 Villari fled to Florence, and from this centre of learning and civilization made the Italian name honored among the nations. His works are "Latin and English Civilization;" "Critical Essays;" "Art, History and Philosophy," crowned by the two great monographs, "Savonarola and His Times;" "Macchiavelli and His Times." It is his bold solution of the two most enigmatical characters Italy has produced that has sealed Villari's fame. Of Savonarola he concludes:

"It cannot be denied that he had the spirit of an innovator; and indeed the main purpose of our work has been to insist on this point. Savonarola was the first to raise the standard announcing the uprisal of the truly original thought of the Renaissance at the close of the great epoch of humanistic learning. He was the first man

of the fifteenth century to realize that the human race was palpitating with the throes of a new life; and his words were loudly echoed by that portion of the Italian people still left untainted by the prevalent corruption. He accordingly merits the title of prophet of the new civilization. Columbus discovered the paths of the sea, Savonarola those of the soul; he endeavored to conciliate reason with faith, religion with liberty. His work may be ranked with that of the Council of Constance, of Dante Alighieri, of Arnaldo of Brescia; he aspired to the reform of Christianity and Catholicism that has been the constant ideal of the greatest minds of Italy."

And Villari is even more satisfactory when he concludes his History of Macchiavelli by demonstrating that "Macchiavelli's conception of Italy's needs was essentially a true one. Italy had become incapable of a religious reformation like that accomplished in Germany. Instead of springing towards God, as Savonarola had predicted, instead of seeking strength in a new conception of faith, she aimed at a recomposition of the idea of the State and the motherland. She saw in the sacrifice of all to the universal good, the only possible way of political and moral redemption. The unity of the rejuvenated country would have inevitably led to the reëstablishment of morality, would have kindled faith in public and private virtue, and discovered a method of sanctifying the purpose of life. This idea, vaguely and feebly felt by many, was the ruling thought of Macchiavelli. . . . At the present day, when Italy's political redemption is begun, and the nation is constituted according to the prophecies of Macchiavelli, the moment has at last come for justice to be done to him."

The decline or, rather, the metamorphosis of the drama in every country except France is so manifest that our expectations in this line are not great. Yet when we find that 34 of the Comedies of *Tommaso Gherardi del Testa* (1815-1881) are still published, we are forced to investigate their claims. Without any philosophical or social

proposition, devoid of educative scope, destined only to afford an hour of gaiety, these Comedies are wonderfully vivacious, innocent and clever. "Elastic Consciences," and "The Cat goes so often to the pantry that she leaves her claw there" are the two of these Comedies that I have read, and it may be said in passing that as they are written in polished Tuscan and consist in spirited dialogue, they may be used with advantage in the acquisition of the language.

A much higher chord was struck by the Ligurian, *Paolo Giacometti* (1816-1882), who, yet, might not have attained such celebrity had not the great Salvini, the greatest actor of his age, illustrated his skill. "La Morte Civile," i. e. "Civil Death" (or "The Outlaw," as it was called in this Country when acted by Salvini in 1882) is an excellent specimen of Giacometti's dramatic powers. Conrad, the husband of Rosalie, in a momentary passion has killed her brother and is now a convict for life. Rosalie and her daughter are taken into the home of Dr. Palmieri, the child is adopted in the place of his lost daughter by this noble philanthropist and Rosalie is made her governess. It is agreed that the frail child shall never know anything of her real father. But after 14 years' imprisonment Conrad makes his escape and comes in search of the child he so passionately loves. Rosalie, who at first scorns and spurns him, agrees to flee with him into perpetual exile provided he will promise not to make himself known to the girl, Emma. Conrad gives this promise, but overjoyed at obtaining this proof of love from Rosalie, he begs her to tell him whether she has ever felt that she could love Dr. Palmieri. Rosalie's confession is the death-blow to a heart already weakened by the cruel sufferings of the galleys, homeless wanderings and frightful agitations, and in the effort to leave his daughter and go forth with his unloving wife, the outlaw expires.

Few writers have portrayed the modern woman more to the life than Giacometti in this drama. Capable of any and all sacrifices, and of that indisputable love whose es-

sence is sacrifice, she is, before all, capable of a morality that never flinches, and abnegates her personality. Thus she becomes the guardian of society, the Nemesis of her own weaknesses. The convict, on the other hand, is absorbed only in personal, individual feeling; he has never ceased to pour out his whole heart in self-forgetful love, and when this is taken from him he must die.

Pietro Cossa (1830-1882), of Rome, occupied a position midway between the dramaturgist and the tragediografo. He has been called the romantic poet of modernized tragedy. His plays are all historical, such as "Nero," "Plautus," "Messalina," "Ariosto and the Estensi," "Cola di Rienzi," "Cleopatra." These are in blank verse and have a literary value, as well as an educative scope. In "Messalina," for instance, this synonym for impurity is held under "the white light that beats upon a throne" until her selfishness and cruelty revolt all hearts. There is much diversity in this Play; a great deal that is comic — in the literary predilections of Claudius, and in the by-play of those whose aim is to outwit one another; and there is a beautiful description of the rites of the early Christians in the catacombs; while in the deaths of Messalina, Silio and Bito justice is satisfied and virtue vindicated.

But the drama properly so-called would have been in a hopeless condition at this period had it not been for the vigorous efforts of *Paolo Ferrari* (1822-1889), who was styled by acclamation "The restorer of the Italian theatre." One single predecessor, Vincenzo Martini, late in life, had roused the public by the aid of that queen of the histrionic art, Adelaide Ristori, who made her début in his "Woman of Forty." And his "Cavaliere d'Industria" ("Fortune Hunter") was winning Martini fresh laurels when death cut short his labors. It was then that Paolo Ferrari came forward to take the first place in the Drama of the 19th century, and for 40 years he held this post.

The comedies of Ferrari are grouped into three classes.

The first and greatest group is that of the historical comedies, which in their very titles show themselves *creations.* These are: "Goldoni and his Sixteen New Comedies;" "The Historic Arm-Chair" (Vittorio Alfieri); "Dante at Verona;" "Parini and the Satire;" "Fulvio Testi." Certainly it was a most original idea, nothing short of a brilliant intuition, to bring these real personages on the stage and half-reanimate their genius. Indeed no historian, no artist, no painter has equaled the dramatic vividness of Ferrari in these celebrated comedies.

The second group of the popular or Goldonian comedies numbers "The Remedy of a Sick Girl," and "The Codicil of Uncle Venanzio" among its masterpieces. And the third group consists wholly of Moral Dramas, idealizing the family, — "that fountain of pure, honest joys," and thus acquiring a bearing upon national life.

The novel of romanticism reached its apogee at this time in "Angiola Maria" by *Giulio Carcano* (1812-1884), who would deserve notice as an original poet and a translator from the English and from the German, were it not for the supreme excellence of this one novel. For a single work of such strongly marked individuality as this must and will affect every generalization upon this age and nation. It is in direct opposition in its moral perfection to all that passes as proverbial of the Italians; and, after all, it is not a single work, but simply the most pronounced in a trilogy with "Marco Visconti" and "I Promessi Sposi."

The early and tragic death of *Ippolito Nievo* (1837 1861) undoubtedly deprived Italy of a bright and shining light. His cyclic romance, "The Confessions of an Octogenarian" is an imaginary autobiography, in which Nievo conducts us from the close of the 18th century and the life of the smaller Venetian cities to the tumultuous years of '48 and '49, to the eve of the war of independence, bringing before us Venice in the last days of the republic, the cisalpine republic, the neapolitan province in 1799, the siege of Genoa, the Italian Republic, then again Venice

and Naples and the life of the exiles in London. The social and moral life of a generation is in this book, unfolded in a story full of interest, of humor, of a profound philosophy of life, of a large acquaintance with men, and all this is the work of a youth of twenty-five!

As a soldier, fighting with Garibaldi in the Valtellina and on the Stelvio, and participating in the legendary expedition of "The Thousand," as a poet, a critic, a journalist, a dramaturgist and a novelist, Nievo accomplished enough to make his name famous though he died before he was thirty.

In these latter days Sicily has been rich not only in Prime Ministers, but in many of the foremost writers of the day. It is with this lovely land that the name of *Giovanni Verga* (1840-) is identified, both in nationality and as a depictor of Sicilian life and manners. Verga, however, lives in Milan, and in this literary center he holds perhaps the highest place as the novelist of realism.

The fame of Mascagni has totally eclipsed that of Verga as the author of "Cavalleria Rusticana," but as book-lovers it must be our part to restore to him this praise. We can join hands with those who admire "the sculpturesque efficacy and rapidity in the delineation of the true" which mark this pathetic romance, as well as "Jeli il Pastore;" but in such stories as "La Lupa" ("The She-Wolf") and "Rosso Malpelo" (Rogue Redhead) we find much that is repugnant, as well as many indications of the triumph of artistic fancy over realism.

The society story, "How, When and Why," is an extremely witty satire on feminine weakness, but it is a noteworthy fact that Verga never depicts an admirable woman.

The critics may classify *Antonio Fogazzaro* (1842-1911) according to their own sweet will, but the important point will still consist in the fact that Fogazzaro was a brilliant poet and the first of the novelists of his time.

Born just outside of Vicenza in 1842, Fogazzaro lived in solitude among the Berici hills, having an exquisite outlook over the fair country. He published 15 volumes in

prose and verse, nearly all of which have passed through five or six editions. "Daniele Cortis;" "Piccolo Mondo Antico;" "Piccolo Mondo Moderno" are his most important novels. "Valsolda," "Eva," "Miranda" are his Poems. These works have been translated into German, English, Swedish, Dutch and Russian. The novels, especially, are marked first of all by a delicacy of feeling and a refinement of taste which are in strong contrast with the present standard. Fogazzaro has shown himself strong enough to resist French and Russian influences, and his purity and strength attract all classes of readers. His best qualities are exhibited in "Daniele Cortis."

Cortis is a young politician who believes in the triumph of life, and of good over evil in the supreme contest. In early youth he resolves to devote himself to his country and the author shows us how he works for her welfare until he is elected to the Senate. He is a firm believer in Christianity and in a free church in a free State; sees that the rich must work for the poor far more than the poor can ever work for the rich; in short, Cortis is both by nature and grace a veritable nobleman. His only family ties are with his widowed Aunt, the Countess Tarquinia Carrè and her daughter Elena Di Santa Giulia. This mother and daughter are so totally unlike in their views and ideals of life that the Countess' relations with men have precipitated Elena into a disastrous marriage with a man old enough to be her father. The Baron Di Santa Giulia is a gambler, and Elena's loyalty compels her to ask Daniele's assistance in rescuing him from disgrace and imprisonment. The two young people, Elena and Daniele, naturally enough, fall very much in love with each other. But they never dream of abandoning their posts. And just here we must express our delight in this note of modernité, as well as for being at last permitted to read about people in our own rank. After many negotiations with the injured parties and Elena's midnight walk in search of her husband, the matter is at last "fixed up" by the Baron's willingness to leave the country. America has

been named as the seat of exile, but the poor Baron pleads so hard to be let off from a destiny as dreadful as this, that Japan is substituted.

That Daniele and Elena are torn apart forever does not afflict us inconsolably, for nothing is so elating as the victory of reason over passion, the vindication of the will's freedom and the triumph of the right. There is no cant or forced goodness in this book, but all is virile, pure and exhilarating.

Fogazzaro's life was in perfect accord with the sentiments expressed in his writings; being based on the principle that life is ennobled from within by its motive and aim, and not from without by its place and form. Hence he resisted all attempts to draw him from his country home, and found perfect satisfaction in watching over the affairs of Vicenza, where he held many little municipal offices.

Personality is so exclusively the theme of this literature, that judging from it, we would hardly know that the Italians had any scenery, or that they ever saw an animal. After searching through whole libraries, I wrote to an Italian friend to ask whether any branch of Natural Science had ever been so treated as to attain a literary value. At last I discovered that *Michele Lessona* (1823-1894), of our own day, has responded to this demand. "A Natural History for the use of Schools;" "Elementary Notions of Zoology;" "Scientific Conversations" are dedicated to the young. While "The Sea, Aquaria," &c., and a fine translation of Darwin's "Origin of Man" are addressed to the general public. Lessona also distinguished himself as a teacher, and wrote an able treatise on "The Will as the Source of all Ability."

Of course, we have observed how many great men of this country have excelled in Teaching, — a profession not only noble, but divine. The Jesuits as an order were zealous promoters of education, and even the most prejudiced cannot withhold from them this praise. There had been none to theorize or generalize upon the art of teach-

ing, however, until *Aristide Gabelli* (1830-1891), of Bellano, appeared with his "Istruzione Italiana." This work as published in Bologna in 1891 is enriched with a preface by Pasquale Villari, giving an admirable summary of its merits. Gabelli was a positivist in philosophy, violently opposed to the abstract disputations of metaphysics; and hence, of course, he advocated an experimental and objective method of teaching. But he does not seem to be aware of the mighty revolution begun by Froebel and the Germans, and his theories have nothing of their breadth and depth.

The dimensions of this History hardly permit a mention of the towering genius of *Carlo Cattaneo* (1801-1869), of Milan. Yet to-day, when the news comes to us across the water that a publisher has just been found to give Cattaneo's complete works to the world, it seems impossible to entirely withhold this mention.

As a politician Cattaneo was as brave and as unselfish as Garibaldi and Mazzini, and he, too, was one of the "martyrs." But it is as an original investigator in History, Ethnography, Ethnology, Public Economy, Philosophy, Social Science, Literature and Language that Cattaneo ranks as "the greatest thinker of his age." No one has ventured to decide what ground his inventive and reconstructive mind most splendidly illuminated. We consider him as an Ethnologist because the Lombard Professor of the Lugano Lyceum stands alone in this department.

Cattaneo's heart was as great as his head, and he was a stern denunciator of that State policy which he foresaw would make his beloved Country a hotbed of anarchy and schism.

CHAPTER XXVI

CANTU AS A CRITIC

TO those who have followed me thus far the name of Cesare Cantù is already familiar. As my first native guide through the mazes of Italian Literature I shall always do homage to his memory. But not only have I found in him a faithful, conscientious, scholarly and able guide, but an original thinker, a teacher of the most beautiful morality, an artist in criticism, a practical believer in revealed religion.

For one who is familiar with the magnificent generalizations of Taine, the fascinating subtleties of the Schlegels, the dispassionate judgments of Hallam, the profound learning and brilliant expositions of Gervinus, Macaulay, Sainte Beuve, Symonds and Sismondi, it means much to say that Cantù is a prince among critics.

Yet in his very conception of the mission and office of literature I find the Italian rising head and shoulders above many of his fellows. Not only does he speak of it as "a priest-hood and a calling," an "art of civilization," "a master of life, an expression of society," but with inflexible fidelity he submits every work of importance to these lofty and heroic tests. "Writers upon the fine arts," he says, "should be studied not only for their expositions, but for the intimate connection between these arts and literature. The grand and profound, or tender and pathetic ideas which are awakened in the contemplation of man with his memories and his hopes, with the God from whom he comes, with the creatures among whom he lives, with the future to which he directs himself, whether

they be expressed in prose or verse, on canvas, in marble or with sounds, constitute poetry, which consists in ideas and in the relations which the mind establishes between objects. Hence the fine arts, soaring above the material, live only in ideas, in faith, without which there is no enthusiasm, and, wanting this, no poetry; upon the decline of this we are brought back to empty forms, childish plays, idolatry of self; the beautiful is made to consist in the harmony of the parts, of words, of colors, of limbs, of tones, not in the accordance of these sensual beauties with educated thoughts and living sentiments, with noble conceptions of human dignity, of family, of country, of religion. Understood in our sense, literature, itself a fine art, is no longer a mere delight, nor a noble recreation which unites the useful with the pleasurable, but an exercise of the noblest faculty of our being."

To Cantù truth changes not with time and place, and human nature is the same in all ages. The writers who cover a period of seven hundred years are all arraigned before this bar of unchangeable truth, as though they were contemporaries. He never alludes to the triumph of environment over individuality, never refers to the great dictum that "Art exists for Art's sake." His passion for morality is so intense that he is not content to winnow the good out of each work and consign the evil to oblivion: each writer is judged by the drift and tendency of his work as a whole, and never in a single instance is an author's work separated from his character.

That we are approaching a revolution of this kind in literary criticism no one can deny. And there are reasons why an Italian should lead the way in this direction. No other literature begins with such a writer as Dante, who out of the fullness of his own faith erected a standard of taste which has satisfied all nations and all ages. And again, the Italians of the 15th and 16th centuries in their idolatry of Latin literature completely exhausted its contents, making an experiment for all time in the inanities, to which they were reduced by their devotion to form.

Cantù indeed cannot forget these facts; and holding himself amenable to his own conscience and nineteenth-century education, he pricks his readers to the heart.

Of course his view of the national literature is sad and saddening. There are but two writers who meet with his unqualified approval, — Dante and Manzoni. Language hardly furnishes him with epithets strong enough for the denunciation of Boccaccio, Cellini, Aretino, Berni, Macchiavelli, Ariosto, Marini, Frugoni and Guerrazzi. He is most characteristic when he says: "When a man girds himself to write, let him tremble at the consequences of his every word. O how much infamy and grief Italy owes to the thoughts of Macchiavelli! From the jests of Ariosto, who overturns ideas of virtue, adores force, bewilders reason, embellishes vice and fosters voluptuous instincts, perhaps our country draws more evils than it has ever suspected." And not content with this in his text, he adds in a foot-note: "It is not my habit to ask pardon for telling the truth. Rather do I wish to repeat how, some years since, I believed it my duty to warn parents and teachers of the harm to which they expose the young, by putting in their hands that writer, who among ours is the most perilous because the most beautiful. I stood up against a burst of anger from teachers old and new, and there was one, who in the name of Italy, defied me either to unsay or to experience in my own person the injury done to the great poet. Miserable ones! You bow down to the idols of the beautiful; you celebrate the slumbers and orgies of your country with boobies. We perceive in literature a vocation, a priesthood; we need, we must admonish the young, to accustom them to tear themselves from the beautiful when it is an enemy to the good."

All of this is solemn and severe, provocative of conscientious thinking and not likely ever to be forgotten. Cantù proves himself a thinker by his power to make others think. Valuing his stern and uncompromising judgments, I cannot believe that the element of time ought to be excluded from the estimate of a literary master-

piece. Every work is to be judged by the standards of the age in which it was produced. How are our young people to perceive the advance in the world's morality but by a comparison of past works with present standards? Are they to receive it on the authority of teachers? Does not Cantù himself point out, indirectly, that there are gems of the beautiful in Ariosto which are yet to be distinguished from their base setting?

This severity seems even more at fault in Cantù's estimates of Petrarch, Tasso, Sarpi and Alfieri. He believes in Petrarch's purity and sincerity, but does not dwell upon his elevating influence, nor value his rank as a poet. His feeling towards Tasso borders on contempt and can only be pronounced fanatical and unjust. To Sarpi's magnificent erudition he is cold and indifferent, deeming him "a rationalist rather than a Lutheran or a Calvinist, who venerated his own reason more than any authority whatever; and continued to seek for truth without ever finding rest." But it is not until he reaches Alfieri that his vial of wrath is fully poured out. His introduction to the great tragedian is singular, for he says:

"Educated in the independence of a patrician, selecting his studies arbitrarily, Alfieri consumed his youth in the errors of a man who is not ordinary, but who yet has not found his own fulcrum, and since to his activity neither his country nor the times offered vent, he cherished a passion for liberty, but not a serious veneration which accepts great abnegations, merely a declamatory love of liberty, convulsive in acts, at bottom abstract, as was then preached, and united to all the passions and weaknesses of an aristocrat."

This is indeed only an introduction, for he goes on to tell us that Alfieri knew nothing of the Drama, was utterly unacquainted with the Spanish theatre and with his two great German contemporaries, Schiller and Goethe, only, indeed, reading Shakespeare in the bad French translation, "whom he admired and then forgot in order to remain *original*." "To compare Alfieri to Shakespeare,"

says Cantù, "would be to compare an algebraic formula to a living person." And then letting loose a rancor which seems too intense to be less than personal, our critic declares:

"If we could trust Alfieri's own assertion, he did not even know the French masterpieces. Yet the French from whom he had drawn both his mode of thinking and his art, he despised and execrated; he despised Rousseau, although he copied him; he despised his predecessors; he despised Italy; he despised the philosophers and the incredulous, not less than the devout and the ignorant; he despised the nobility from whom he came and the common people from whom he shrank; he despised both kings and people, while from both he solicited favors; every passion in him was converted into madness, madness of study, madness of liberty, madness of love; he despised the poor because they were grasping, the kings of that age because they were abject, the rich because they were stingy, the Jesuits not more than the Jacobins; he found in the French an innate vileness because they did not kill Brienne de Lomenie, archbishop of Toulouse, after dissolving the assembly of notables; he hated the conquerors as much as the conquered in the revolution; he hated without love, without principle. And by means of contempt and of bile he attained an energy, so unlike the prevalent lassitude, that it passed for originality."

Seldom do we encounter harsher criticism than this, and never from a critic treating of a compatriot who is his country's pride. Such vehemence defaces the pages of a noble book and defeats its own end, but at the same time it vouches for an unprecedented ardor in the search for truth, a zeal which leads to martyrdom; and it compels us, in repudiating it, to reëxamine the grounds of our own judgments.

We find a partial explanation of Cantù's attitude towards Alfieri, as also towards Sarpi; in the fact that these two great men believed in Protestantism. And Cantù's History of Literature is full of his religious faith.

He is a devout Romanist, with a theory of life and a positive belief in the Church as an organization. And however much we may differ from him as to the forms of his religion, we cannot but admire the spirit which he exhibits as a truth-seeker, and the absolute sincerity which he displays in his love to God and man. The thought of God is his central thought, the love of God is his absorbing passion, and the name of God appears on almost every page of his book. This love of God, which is the only true and genuine love of man, atones for all the condemnations of our critic, proving that they are not made in wantonness, but proceed from the wrestlings of a noble soul.

That Cantù can be a most impartial judge is proved to our entire satisfaction. Speaking of "the immense corruption" of doctrine and of works which characterized the famous cinque-cento, he openly charges the ecclesiastical dignitaries with "immolating the truth," and says: "Leo X protects the outrageously immoral works of Macchiavelli, not excepting "The Prince;" Julius III kisses Aretino, who dedicates the most infamous of his comedies to the Cardinal of Trent; another cardinal, aspiring to the tiara, writes the "Calandra;" . . . immoral, obscene, homicidal compositions; but what matter? They were beautiful and it sufficed; the imagination was pleased, the reason blinded." And again, he condemns the policy of the Church in subjecting literature to the censures of the inquisition, "which forced the writers of that day to cultivate the imagination rather than the reason, and multiplied exiles and punishments, no one then having any conception of that tolerance which reserves to God the judging of the conscience, which in the man of a different belief deplores the erring one, but always recognizes the brother, the fellow-citizen, and unites all the members of the family of Christ who have the same sign on the brow."

As there is nothing but praise to be given to Dante and Manzoni, it is more interesting to dwell upon Cantù's attitude towards those who are to be praised with some re-

serve. Of these, he seems to me more favorable to Vico and Monti than to any others, and his critiques of these two gifted writers would alone awaken enthusiasm and create a desire to study them.

Vico, he says, "involved himself in a gnarly, tangled style, so that his contemporaries did not pretend to understand him. But among so many errors, which one of our writers calls "the sublime somnambulism of genius," this unknown man made marvelous conquests, and dominated by that melancholy which gives greatness, he made himself a contemporary of the ancients, drove philosophy into fables, peopled the antehistoric deserts with the children of his thoughts, lording it over the present and the future; and innovating the method of historical research, which is his supreme merit, he was the first to lay out history architecturally, as subject to a fixed law, to a sublime morality, independent of nations and of time, and this law was the object of his search."

Monti, he tells us, is to be condemned for "that mania for popularity which has acclamations for all the triumphant and hisses for all the fallen, making itself an accomplice of all violences as of all basenesses." And then in one of his most beautiful outbursts, he begins again: "But Monti was not an abject; his sin was the fault of education. In the schools they had not taught him that art must be sincere, inspired by truth, the inspirer of virtue, but to care for form, no matter what was its foundation; to prefigure to himself the beautiful with a merely literary intention, without connecting art with life. Monti as a youth had not had that critical moment, when intelligence formed by tradition bends over itself, examines with uneasiness, changes, hesitates. Applauded at the first steps, he did not doubt that the opinion of the many was the true one and that he ought to follow it."

Cantù's own style is eloquent and finished, and while he deplores the influence of the French, especially since the Revolution of '89, it is evident that he himself has been a zealous student of French Literature and has caught

much of his felicity of expression from its master-spirits.

To our great regret Cantù is not in sympathy with "Young Italy," never mentions Garibaldi, Mazzini or Cavour, and openly declares himself a neoguelfist. But such a littérateur as Cantù cannot be either an ecclesiastic or a politician. Above all things am I delighted to find the benign offices of literature triumphing here over those of Church and State. I see in this case a prophecy of a day when we shall have a philosophy of literature, when in the very words of this noble teacher,

"No one will prepare himself to write who does not feel the beating of his heart increase upon hearing of a beautiful action, who has not bewailed subjugated virtue, or experienced that indignation against evil, without which there is no love of good; who has turned in jest loyal intentions or spoken lightly of that which man holds most sacred, family, country, belief. The true writer will divest himself as much as possible of his own idiosyncrasies, and not expose his own sentiments, his joy or his melancholy, but will speak of the human race with universal charity, devoid of exaggerated sentimentality; he will enjoy the triumph of the just cause, but with simple dignity; suffer with the virtuous, but be tranquil; not intent upon making a satire or a panegyric; he does not make bare the errors of a people in order to depreciate its genius, nor wish to deny the errors because dazzled by its greatness. If believing in goodness and generosity, if right of heart, if worthy to speak of rights because duties have been fulfilled, he then undertakes to write, dead accidents will be made to live by virtue of their moral spirit, revealing that whatever happens tends to virtue, the end of the universe, although not always visibly so."

CHAPTER XXVII

OUR CONTEMPORARIES — 1850-1900

THE living authors of Italy are not on trial. So nobly are they sustaining the intellectual traditions of their illustrious land that, instead of representing, as we might suppose, a country exhausted and crushed by its innumerable sorrows, they bear its banner in the front ranks of the world's writers.

While the air of this period is dense with names and with books in every department, this is especially so in the field of criticism. Besides the critics and historians of literature already mentioned, I have followed Paolo Emiliani Giudice, 1812-1872; Pio Rajna, 1849; Professor Adolfo Bartoli of Florence, 1833-1894; Giuseppe Puccianti of Pisa; Vittorio Ferrari of Milan, 1852; and *Francesco De Sanctis* (1818-1888) of Morra in the Principato Ulteriore.

Cantù died bewailing the fact that Italy had not produced a first-class critic. But Messrs. Gayley & Scott in their "Methods and Materials of Literary Criticism"[1] pay repeated homage to De Sanctis as one who has answered all the philosophical and psychological requirements of the most advanced Modern Criticism. Three great works, "The History of Italian Literature," "Critical Essays," and "New Critical Essays" embody the judgments of De Sanctis, which are more brilliant than Carducci's, but less profound.

[1] Published by Ginn of Boston in 1899.

Giuseppe Giacosa (1847-1906), born in Piedmont, has the proud distinction of being named with Fogazzaro as among the few who still have a real faith and a persistent ideality. Italy, like other countries, has been influenced by the Ibsens and the Maeterlinks, who "see pink and red winds and have green thoughts." But it would be rash to say she has *no* national theatre, in the face of the glowing reviews of "Come le Foglie."

In this drama, which was first represented at the Manzoni theatre in Milan on January 31st, 1900, Giacosa shows us a modern family, — the ruined father, who has hitherto thought his whole duty performed in making money for his family; the weak, self-absorbed step-mother, who paints pictures ostensibly to support the family, but really to have an artist lover; the worthless brother, Tommy; the bewildered, but sweet, sister, Nennele, — all are falling from a state of well-being "as the Leaves" fall to the ground in autumn. They are rescued by a cousin, Massimo Rosani, who has found in honest labor the solution of life's problems. He gives his Uncle work, pleads with Tommy, whom, yet, he cannot save, and falling in love with the sweet Nennele, asks her to be his wife. There is a complete overturning of the false conception that life consists in the abundance of the things possessed, and there is the erection of a true standard of simple living and noble feeling. It speaks well for the country that this Play has been received with unbounded enthusiasm.

The love of children was "brought to light" by the Gospel, and now we measure the civilization of nations according to the extent to which childhood is honored by them. In literature for the young Italy has been far behind other nations. She has had no Hans Christian Andersen, no Perrault, no Fenélon, no Oliver Optic, not one of that host of men and women who in England have labored unremittingly in writing beautiful stories for children. But now, besides that notable book "Cuore," two others have awakened deep interest.

The first of these is "A Family of Mice" by the *Con-*

tessa Lara (1858-1888). It is a revelation of exquisite refinement, a charming picture of home life, a story which turns not only on the maxim, " Be good to the lowly," but on being good to the disgraced; this last injunction being made with the firm, yet delicate and unobtrusive, touch of the artist. For the father mouse is out of favor with his master and is being beaten when the Sernici children insist on the purchase. The tender sympathy for animals, the noble Count Sernici, the lovely mother, the vivacious children make us long to know the author of this book.

Eva Cattermole Mancini (Contessa Lara), whose father was a Scotch baronet and her mother a Russian noble, was born at Cannes and educated at Paris. Marrying an Italian, and making the only home she ever knew on Italian soil, she has written for publication only in this language. Her Verses and Sketches have achieved a tremendous success, yet she herself preferred " Una Famiglia di Topi " to any of her writings. Her pictures reveal a singularly beautiful face, and both face and form are dominated by an ideal grace.

The second of these story-books is " I Ragazzi d'una Volta e i Ragazzi d'Adesso," The Children of Old Time and The Children of To-day," by the *Marchesa Colombi* (1859-). If we had just reached the conclusion that humanity flourishes best under aristocratic conditions, we must modify this judgment after an acquaintance with the dear old Grandfather of these children. As the story of his young days, — austere, submissive, uncomplaining, — is unfolded side by side with the enervating self-indulgence, the petulance, the querulousness of modern youth, we are made to see the pettiness of the external life and the dignity of the humblest career that is based on principle. Yet there is a wealth of humor in this book, — for instance, the anecdote of the boy who in his passion to learn to play the flute climbed a tree and watched the motions of a little lord and his master. Upon the irate little lord's throwing his flute from the window, our enthusiast flops from the tree after it, breaking his leg. The noble

family, the master and the boy's relatives are awe-struck by this exhibition of genius, and almost quarrel over the privilege of paying for his lessons. But in spite of all efforts, the would-be virtuoso never succeeds in playing more than two tunes.

"I Ragazzi d'una Volta" has been very popular in Europe, having been translated even into Hungarian. The Marchesa Colombi, whose real name is Maria Torriani, is a Piedmontese writer and was born at Novara in 1859. She is now the wife of Eugenio Torrelli-Viollier, to whom Giacosa has dedicated his Play, "Come le Foglie." She has written 20 novels and has been brilliantly successful as a writer.

While such wise counsels are given the children of Italy as these of Contessa Lara and Marchesa Colombi, we refuse to follow the doleful prognostications of René Bazin and W. J. Stillman.

It is the proud boast of our age that everyone is now an appreciator and an admirer of Dante. Mazzini had said, "O Italians, study Dante! not in commentaries, not in glosses, but in the history of the age in which he lived, in his life, in his works." And this advice has been adopted, and the literature of the 19th century is a monument to this Dantesque culture.

Hence in inquiries about the later Dantisti it is necessary to set bounds to our zeal. I can only say that my chapters on Dante in this work are based upon a careful study of *Pietro Fraticelli* (1803-1866) who seems to have lived in Florence, and to be held in highest repute as a faithful and reliable expositor of the unrivaled Poem.

And more from hearsay, than from personal acquaintance, I know that *G. S. Scartazzini* (1837-1891) has thrown much light on the "Divina Commedia," and that as a master of German, English and Italian he has acquired a cosmopolitan renown, and that his death on February 2nd, 1901, at the age of 64, has been widely and grievously lamented.

The glory of having originated a new Science belongs

to *Cesare Lombroso* (1836-), for many years a Professor in the Royal University of Turin. This new Science is Pathological Psychology. It is applied to two distinct researches; that of influences exercised on manifestations of genius by psychologic or pathologic conditions, congenital or hereditary; and that of criminal psychology. Lombroso has been an untiring student, teacher and writer. Among his many works are "The Criminal," "Genius and Madness," "The Man of Genius," "Thoughts and Meteors." The novelty of his conjectures drew men to him at once, and his disciples have been many and famous.

Lombroso's contributions to psychiatry have been in the province of abnormality, and all nations have profited by his masterly definitions of atavism and crime. His study of Genius, on the other hand, has not been helpful, as it is marred by the bias and warp of the specialist, and in this he has been ably controverted by Giovanni Bovio (1841).

Educated in the school of Carducci, but with a mind and purpose of his own, *Giovanni Pascoli* (1855-), born in Romagna, has achieved fame as "a serene optimist." Realism as the end and scope of art having invaded even the close of the Poet, Pascoli has shown no little strength of individuality in striking out into a new and well-defined path of idealism. His verse is rich in an exquisite and cinquecentistic classicity, but it is also full of hope and faith and love, abounding in a generous humanitarianism. In "Myricae" the artist is uppermost and the latinist is never out of sight. But in the "Poemetti" the "comfortless vision of the present" gives way before the goodness and ardor of this one mind. Pascoli's enthusiasm is contagious as he sings of the sweet, pure, poetic joys of country life, and in "The Two Children" and "Ginevra's Prison" he elevates us to a moral height which is actually utopistic.

The reading public of to-day is not scholarly. Hence it has hailed a king in *Gabriele D'Annunzio* (1863), born at Francavilla-al-Mare, whose enchanting use of words is

undeniably captivating to Italians and whose audacities have an inebriating effect upon foreigners. Known in this prosaic country as a novelist, D'Annunzio is at home known chiefly as a poet. He has published 5 Volumes of verse and endowed the national Poetry with the metrical enrichment of the Rima nona. As the adorer of plastic beauty, especially in "Canto Novo," "Isotteo" and "The Chimera," D'Annunzio aims to secure the triumph of a refined sensualism. In "Praises of Sky and Sea" there is extravagance and artificiality. But in the "First and Second Naval Odes," and in the Canzoni to Verdi and to Garibaldi, D'Annunzio wins true and worthy laurels.

When Mr. Hammerton suggested that the Conquest of the Two Sicilies by Garibaldi was a perfect subject for a heroic poem, there was much buzzing and whispering among English authors. Happily a native poet has been the first in the field, and should D'Annunzio live to complete the seven parts of his Epic he will no doubt win undying fame. The Third part, "The Night of Caprera," was read by the author at the Royal Palace of Turin on January 25th, 1901. It was received with storms of applause and a fascinating synopsis of it has been given by Vittorio Ferrari. The most available specimens of D'Annunzio's verse (translated by Thomas Walsh) are: "To an Impromptu of Chopin" and "India."

TO AN IMPROMPTU OF CHOPIN

"When thou upon my breast art sleeping,
I hear across the midnight gray —
I hear the muffled note of weeping,
So near — so sad — so far away!

All night I hear the teardrops falling —
Each drop by drop — my heart must weep;
I hear the falling blood-drops — lonely,
Whilst thou dost sleep — whilst thou dost sleep."

INDIA

"India — whose enameled page unrolled
Like autumn's gilded pageant, 'neath a sun
That withers not for ancient kings undone
Or gods decaying in their shrines of gold —

Where were thy vaunted princes, that of old
Trod thee with thunder — of thy saints was none
To rouse thee when the onslaught was begun,
That shook the tinseled sceptre from thy hold!

Dead — though behind the gloomy citadels
The fountains lave their baths of porphyry;
Dead — though the rose-trees of thy myriad dells
Breathe as of old their speechless ecstasy;
Dead — though within thy temples, courts, and cells,
Their countless lamps still supplicate for thee."

To which I add my own translation of one of the noblest of his vaguer sonnets.

EROTIC AND HEROIC

I.

Enslaved, the soul foregoes its pristine dower
And plunges into lassitude profound
(While as from some impenetrable wound
Its every vigor lessens hour by hour,)
When suddenly the mem'ry of a power
Remote, a life once craved and sought and found,
Heroic struggle, love without a bound,
This soul with agitations will devour.
And then what waves of weariness and shame
Sweep o'er me, knowing that my youth I've yoked
To ruin, life of all its glory shorn.
Straightway my rebel soul leaps in the flame
Of all the cruel phantasms thus evoked
And rages as it vents its gen'rous scorn.

As a novelist D'Annunzio has produced "The Innocent," "The Triumph of Death," "The Virgins of the Rocks," "Fire." His comedies are "Glory;" "A Spring Morning's Dream;" "The Dead City." He has had a seat in the Chamber and is welcomed in Rome, not only because of his notoriety beyond the Alps, but for his sincere love of Italy.

"The Triumph of Death" has been widely read in English dress, and, shorn of its own bewitching garb, presents a most repulsive appearance. It does, indeed, seem a rather unnecessary reiteration of the truth that "the

wages of sin is death." Death, violent, horrible, inflicted mutually (since Giorgio in attempting to throw Ippolita over the precipice is himself carried over by her revengeful efforts) is all that either of these lovers deserves. We do not find ourselves at all affected by their demise, as is the case when a pure and lovely hero or heroine perishes. These two persons are so bad that we feel they ought to be annihilated. But this is not all. The author is not only able to dwell at length upon the impurity of his characters, but reveals (whether consciously or unconsciously we know not) his own bias in the same direction. This is by far the worst feature of the book. The story can hardly be called pernicious, since it contains such an impressive moral. No one would want to become as miserable as Giorgio or as empty-headed as Ippolita. The story tells itself in spite of the author.

There is a grim humor in many of the situations depicted. The horrible ennui suffered by the lovers when they realize their dream of getting away from everybody and settling down to enjoy each other is finely drawn. Ippolita had written Giorgio that one element of their bliss would be the mutual revelation of their every thought; but soon after they were domiciled, Giorgio discovered that Ippolita had no thoughts. The fact that Ippolita disenchanted Giorgio by putting a slimy insect down his neck is, likewise, very funny. The author's sympathies are all with his hero, and he offers woman the very same insults offered her by Boccaccio, Bandello and Cellini. But while D'Annunzio makes a fine psychological analysis of his hero, demonstrating to our entire satisfaction that a man with such a nature could never be happy for a moment, he makes no attempt to analyze his heroine. It is universally acknowledged that woman's nature is more complex than man's, and it seems well-nigh impossible that any woman could be as homogeneous as Ippolita.

The one charm of this third or fourth class novel is the literary style. In the analysis of Wagner's Opera of "Tristan and Isolde" the Italian is incomparably beauti-

ful, and there are many captivating little tricks of speech throughout the book. But its sadness is appalling. There is not a crumb of comfort for the superstitious sufferers of Casalbordino, not a ray of hope for the disappointed lovers. The philosophy of the book is materialistic and degrading. It must be acknowledged, however, in extenuation of its shameless sensualism, that all Southern nations look upon physical and sensual subjects from a point of view unknown to Northerners; we should never have had any plastic art if the body had not been an absorbing theme of interest to the Greeks and the Italians.

An indisputable artist, and by many considered the greatest among the living poetesses, is *Vittoria Aganoor*, a Veneto-Armenian both "in blood and sentiment," who as a pupil of the celebrated Abate Zanella [1] has entered upon her career with favor. Her "Leggenda Eterna," published in 1900, reveals the classic elegance, the profound culture of the scholar, and even the passion, the concentration and the clear vision of the poet reflect a temperament essentially and thoroughly aristocratic. In the "Horses of St. Mark's," — a rapid and vivid review of the tragic fate of Venice, — Aganoor's best qualities are seen to advantage.

But *Ada Negri*, born in 1870, in a truer sense than as applied to Bérenger, is the "people's poet," the poet of the social revolution whose open, undisguised and constant aim is social, political and financial equality.

Ada Negri was born at Lodi in the humblest circumstances and was brought up by a widowed mother. At 18 Ada was sent to be the teacher of a primary school on the flat bank of the Ticino, stranded there with no companionship but that of her own genius. In this she never lost faith, and when her two volumes of lyrics appeared,

[1] Giacomo Zanella of Chiampodel Vicentino (1820-1888), a very prolific and immensely popular lyrist. "The Parish Priest" and the "Vigil of the Wedding" are very pretty, and his translation of the "Graves of a Household" is good.

"Fatalità" in 1893 and "Tempeste" in 1896, the reading world at once recognized that genius.

Never has the cause of the oppressed been transfigured and idealized more eloquently than by this gifted young Lodigian. The strikers, the abject, the sinful and the conquered have found their champion in Ada Negri.

The marvellous strength of her language is seen in the opening stanzas of "Tempeste," where in her dedication, "A Te Mamma," she says:

"'Tis true, I'm strong; — I've strewn the stony way
With fragments of a faith and might untold;
And with a mien as bold
Upward I go still towards the shining day.

I've bared this breast of mine to all known woes,
The deadliest, darkest hatreds I've defied;
A hundred souls have died
Opposing griefs as torturing as those.

No lamentation from my lips has passed,
Nothing has bowed my forehead and my thought;
I have the strength I sought.
I am the oak that bends not in the blast."

An unexpected vitality is also found in her love poems, which are as impassioned as any in this literature, and are well represented by the lines entitled:

NOT TO RETURN

"To return never more. It stays beyond the seas.
It stays beyond the mountains. Our love has been killed.
It tortured me too much. And I have trodd'n it down,
Its face now is torn as I have willed.

I've bitten it. Oh! I have reduced it to mere shreds,
Yes, I have killed it, there! Now it is still at last.
'Tis silent. Now more slowly through these veins can run
The blood that was surging there so fast.

Now I can sleep at night; I need no longer weep
While sorrowfully calling thee. O what great peace!
In vistas of shadows, a quiet without end,
My soul knows the sweetness of release.

Forgetting all, 'tis weaving its most cherished dream,
The renouncing of our love; it must not return.
As I once knew how to love, blind and cold, I seek
To know how to hate thee and to spurn.

I wish to hate thee for those first fresh lovely years,
When I immolated all for thee and thy gain.
For my poor lost youth that passed without caresses,
And for thee was sacrificed in vain.

But hating, one suffers; one must weep if she hates.
And not far away, but before me thou wouldst stand,
And I must imprecate thee. No, my strength is gone,
I cannot respond to this demand.

I ask but for silence, — a long unbroken rest,
Stop that feeble groaning in my heart, faint and low;
There's a voice that complains, a sufferer's, I think,
It seems the upbraiding of a foe.

That voice is oppress'd by a trouble that's immense,
A crushing weight of sorrow issues in that cry,
It agonizes now and it asks me for aid,
And pleads that it does not want to die."

Among the younger poets is *Emmanuele Sella* (1879-), a grandson of the distinguished statesman. His poem, "My Dream," is marked by a verisimilitude which is wonderful, and his familiarity not only with English and English authors, but with the Italian mediaevalists — from Guinicelli to Cino da Pistoja — must endear him to the literary.

I regret that I can say nothing of the great army of dialect poets, who, according to the verdicts of some critics, have the future of Italian literature in their keeping. The lack of dictionaries, glosses, teachers and importers will account for this omission.

As has been intimated, it is in deference to foreign standards of taste, rather than from any native bias, that the Italians write novels. It is a common saying among critics that Italy failed to acclimatize the pure romance and the novel of manners, passing at one bound from the historical to the realistic novel. If there is one exception

to this rule, it is in the novels of *Anton Giulio Barrili* (1836-), which certainly cannot come under any other head than that of romances.

This interesting author of about 60 books, — novels, comedies, verses, critical studies, — brilliant and genial effusions, was born at Savona. He was in the volunteer, the regular, and the Garibaldian army. But as he had begun life as a journalist, when war was over he resumed writing. I have only read one of his innumerable romances, "The Eleventh Commandment," which was lively enough to support me through the hardships of a long sea-voyage.

Disputing the palm with Fogazzaro, as leading novelist of Italy, *Matilde Serrao* (1856-) claims our deepest interest and attention. She was born in the town of Patras in Greece, her father being one of the Neapolitan exiles in that Country. Her mother was a woman of extraordinary culture and her first teacher was Paolina Bonelli, a descendant of the princely house of Scanary.

Matilde Serrao started out in life as a self-supporting woman in a lithograph establishment. It was not until she was 22 that her literary life began, and then it was in the form of short stories for Neapolitan Papers, for she had now returned to her father's native land. A rapid and brilliant success in real journalism was followed by a return to fiction, and "The Hurt Heart," "The Blue Page," "Fantasy," "The Conquest of Rome," "The Mystery of Naples," and "The Girl's Romance" established her position, so that, when in a journalistic discussion she drew down upon her head the antagonism of Eduardo Scarfoglio, he found a foeman worthy of his steel. His violent attack upon her and her works ended in an offer of marriage, and to-day Matilde Serrao is the happy mother of five children.

Among the most popular of her later works (and they are numerous) are "Piccole Anime," "Little Souls," and "Il Paese di Cuccagna," and I am unfortunate enough to have sent for these just at a time when 5th and 6th editions

of them are exhausted. This last named work, " The Land of Delight," a story of the Neapolitan lottery, is said to be the one of her works in which she shows " a truly virile power " and deserves to be called " The George Sand of Italy."

" Thirty Per Cent " is one of Serrao's latest stories, and this also deals with the Neapolitans' passion for gambling and awakes our tenderest pity for the victims of the madness. But of all her writings within reach I prefer " Sentinel, Be On Your Guard," in which we are carried up on the heights to breathe Heaven's own pure air in more senses than one. There is more psychology in two pages of this book than in whole volumes of the so-called psychologic school. It is sad, for it is a picture of life among the convicts on the rocky isle of Nisida, near Naples. The exquisite scenery, the intensity of the author, the vividness of the description, all go to make this an all-absorbing book.

Rocco Traetta, a working man of Naples, in the flash of one moment's passion has committed parricide, and is taken to this prison-home above the blue waters of the Mediterranean, whose security consists in the fidelity of innumerable Sentinels. Captain Gigli is in charge of this prison, and, with his brother-officers, has his home and his wife and his child among the convicts. But Cecilia Gigli has never been able to overcome her terror and her hatred of the prisoners, and her little son, Mario, is affected both in body and mind by her profound melancholy. The one joy of Rocco Traetta's life is the care of this morbid, but lovely little child. And when the child dies and the crazed mother insists that he shall at least rest in his grave in Naples, apart from the convicts, the unusualness of the proceedings permits a Sentinel to be one instant off his guard, and in that instant Rocco Traetta, whose heart is broken by the child's death, plunges headlong over the cliff and is dashed in pieces on the rocks below.

The beautiful character of Captain Gigli is the feature of this book. His Christian fortitude, his strength, his

gentleness, his burning patriotism on receiving the news that Venice is free, in a word, his unobtrusive, but sublime goodness brings tears to our eyes, and it is some time before we can control our thoughts enough to remember that it is to the author, and not to the man himself, that we are rendering this homage.

While we have all been made to believe that fiction should now be looked upon as applied psychology, in no field is the step between the sublime and the ridiculous so short as it is here. The psychologic realists take themselves so seriously that it is not necessary for anyone else to do so. Eminent among them is *Federico De Roberto* (1861-), born in Naples. The works that have come from his pen are: "Arabesques," "Fate," "Illusion," "The Vice-Kings," (a rare specimen of the novel of manners in this literature), a critical Essay on Leopardi and a study of "Love."

"The Vice-Kings" of Federico De Roberto is a noteworthy contribution not only to the Fiction of to-day, but to the History, the Sociology and the Philosophy of the Century. For this book is the reconstruction of a state of society which is all unknown to the outside world. This picture of aristocratic life in Sicily from 1854 to 1879 is something so new, so astounding, so bewildering, that it must uproot even the prejudices of those who expect Italy to keep pace with England.

We are ushered at once into the presence of 16 persons, and the author is so entirely out of sight in this book that he simply seems to be putting down the thoughts of these people. They scrutinize and analyze themselves, as it were. The Princess of Francalanza, Teresa Uzeda, has just died, and now everything is to turn upon the reception of her last Will and Testament. She has been the head of the Vice-Kings, who came from Spain to Sicily with the first Spanish conquerors, and since the death of her husband she has ruled the whole family-connection with a rod of iron. Primogeniture has full sway in this family, but the Princess hated her oldest son, Giacomo,

and makes her favorite Raimondo, the fourth and youngest son, co-heir with the first-born. The second son, according to the family custom, has been shut up in the Monastery of San Nicola, the richest institution not only in Catania (where the scene is laid) but in all Sicily. The oldest daughter, likewise, has been incarcerated since she was six years old at the Abbey of San Placido. The third son, Ferdinando, has been persuaded to make a hermit of himself with the bribe of a small and valueless estate so that he need not be mentioned in the Last Will. The second daughter, Chiara, has been forced to marry against her will because a suitor presents himself who is willing to dispense with a dowry. The youngest daughter, Lucrezia, has been told from earliest childhood that her rôle will be that of old-maid Aunt. Then there are Margherita and Matilda, the respective wives of the two married sons, and their children, and also three Great-Uncles and an Aunt, all unmarried. The incessant, violent, shameless wrongdoings of this princely family, all the while observing the strictest forms of etiquette and good breeding, give us a strange picture. Their ignorance is incredible, their superstition most pitiful. Arrogance, self-will, and self-interest prompt their every action. Obstinacy is the family characteristic. The secrets of the sumptuous Monastery, whose wealth and magnificence are described in detail, are infamous.

Into this old, effete, corrupt society suddenly comes the news of Garibaldi's conquest and the imminence of democracy. One of the Great-Uncles seizes the opportunity and has himself elected to a public office, becoming Deputy and enriching his fallen fortunes by his patriotic zeal. Another of the Uncles first edits the Heraldry of the genuine old families, and when the wind of fortune turns he turns with it and edits the Heraldry of the parvenus.

It is all a very sickening picture of colossal selfishness until we come to the time when the children, Consalvo and Teresa, leave school and begin to play their parts. Up to this the author is a bitter satirist and betrays not the

slightest sympathy with his characters. But in spite of himself he draws a very lovely picture of the young Teresa Uzeda. A passionate desire for the approbation of those she esteems has been the guiding star of Teresa's life. Of course it is impossible for her to marry anyone but a cousin. Now, as fate will have it, there are two cousins, the duke and his younger brother, the baron: of course Teresa falls in love with the wrong one, the baron, who likewise loves her. The storm of excitement raised by this is short however, for her leading principle enables the fair Teresa to submit and marry the duke. Later in life the baron, who has always had a tendency to madness, comes home with an illness, from which Teresa alone rescues him. They fall in love again. Teresa, who now has two beautiful children, shows him the impossibility of any change, and while she is watching at the bedside of her dying father, the baron shoots himself. Teresa continues to grow more and more devout and seems to be the sport of the author, as well as that of her sceptical brother Consalvo. But she is really at peace with her conscience, with the world and with her Maker, and, as I have said, she is a character that the author should be proud of.

Consalvo, when first let loose from the hated thralldom of the Novitiate, runs into every kind of excess and leaps over every human and divine law by virtue of belonging to the Vice-Kings. His father finally sends him off to travel, and his eyes are opened to the narrow, cramped life of the old régime and the wide scope for the most enjoyable activities presented by the new political order of things. He returns home, buys up whole libraries, studies day and night, presents himself as a candidate for political office in his native town, and so on until he ends by going to parliament. His speeches, etc., are very bright. A friend rallying him upon his love of democracy, Consalvo says, "Why, the end and aim of democracy is aristocracy; when it is said that all men should be equal, do you suppose anyone means, equally poor and helpless? Ah! no, they mean equally rich and powerful."

It is somewhat difficult to distinguish the personality of *Enrico Annibale Butti*, born in Northern Italy in 1868, from that of De Roberto. Butti, however, belongs to the psychologic-aesthetic school, and has figured as a dramatist in "The Road to Pleasure" and "Lucifer," as well as a novelist in "Enchantment," "Soul," "The Automaton." Butti has given it out that he likes to take the opposite side, and hence it cost him nothing to praise Crispi when everyone else hissed him. As a writer he is a worshipper of beauty, though he does not like to be called an imitator of D'Annunzio. As a moralist Butti is willing to confess that he is simply a hater of vulgarity, and hence it is impossible to expect any real depth in his treatment of sociological questions.

So we are plunged down in the mire again in "The Automaton" of Enrico Annibale Butti. Having heard that J. A. Symonds pronounced Butti "destined to become the greatest literary genius of his Country," and having read glowing tributes to him by Vittorio Ferrari and Domenico Olina, my expectations were keyed up to a high pitch. But I had not read two chapters of "The Automaton" before I realized that these expectations were forever blasted. Claiming to be a psychologico-moral study of a subjugated will, a realistic portrayal of a man whose artistic temperament exposes him to the cruel caprices of every wind of fortune, — so that when he starts out to propose to one woman, the singing of a song makes him end by proposing to another, — the delineation of this poor miserable Attilio Valda is anything but a pleasing subject to contemplate. As in most of the realistic novels, there is much that is funny in "The Automaton." Valda is obliged to fight a duel and he is such a coward and suffers so horribly over the prospect, that he bursts out into an uproarious fit of crying. His friends, however, who are not afflicted with artistic temperaments, pull him through the affair, and his actions as a mere puppet are truly comical. We do not find it necessary to finish this book, for there is so much monotony in the second part

that we can easily foretell what is coming in the third. There is absolutely nothing new in the portrayal of a poor weak-minded man being victimized by a demon of a woman, and if there is anything new in the manner of telling it, it is that it is done in a tone which is always emphatic; in other words, it is overdone. But no one need fear that this book will be read; it is not only too dreary, but in order to retain his self-respect the reader has to take too many antidotes.

A Milanese novelist, under the pseudonym of *Neera*, began to excite great interest about ten years ago. It is now known that Neera is *Anna Radius Zuccari*, as bright and piquant in face and form as are her charming stories. Says Domenico Olina: "Neera is always a thinker and sometimes an artist, and a bold one, too." Though she never published a line until after her marriage, Signora Zuccari, though still young, is already responsible for a long list of novels, such as "The Amulet," "Lydia," "Teresa," "Tomorrow," "Punishment," "A Nest," "My Son's Book," &c., &c.

"The Amulet" is one of the few love stories of this literature. It is told in the first person by the heroine, whose name is Myriam. Its charm consists in the unconscious revelation that this woman makes of her own enchanting personality. "The Amulet" is simply the name of the portfolio containing this story, so called by its owner, an officer in the Crimean War.

This lovable woman, Myriam, has been brought up in isolation and seclusion, in a beautiful old country home in northern Italy. Her parents marry her to the only man she has ever seen, whom she idealizes and tries to like. But after the death of her parents and the birth of her child, her husband finds that he prefers to live in Paris, and his absence is prolonged until it becomes an abandonment, and Myriam lives on in the depths of the country with no companionship but that of her little son and two dear old servants, Ursula and Pietro, who as family retainers are more like friends than servants.

Suddenly into this quiet circle comes a cousin, M. de la Querciaia, the owner of an estate within walking distance. He is clever, intellectual, handsome, "with a beauty that is at once proud and gentle." In the interchange of ideas, the ideas of a man who has traveled and a woman who has meditated, both are soon in the enjoyment of the most perfect form of human love. Myriam, of course, does not know that this is love, and her bliss, her rapture, and her ecstasy are intense enough to satisfy the most exacting reader.

La Querciaia is weak enough to avow his love, but Myriam never falters in the determination to repress even the slightest breath of hers. She restores his faith in woman by her glorious fortitude, her unswerving rectitude. She has the child-nature of a genius, an unsullied innocence of heart and life, a womanliness that extends to her finger-tips. Bidding this man whom she loves go forth to marry, she is fortunately summoned to Paris by her husband and, rejoicing in the opportunity to educate her child, she says farewell, for "the ways of dreams are many, but the path of life is one."

A charming young Sardian, *Grazia Deledda*, is now acquiring beautiful fame, inasmuch as she strengthens the bonds of nationality, while she reveals new aspects of the nation's genius. She has written: "In the Azure," "Flower of Sardinia," "Royal Loves," "Sardian Legends," "Indomitable," "Good Souls," "painting in rich colors and with wonderful acumen of psychologic divination the simple, primitive life of the Sardian shepherds, in the solitude of their mountains, and in the sight of the severe, wild grandeur of a virgin landscape."

"Good Souls" ("Anime Oneste") is so refreshing and exhilarating that it completely annuls the sickening languor produced by Butti and D'Annunzio. The Picture of the sweet young Anna Malvas is one that can never fade from the memory.

As Italy alone of all the nations has had an unbroken file of musical composers since the fifteenth century, I have

been anxious to ascertain whether anyone has written acceptably on this subject.

It seems that only to-day, when the world is bewailing the death of Verdi with Italy, are there any such writings. It has been impossible to keep silence in the face of an event of world-wide interest, and *Eugenio Checci* has given us a delightful monograph on the "Life and Genius of Giuseppe Verdi."

Passing in review the triumphs "della musica verdiana," counting the steps of that wonderful ascension through twenty-eight operas, — from the "Oberto di San Bonifacio," "Ernani" and "Il Trovatore" to "Aida," "Otello" and "Falstaff" — ending in a composition of a totally different nature — the magnificent Requiem Mass for the Obsequies of Manzoni, in 1874, — it is no wonder that the breast of a compatriot swells with thankful pride that his country has produced a genius who has

"waked to ecstasy the living lyre."

No form of literary expression has had such brilliant development in the 19th century as Journalism. *Pietro Ferrigni* (1836-1898), who was wont to sign himself *Yorick*, was favorably and widely known as the distinguished editor of the "Nazione" of Florence. To-day the leading Journals are the "Nuova Antologia," which is edited at Rome under the direction of Maggiorino Ferraris; the "Emporium" of Turin, under F. Novati and R. Renier; and the "Rivista d'Italia" of Naples, under E. Percopo and N. Zingarelli. Readers of "Littell's Living Age" know how frequently articles from the "Nuova Antologia" fill its columns. And now the folded sheet of "The Foreigner in Italy" brings to our homes a fresh breath of novelty in its charming account of daily doings in the world of business, literature and Art.

Detractors of Italy, who speak of this land of love as of a God-forsaken wilderness are ignorant of its best elements. True religion has never been wanting in the land

of Dante, Manzoni and Mazzini. What other country can boast of a more saintly character than that of Domenico Pucci, late domestic prelate of the Pope? Says an English writer who was present at Pucci's funeral in Pistoja in 1899; "Blessed indeed is the holy land of Tuscany, where the love of poverty and its unostentatious practice is still a claim to public distinction, and where a simple love of the poor and an unfading charity towards them is title sufficient to all the pomp and glory of a hero's funeral!"

For us who value Protestantism above all things what truer Christian can be found in all the ages than Count Campello, who has suffered the loss of all things in order that his brethren may enjoy the privileges of the Gospel in all its noble simplicity and profound spirituality? And what shall we say of Monsignore Paolo Miraglia, who braves death every time he speaks to the people, protected though he be by a hidden coat of mail! Miraglia's impassioned eloquence is likened to that of Phillips Brooks, and while he is adored by his adherents, his enemies would like to tear him limb from limb.

While we know that these men have preached the Gospel, we do not know just what they have said; but this is not the case with *Padre Agostino da Montefeltro.* It is now a good many years since the Sermons of this celebrated preacher have been freely circulated among us in English dress. From seven to eight thousand persons, chiefly workingmen, listened to these discourses in the duomo of Florence every day during the Lenten seasons of 1887 and '88. Not a breath of ecclesiasticism, not a taint of "institutional" religion is in these Sermons. They deal with such great themes as; "God," "The Spirituality of the Soul," "The Observance of Sunday," "Hope," "Immortality," &c. He who will take the trouble to read these unusually fine specimens of pulpit oratory, and will reflect upon the numbers who listened to them, will find that his faith in Italy's religious life is not misplaced.

Those who from natural love or wise guidance have learned to prize Philosophy above all studies will be delighted to have an introduction to the Italian Philosophers. For in no country has Philosophy swayed the course of practical affairs as it has in Italy. "The History of Philosophy in Italy during the 19th Century" has been written by *Luigi Ferri* (1825-), who has been for many years the editor of a Philosophical Review in Rome.

In this History we find that modern Philosophy began with Pasquale Galuppi (in 1827), a defender of spiritualism; of the distinction between mind and matter, God and the world; and of the reality of cognition. Then came Rosmini, with his firm hold upon the *a priori* element in knowledge, and this, the intellectual intuition of Being.

It is necessary here to permit ourselves an expansion that we may fully appreciate the daring originality of this remarkable man.

Antonio Rosmini (1797-1855), of Rovereto, generally called Rosmini-Serbate, to distinguish him from the historian, Carlo Rosmini, stands at the head of a brilliant group of Philosophers, who almost restored to Italy the philosophical prestige she enjoyed during the period of the Renaissance. As the beloved friend of Manzoni, and as one whose voice prevails when we "hear the conclusion of the whole matter" in Philosophy, Rosmini reveals a charming personality, as well as rare intellectual vigor. His works are: "A New Essay on the Origin of Ideas;" "Principles of Moral Science;" "A Theosophy."

As to the origin of ideas, Rosmini demonstrates that it is not necessary to admit as innate any but the idea of the possibility of being, which, united to sensation, suffices to produce the others. Having reduced cognition to pure ideas, to possibles, to essences, he compares ideas, and sees that the most determinate re-enter always in the least determinate, so that, distributing the most particular and multiplex first, then the less particular and less luminous, he reaches the primitive idea, which avails for all, and

which in all is multiplied by means of different determinations.

In his miscellaneous writings, published by a friend after his death, Rosmini has a lengthy paper on "Conjugal Society," or the whole subject of the nature, laws and rights of Matrimony; treated so ably and beautifully, that I would have it used as a text-book in every School. No other writer that I have ever seen has taken the trouble to explain just exactly what marriage is, in all its aspects, and how it differs from all other unions.

In estimating the faculties, Rosmini says "the personal will is the highest of all, since it has power and right to move all the others."

In the exposition of Truth, Rosmini insists upon the strictest logic, which, he says, "is all that is left to the civilized nations, gulled in their dearest hopes and now more than ever distrustful of man's knowledge." "The unity and totality of Truth is a need felt by all men, and it is fulfilled in Christianity, because Truth is *the* principle of Christianity; and from this it follows that Truth is the property of Christians, and from them alone can the world expect justice and liberty."

It is not strange to find Rosmini descanting upon Dante, but it is startling to find that he draws constantly on Petrarch to support him in some of his closest reasoning. Rosmini also knows how to gather from the ancient writers the most beautiful sentiments; his quotations from the classics are magnificent, and in this alone he is unique. But as a scientist and a religionist of the most ardent type, Rosmini is a benefactor to the world.

This union of science and religion made it possible for Vincenzo-Gioberti to go still further and he it was who brought about the temporary alliance between the Pontificate and the Italian people in 1848. But hundreds and thousands of men in Italy, that is, all the theological students, are educated in the ancient Philosophy of Thomism (St. Thomas Aquinas) i. e., Aristotelianism applied to statescraft. Hence Gioberti's "Moral and Civil Primacy

of the Italians" was doomed: it was rejected in the Universities. But truth found an ardent advocate in *Terenzio Mamiami* (1799-1885), who has expounded a form of Platonism in keeping with the needs of an age ruled by the sentiment of the real and dominated by the experimental method in every department of knowledge. It made an impression upon the Abate Aloysio Bonelli, an orthodox priest in the College of the "Pace" in Rome. His introduction of the Baconian Philosophy into his College was a revolution compared to which political revolutions are feeble, and it was suppressed. But a stranger phenomenon was presented when the Director himself, *Francesco Rignani*, as a follower of Bonelli, came out with a work "On the Essence of Bodies" (1876 and '77), which is nothing less than a metaphysical theory of matter, a reconciliation between modern science and the Aristotelian traditions.

Meanwhile pure Hegelianism, i. e., absolute idealism, reigned in Naples, and produced Francesco De Sanctis, the Taine of Italian criticism, though with just the opposite Philosophy. The English Schools of Association and Evolution, too, have had their influence, and notably on *Roberto Ardigo* (1828-), who, yet, spurs his divinations beyond the regions of the unknowable, and in the "Positivist Morality" finds ground for demonstrating the problems of immortality and Divine Existence. Even *Ansonio Franchi*, a Professor in Milan, who began as a skeptic, has published a work entitled "Del Sentimento," in which he reëstablishes the solid foundations of knowledge by means of primitive instincts.

Finally, Luigi Ferri, himself, of whose work this is a brief synopsis, stands shoulder to shoulder with Hamilton, Mansel and McCosh.

Let us hesitate, then, to side with those who pronounce Italy a nation of infidels, since we have had a glimpse of this great and glorious defence of Truth in the citadel of Spirituality.

From different sources we gain the impression that

Giacomo Barzellotti (1843-) is the most distinguished philosopher in Italy at present. One authority tells us that he is the greatest religious writer, and another that his chief work is "An Examination of the Philosophy of Taine." Though we may not hope for the introduction of this costly work in our libraries for some years, we may please ourselves by weaving a theory out of these two statements. We may hope to see a thorough and dispassionate review of the Positivist Philosophy as embodied in Taine's "Intelligence" and — is it too much to say? — a refutation of its materialistic tendencies.

EPILOGUE

And now — not to detain my readers any longer from taking up this study as original investigators for themselves — I will take for my epilogue two lines from Leopardi's Ode on the Dante monument in Florence:

> "Turn back thy gaze, and thou shalt see, belovèd land,
> That infinite the host of thine immortals is!"

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